

non-profit punk rock

#86

RAZZORCAKE

WE DO OUR PART

MARS DIXON

(Aye Nako)

SHANNON THOMPSON

(Nervous Nelly Records)

TRANS PUNKS

KALE EDMISTON

(Nervous Nelly Records,
Nashville Transit zine)

SADIE SMITH

(Peeple Watchin', G.L.O.S.S.)

\$4



RIP THIS PAGE OUT

Through out 2014 we surveyed new subscribers asking how they heard about Razorcake and why they decided to order a subscription. The answers were varied, reflecting the uniqueness of the DIY punk experience. But there a couple answers that were repeated.

A somewhat common response to the first question was that they had been introduced to Razorcake through a friend. So to all you friends out there: *thank you!* Keep up the good work. A word of mouth campaign is our dream. Your personal endorsement makes us proud.

The leading response to the second question was that they ordered the subscription because they wanted to support the magazine. Again: *thank you!* It is very much appreciated.

Subscriptions and advertising is what keeps us afloat. We can't physically fit anymore advertising into the magazine, but the world is full of people who have yet to subscribe.

If you're considering ordering a subscription but want to avoid the hassle, we've set up a self-renewing plan through Paypal. You sign up once and it automatically withdraws the money once a year. You never have to do anything ever again. It can be found here—

<http://www.razorcake.org/announcements/self-renewing-subscription>

Thanks,
Daryl

If you wish to donate through the mail,
please rip this page out and send it to:

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.
PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042

NAME:

ADDRESS:

EMAIL:

DONATION
AMOUNT:

Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc., a California non-profit corporation, is registered as a charitable organization with the State of California's Secretary of State, and has been granted official tax exempt status (section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code) from the United States IRS. **Our tax ID number is 05-0599768.**
Your donation is tax deductible.

SUBSCRIBE AND HELP KEEP RAZORCAKE IN PRINT

RAZORCAKE

We Do Our Part

www.razorcake.org

Subscription rates for a one year, six-issue subscription:

U.S. – bulk: \$17 • U.S. – 1st class, in envelope: \$23

Prisoners: \$23 • Canada: \$25 • Mexico: \$33

Anywhere else: \$50

(U.S. funds: checks, cash, or money order)

Name _____ Email _____

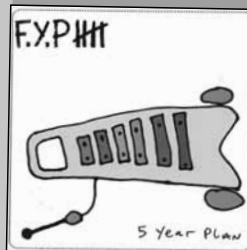
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

While supplies last, U.S. subscribers (sorry world, int'l postage sucks) will receive either Underground Railroad To Candyland, *The People Are Home* (Recess) or F.Y.P, *Five Year Plan* (Recess).

Although it never hurts to circle one, we can't promise what you'll get.

Return this with your payment to: Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
If you want your subscription to start with an issue other than #87, please indicate what number.



RAZORCAKE PRESENTS...

Tear A Cognita

A SERIES OF REGIONAL COMPILATIONS PUT TOGETHER BY ACTIVE PARTICIPANTS IN THE COMMUNITY THEY'RE REPRESENTING.

DOWNLOAD THEM FOR FREE FROM OUR BANDCAMP PAGE.

**THE FIRST ONE FEATURES BANDS FROM SALT LAKE CITY, UT. YOU CAN FIND IT HERE-
[HTTPS://RAZORCAKE-RECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM/ALBUM/TEAR-A-COGNITA-1-SALT-LAKE-CITY-UTAH](https://razorcake-records.bandcamp.com/album/tear-a-cognita-1-salt-lake-city-utah)**



**IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN PUTTING ONE TOGETHER, DROP US A LINE
[RAZORCAKE.ORG/CONTACT-US](https://razorcake.org/contact-us)**

In Allegiance

I want both. Diversity and people who know what the fuck they're talking about.

I believe in fairness and hard work, as corny as that sounds. I look through three simultaneous lenses when it comes to Razorcake: gender, ethnicity, and class. To me, it's simple. If a person's got a good take on DIY punk, is willing to put in the work, and isn't a ding-dong, we'll start a dialogue. Interesting, insightful, and honest pieces go a long way in Razorcake.

I see DIY punk as a breathing, developing thing. It's alive. No one person—or groups of people—own it. If they say they do, they're either delusional or lying. Or both.

Perhaps when I say, "I don't fuckin' care who you are" people take it the wrong way. What I mean is if you can contribute quality, exclusive stuff, we're game. I don't care about resumes. Skin color has no bearing on the quality of your thoughts. How you identify your gender doesn't affect your ability to ask interesting interview questions. "What's your take on DIY punk?" That's what I'm interested in. That's a huge umbrella... if you really do value DIY punk. If you don't, we're basically useless.

Razorcake has often derisively been called a "niche." Let me be direct. Popular culture—from the reinforced theory that overconsumption stimulates the economy, to women earning seventy-seven cents on the dollar in comparison to men for the same job, to cops beating and murdering the unfortunate and poor with impunity, to the fact that over fifty percent of all our federal taxes go towards killing people on foreign soil—I want as little to do with that as possible.

America giveth and taketh away in unequal measure.

In response to popular culture, Razorcake is a meritocracy. (And I shouldn't have to say this, but I will: sexist, racist, or gender-phobic

shit is no bueno.) Practices that sound so simple—two people who love each other should receive the same social respect, common courtesy, and benefits under the law, regardless of sexual orientation. It shouldn't even be a debate. Longtime Razorcaker Susan de Place wanted to interview a series of people in DIY punk who were transitioning genders. My only concern was that she asked some questions that were punk-specific. She worked her ass off and after months of back and forth, the involvement of several editors, and the active participation of all the interviewees throughout the entire process, we had four stellar, complete, stand-alone interviews. We decided to run Susan's four interviews together (a Razorcake first). The interviews take up the entire interview and articles section of this issue. These four folks make fantastic music, write awesome zines, and run righteous labels.

Make no mistake. This was not an assignment, nor is it a novelty discussion. It's an aspect of DIY punk that's indubitably important—how gender shapes worldview. If this discussion makes you feel uncomfortable, good. That just means you're thinking or being exposed to something new. Deal with it. If this isn't what you thought "punk was all about," there's the door. Go do something else.

I don't know about you, but I want to live in and actively work towards a world where everyone's equal.

Until then, it should be more than obvious who Razorcake stands with in allegiance.

Special thanks: Matthew Hart, Kayla Greet, Adrian Chi, Daryl Gussin, Kari Hamanaka, and Lauren Measure

—Todd Taylor

Razorcake
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
razorcake.org
gorskypress.com
facebook.com/razorcake
twitter.com/razorcakegorsky
youtube.com/RazorcakeGorsky
razorcake.tumblr.com
razorcake-records.bandcamp.com
gorskypress.bandcamp.com
instagram.com/razorcakegorsky

ADVERTISING / CONTRIBUTOR DEADLINE
ISSUE #87
June 1, 2015
Visit razorcake.org/advertising
Ad rates start at \$40.

Cover design by Lauren Measure
laurendenitzio.com

"For all their differences, he recognized that they shared the common bond of desperation."

—David Wong Louie
"Warming Trends"

Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors: Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Daryl Gussin, Dan Clarke, Katy Spining, Leo Emil Tober III, and Catherine Casada Hornberger.



Donna Ramone, Abu Dhabi Falcon Hospital in Abu Dhabi, UAE

THANK YOU: *Funny stuff in a second. Serious thanks to Lauren Measure for the cover. It helped further tie all of the Trans Punks interviews together; Children as microchips in the motherboard of society thanks to Brad Beshaw for his illo. in Sean's column; Darby's tarantula fitted with its own camera thanks to Codey Richards for his illo. in Jim's column; The suitcase is too thin to house bowling balls or human heads thanks to Steve Thueson for his illo. in Cassie's column; Norb Hulk®™ smash asshole Indiana governor Mike Pence. Thanks to Alex Barrett for his illo.; You yank the cord, you taste the guitar thanks to Genesis Bautista for her illo. in Dale's column; The math works: Chicken + kitchen + soup = ruckus thanks to Kasia Oniszcuk for her Holy Shit! photo; Band-aid and Bunsen burner monster love songs thanks to Marcos Siref for his illo. in Mike Faloon's guest column; Susan de Place is the first person to have written all the features in a single issue of Razorcake. Thanks for her perseverance and high standard for the Trans Punks interviews; It's humbling. Lauren Measure pulled quadruple duty this issue. She laid out the intro, Kale Edmiston's interview, the cover, and the Glossary / Suggested Reading; Cute puppy alert thanks to Natalie Paul for the Kale Edmiston and Shannon Thompson photos; I'm getting back in touch with my alienation thanks to Becky Bennett for laying out the Shannon Thompson interview; "Oh gosh" thanks to Joe McCann and Natalie Rae for the Mars Dixon photos; That double-clutch of ice cream cones looks dee-licious thanks to Eric Baskauskas, Taryn Bieloh, and Danielle Kordani for the Sadie Smith layout and photos.*

I never ask for "favorable" reviews. I ask for "well thought out, non-douchey, well-written reviews." Big difference. Hell, I'll even disagree with them, and that's part of the conversation thanks to #86's rotation of music, zines, books, and video reviewers: Rich Cocksedge, Sean Arenas, Indiana Laub, Garrett Barnwell, Tim Brooks, John Mule, Kurt Morris, Matt Werts, Keith Rosson, Mike Frame, Genevieve Armstrong, Nicole Madden, Ty Stranglehold, Jackie Rusted, Steve Adamyk, Monique Greig, Camylle Reynolds, Kelly O'Death, Art Ettinger, Jimmy Alvarado, Juan Espinosa, Billups Allen, Mark Twistworthy, Matt Seward, Matt Average, Sean Koepenick, Norb, Bryan Static, Ryan Nichols, Kayla Greet, Craven Rock, Sal Lucci, MP Johnson, Lisa Weiss, Lord Kveldulfr, Donna Ramone, Michael T. Fournier, Ashley Ravelo, Ollie Miske, Tricia Ramos, Steve Hart, and Robin Effup.

If you're a woman who is knowledgeable about DIY punk, are good with deadlines, and are open to the editorial process, this is an open invitation to drop us a line about doing reviews, interviews, articles, or a webcolumn for Razorcake. (razorcake.org/contact-us)

RECORD STORE DAY=SCIENTOLOGY



The following records MIGHT come out this year:

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND

"The People Are Home" CD,CS,DL.....LP?!

SCREECHING WEASEL

"Baby Fat Act 1" CD,CS,DL....DOUBLE LP?!?!

BIRTHDAY SUITS

"Spin The Bottle: Adult Party" DL.....is T Shirt a format?

TREASURE FLEET

"The Sun Machine" Film,DL..WTF?!

CLOSET FAIRIES

"No Idea" 12"... Can "12" be a CD?

DWARVES

"Free Cocaine AND Lick It Reissues"?!? Just Plain Greedy!

FUTURE VIRGINS

"Doomsday Raga" Secretly Implanted Microchip Format

WET NURSE

"Album That Will Be Out On Some Sorta Format"

The following records WILL come out this year:

NAPOLEAN DYNAMITE

"180 gram vinyl does not sound better asshole" OST LP (180 GRM)

ALF

"Original TV Series Dialogue" LP Brown Wax!

ELVIS

"Farted On A Toileted" 78RPM

DANDY WARHOLS/HARLOW

"Are We Cool Now?" split 7" Limited!

FOO FIGHTERS/JACK WHITE

"Let's Talk About Analog. Ok guy?"

Split Interview Picture Disk. In Mono!

Go to STORE.RECESSRECORDS.COM FOR WHATEVER'S LEFT
WWW.RECESSRECORDS.COM FOR EULOGY
 POBOX 1666 SAN PEDRO, CA 90733 FOR CONDOLENCES/DONATIONS
 AH FUCK IT. JUST GO TO: RECESSRECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM



DIRT CULT RECORDS

www.dirtcultrecords.com

Distributed by CTD, Ltd.



EARTH GIRLS
 SOMEONE I D LIKE TO KNOW 7"



BLANK PAGES
 NO RECEPTION 7"



der Faden
 BIG DICK
 DISAPPOINTMENT LP

NEW SWEARS
JUNKFOOD FOREVER **BEDTIME WHATEVER LP**
DER FADEN
 BEST GUESS 7"



WHILE
MORE LP



ALSO NEW
CANADIAN RIFLE
 YOU ARE MY JUNK
 B W SEXUALLY FUCKED 7"

RAZORCAKE

Issue #86 June / July 2015

PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042
razorcake.org

This issue is dedicated to Willa The Cat.

COLUMNS

- 6 Sean Carswell *A Monkey to Ride the Dog*
- 8 Jim Ruland *Lazy Mick*
- 10 Ben Snakepit *Snakepit*
- 11 Shanty Cheryl *Photo Page*
- 12 Cassie J. Sneider *Here Comes Success!*
- 14 Yumi Sakugawa *Dream Journal #2*
- 15 Louis Jacinto *Photo Page*
- 16 Rev. Nørb *American Grilled Cheese Review*
- 18 Designated Dale *I'm Against It*
- 21 Liz Prince *I Don't Want to Grow Up*
- 23 Art Fuentes *Chico Simio*
- 25 Kiyoshi Nakazawa *Won Ton Not Now*
- 26 Rhythm Chicken *Dinghole Reports*
- 28 Adrian Chi *Bite the Cactus*
- 29 Dan Monick *Photo Page*
- 31 Rachel Murray Framingheddu *Photo Page*
- 32 Mike Faloon *Guest Column*

FEATURES

- 34 Trans Punks introduction by Susan de Place
- 36 Kale Edmiston by Susan de Place
- 46 Shannon Thompson by Susan de Place
- 58 Mars Dixon by Susan de Place
- 66 Sadie Smith by Susan de Place
- 74 Glossary / Suggested Reading Compiled by Susan de Place

FAVORITES // REVIEWS

- 76 Top 5s *Badlands, Dark Dreams 7"*
- 78 Record *You want innovation? Get into experimental jazz.*
- 104 Zine *Haphazard charm*
- 107 Book *This one illustration of a cute fat straight edge fish that makes me so happy I forget how scary using an oven is*
- 111 Video *Two movies with "Pogo" in the title*

The following folks stepped forward to help us do our part over the past two months. Without their help, Razorcake wouldn't be what it is:

Todd Taylor, Daryl Gussin, Sean Carswell, Skinny Dan, Katy Spining, Candice Tobin, Kari Hamanaka, Matthew Hart, Donna Ramone, Phill Legault, Steve Couch, Chris Baxter, Mary Clare Stevens, Robert El Diablo, Mark McBride, James Hernandez, Alice Bag, Seth Swaaley, Marty Ploy, Rachel Murray Framingheddu, Rene Navarro, Billy Kostka III, Derek "Girl Meets Cowboy" Whipple, Jason Willis, Janeth Galaviz, Rishbha Bhagi, Adrian Chi, Megan Pants, Alex Martinez, Jimmy Alvarado, Andrew Wagher, Matt Average, Ever Velasquez, Joe Dana, Christina Zamora, Juan Espinosa, Meztli Hernandez, Sean Arenas, Aaron Kovacs, Yvonne Drazan, Julia Smut, Jenn Witte, Dave Eck, Chris Pepus, Tim Burkert, Jeff Proctor, Josh Rosa, Toby Tober, Sal Lucci, Jennifer Federico, Jennifer Whiteford, Kayla Greet, Nighthawk, Marcos Siref, Steve Thueson, Evan Wolff, Cassie J. Sneider, Bill Pinkel, Kurt Morris, Nation of Amanda, Eric Baskauskas, Vee Liu, Bianca, Rhea Tepp, Russ Van Cleave, John Di Marco, Samantha Mc Bride, Christine Arguello, Simon Sotelo, Susan de Place, Bryan Static, John Miskelly, Jamie L. Rotante, Genesis Bautista, Andy Garcia, Camylle Reynolds, Becky Bennett, Craven Rock, Replay Dave, Adam Ali, Matt Sweeting, Chris Devlin, Codey Richards, Ryan Nichols, Ollie Miske, Aimee Pijpers, Liz Mayorga, Brad Dwyer, MP Johnson, Mor Fleisher, Ryan Leach, Brooke McCarley, Tim Brooks, Patrick Houdek, Louis Jacinto, Chris Boarts Larson, J.V. McDonough, Isaac Thotz, Kat Jetson, Noah Wolf, Cahnne Galletta, John Mule, Chris L. Terry, Ryan Gelatin, Kelly Lone, Alex Cady, Aaron Zonka, Rick V., Kelly O'Grady, Pete Stapleton, Rachel Gouk, Alex Harris, Sam Grinberg, Jim Kettner, Tracy Stansbury, Mahliki Wagher, Madison Donnelly, and Naela Leyva.

Razorcake is bi-monthly. Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$17.00 bulk rate or \$23.00 first class mail. Plus you get some free gooch. These prices are only valid for people who live in the U.S. and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Visit razorcake.org for a price. Prisoners may receive free single issues of Razorcake via Prison Lit. Project, c/o Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St., SF, CA 94117.



Moving? Have a subscription to Razorcake? Please do us both a favor and contact us before you move. Bulk mail doesn't forward and we won't resend the issue.

Want to distribute Razorcake?
Visit razorcake.org/wholesale
Domestic prices start at \$8.00

Individual opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.



This issue of *Razorcake* is made possible in part by grants from the City of Los Angeles, Department of Cultural Affairs and is supported by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors through the Los Angeles Arts Commission.



A MONKEY TO RIDE THE DOG

SEAN CARSWELL

"I'm not exactly engaging in typical suburban behavior."

Cul-de-Sac Kids

From the top of the grade, Camarillo looks like one of those circuit-board towns that Thomas Pynchon describes in the beginning of *The Crying of Lot 49*: "an ordered swirl of houses and streets... a hieroglyphic sense of concealed meaning." Energy moves and flows through the arterial boulevards. It's hard to make sense of it from somewhere far away. It feels like some demigod of engineers soldered it in place.

I've been spending the day at a transistor on the circuit board. My energy is running out. The Smogtown song stuck in my head keeps my brain from shutting down. It's "Domesticviolenceland." Smogtown sings about "rows of printed houses" like that old Pynchon circuit board, and about a Southern California in which "there is no clear line to set or define where suburban sprawl ends and another begins."

I'm not exactly engaging in typical suburban behavior. It's nighttime and I'm not at home, bathed in the blue light of the tube or looking at pictures of everyone's dinner on social media. Instead, I'm at the end of a poetry reading, the Q&A session. I've been to too many of these in my life. I want to leave. I'm in the front row. I know the poet and the professor who brought her to campus. Most of the kids in this lecture hall have taken classes with me. If I get up and leave, it'll be obvious. It'll feel like a slap in someone's face. So I listen to the loop of the Smogtown song in my head and bide my time.

A young woman asks the poet how she deals with the societal pressures of being black and a being a woman. The way she asks the question suggests that the young woman has been feeling too much of this pressure. The poet answers with a kind of long story that winds up with her telling the student, "You have to learn to love your beautiful black self."

It sounds kind of cheesy to me. I hear sniffing down the row. I turn to see one of my former students—a young black man—trying to keep himself from crying. I think, "Cry if you want to, kid." I know he has to carry the weight of being one of the only black men on campus who doesn't work in maintenance. He has to represent a race and gender to a generation of liberal white kids who can only drum up one black friend. Anyone would buckle under that kind of pressure. "It's a safe space," I want to tell him. "Let it out while you can."

I look around the room and seven or eight other kids are moved to tears by the

poet's speech. I realize that this is a major moment in their lives. For some, it's the kind of support they need to finish their degree. For others, it's a night when they didn't feel so alone in all these struggles. For most, it's a night they'll remember over the course of the next few decades.

I've been at this university long enough to know that this is exactly the kind of event that people outside of a university complain about. What a waste of money it all is. How is listening to a goddamn poet and crying afterwards going to help them get a job?

Smogtown songs tell stories. One of my favorite is "Sneaking Out." In the song, two brothers grab their skateboards and tiptoe out of their suburban home. They get down to the park and breathe the free air for a few minutes before a helicopter drops a beam on them. They race back home, only to see some movement on the roof. They investigate. It's their father sneaking out. He warns them, "The hardest part is sneaking back in."

I remember the days of sneaking out so well, how good it felt to escape from a development full of cul-de-sacs and into the greater night. The excitement of dodging cars and ducking out of cop's headlights. The empty field where we'd rendezvous, tell stories, drink beer some drunk didn't mind picking up for us at the convenience store, and brag about things we hadn't really done with girls who wouldn't give us the time of day. I didn't know how to find it then, but sneaking out gave me my first indication of a world outside of dead-end streets. As Chavez sings, "Those sleeping kids don't know what they're missing."

This album is resonating with me lately because I work at this university and all I hear about higher education lately is about jobs. Degrees are getting more expensive. Debt is out of control. We need to focus more on programs that lead to jobs. Business is the biggest major nationwide. People point to liberal arts programs like History and English as a luxury we can't afford anymore, as impractical degrees. It's a talking point repeated so much that people make the mistake of believing it's true.

It's not true. Business is the least practical degree you can get, because, as several studies have shown (most notably the book *Academically Adrift*), you don't learn anything when you study business. Almost all business students leave college without

any real gains in critical thinking, complex reasoning, or writing skills. If you look at lifetime earnings, most business majors can expect to make less over their working careers than most History and English majors.

But that's not what bothers me. I know my students leave with real gains in critical thinking, complex reasoning, and writing. I make sure of it. I don't care how much money they make afterwards. If they want to work in a restaurant after graduating and spend their time drinking and writing on a novel, more power to them. I did that. Those were some of the best years of my life.

I like the novel I wrote then, too.

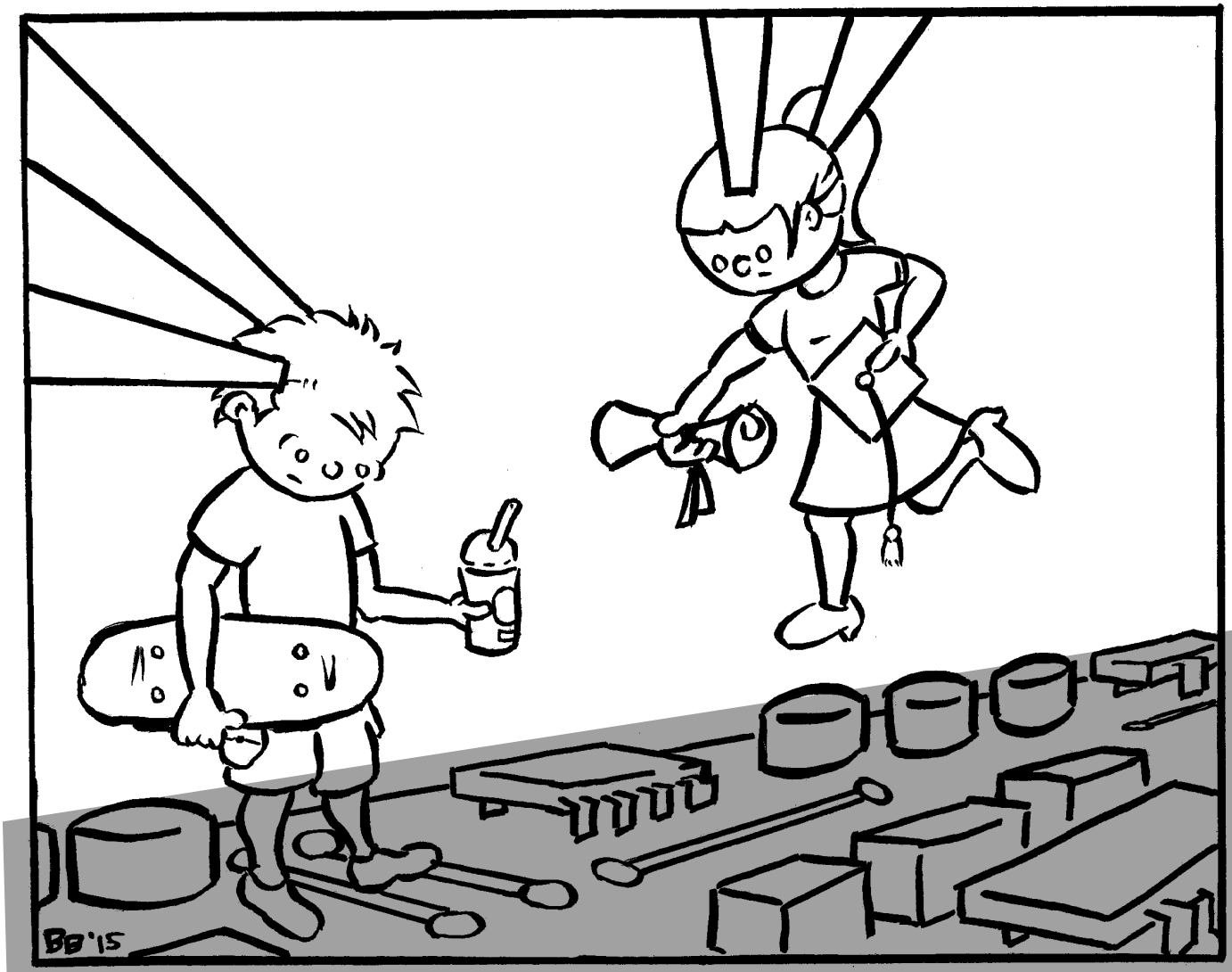
What bothers me is the idea that a university education should be all about getting a job. It shouldn't be. Getting a job is no great accomplishment. We all get one eventually. Most of us get several of them, and most of the jobs we get are a drag. The ones that pay a middle class wage often have cubicles, and we get stuck inside those cubicles. We spend days answering emails that don't matter and going to meetings that don't accomplish anything. Then we drive into a sprawling development, open our garage door, park our car, and complete the printed circuit. Energy moving from capacitor to capacitor, box to box.

I can understand ending up there. You find a partner who you believe in. You decide to have kids. There are maybe too many gunshots in the urban neighborhood you first moved into. Houses are cheaper in the cul-de-sacs along the freeway. Kids can ride their bikes in the streets there. It happens. I get it.

But I don't understand being eighteen, nineteen years old and heading out on this path on purpose. Especially at a university. The whole point of the place is that it looks at the universe. Surely, somewhere in this universe, they can find a better idea.

The suburbs in Smogtown songs are always fucked up. Vigilantes shoot punks for knocking down their property values. Homecoming queens end up dead. Madmen try to genetically engineer a Neutron Blond. Junkies and tweakers hide behind the bushes or clean out your place while you're sleeping. The air is poison. It seeps into people's brains. Adults are demented. Kids don't take the cul-de-sacs lying down.

They're kind of like the demented Frankenstein's monster sewn together from the corpse of the Descendents' "Suburban



BRAD BESHAW

As I wonder through points on my circuit board, I want to spread Smogtown's cancer to all the people who are talking to me about jobs and practical degrees.

Home." I'm missing those glory years. The first two Smogtown albums, especially.

Fuhrers of the New Wave came out in 2000, and it seemed to be everywhere for a year or so. Every punk zine I read at the time wrote a glowing review of it. We ran an interview with them in the first issue of this zine. I saw them play at least once a month, somewhere around the greater L.A. area. They struck me as legends waiting to happen, one of those bands that became a signpost in the evolution of punk and inspire generations of punk bands to come.

I remember getting my hands on the pre-release of their second full-length, *Domesticviolenceland*. My first thought was, yep. I'm right. These guys will become

legend. I didn't think *Fuhrers of the New Wave* could be equaled. *Domesticviolenceland* topped it. If you have these albums, you know how important they are. If you don't, that's a problem with your record collection that you need to fix.

The release date for *Domesticviolenceland* was September 11, 2001. When that day came around, Smogtown's new album wasn't people's biggest concern. Within a year and a half, the band imploded, leaving behind an additional EP and a collection of demos. Since then, they've reformed and broken up a few more times. They still play occasional shows. They have another full-length. It's pretty good. I have it and listen to it now and then. I don't think they'll ever match those early songs,

though. I don't think they have to. Two great albums is two more than most bands put out.

As I wonder through points on my circuit board, I want to spread Smogtown's cancer to all the people who are talking to me about jobs and practical degrees. I want to point out to them that universities are full of people with doctorates, just like a hospital. You don't go to a hospital just so you can get well enough to get back to your job. You go there to get healthy. Likewise, you should go to a university to learn enough to live a full life, not to mainline yourself into some suburb, which, last time Smogtown checked for me, are still kinda lame.

—Sean Carswell





“*Decline* opens with a baby-faced skinhead named Eugene. He became a folk singer.”

The Decline of Western Civilization 101

Is everything you thought you knew about the legendary punk rock doc a lie?

Recently I “live” tweeted my re-watching of a bootleg CD of Penelope Spheeris’s punk rock documentary *The Decline of Western Civilization*. That’s a very twenty-first century statement when you consider how little of the technology that we take for granted today was available when the movie was filmed in 1980 and released the following year.

My first reaction was, “this is just as good as I remember it”—until I came to the parts I didn’t remember: namely the parts that are blatantly racist, sexist, and homophobic. But when you’re making a documentary, you take the good with the bad. That’s what makes a documentary a documentary, right?

Maybe.

I’m not sure it *is* a documentary. If you’ve never seen *Decline*, it consists of musical performances by seven bands, interviews with four of them, monologues from scenesters, and random footage of kids in the crowd. There isn’t a narrator, which adds—rather than detracts—to the notion that this is all happening now, which was why it was so influential. L.A. was the third major punk scene, but it was the first to document what *everyone* in the scene looked like: performers, producers, journalists, bouncers and, most importantly, the kids. If you were a young punk in some shit-kicked town who didn’t really know what punk was all about, *Decline* showed you what to listen to, how to dress, and how to dance.

Here’s what I liked, what I didn’t like, and what I learned from watching *Decline* thirty-five years later.

1. First of all, why isn’t this available on DVD? *Decline* features legendary bands (Black Flag, Germs, X), three well-regarded acts (Alice Bag Band, Circle Jerks, Fear) and one curiosity (Catholic Discipline). Without getting into who shouldn’t have been included and who was left out (that will come later), where else can you see live performances from these bands all in one place? Hell, watching Darby Crash fry eggs and play with his pet tarantula (you forgot about the tarantula, didn’t you?) is worth the price of admission.

2. *Decline* opens with a baby-faced skinhead named Eugene with all kinds of things to say about the scene that may or may not have been true but are fascinating

nonetheless. His words are tough but his face is soft, more boy than man. His defeated vulnerability and wounded charm is the template for every reality show confession to come, a proto-*Real World* for the castoff kids of the latchkey generation.

3. What happened to Eugene? He became a folk singer.

4. *Decline* catches Black Flag when Dez was the singer not long after Keith Morris left the band. Spheeris wanted to film Black Flag with Keith as the front man but that ship had already sailed. The interview with the band takes place at the Church, a communal art space in Hermosa Beach, California that served as Greg Ginn’s SST headquarters and was gradually taken over by Black Flag’s members and fans. The walls are covered in graffiti and the band members seem like intruders. Dez holds up a pair of panties and refers to their owner as one of his “victims.” Greg looks like he’d rather be poleaxed than talk on camera. The only one who appears comfortable is Chuck Dukowski who mumbles un-punk platitudes about enlightenment like a stoned Hare Krishna.

5. What happened to the Church? It was torn down and a commercial building was built in its place.

6. In what amounts to a mini-featurette, *Slash* magazine gets a generous and extensive profile. *Slash* was owned by Bob Biggs, a good-looking, independently wealthy guy about whom many rumors circulated. Our guide to *Slash* is Claude Bessy, aka Kickboy Face, about whom I’m not going to pretend to be unbiased: he is my Lester Bangs, the writer who made me want to up my game as a record reviewer, band interviewer, and someone with interesting things to say. He was a man who didn’t give a fuck in a way the French have mastered.

7. Bessy was also the singer for Catholic Discipline, a band that seemed to exist so that when artists who found themselves on the receiving of one of Kickboy’s blistering reviews wouldn’t be able to say that he lacked the balls to put it all out there on stage. (Not that writing isn’t just as risky an art—if not riskier. How many guitar players have been put to death for their riffs?) Catholic Discipline is just meh, but interesting nonetheless in a proto-goth kind of way.

8. What’s *really* interesting is that *Slash* was, of course, also a record label. Even more interesting is that three of the six bands

featured in *Decline* (Fear, Germs, and X) released records on *Slash*, a fourth was the lead journalist for the house organ, and three of these bands were interviewed on camera in *Decline*. Or, to put it another way, of the bands that weren’t involved in *Slash*, only Black Flag is profiled.

9. What’s even *more* interesting is that Penelope Spheeris was married to Bob Biggs. Think about that for a second: the director of *Decline* was married to the owner of the record company whose artists are profiled in the film. Can anyone say conflict of interest?

10. Then we have X. Exene Cervenka as punk rock gypsy. John Doe in a mesh shirt. Billy Zoom ripping along like he’s just happy to be there. I’ve always suspected that beneath that leering smile fixed to his face is a snarling contempt for the people he shares the stage with and the people who think what he’s doing up there is remotely interesting.

11. The informal interview with X is annoying in the way that every interview with Exene is annoying. I’d much rather watch Darby being precociously stupid than Exene being precociously smart.

12. Is Darby being “precocious” when he refers to a dead man as a “wetback”?

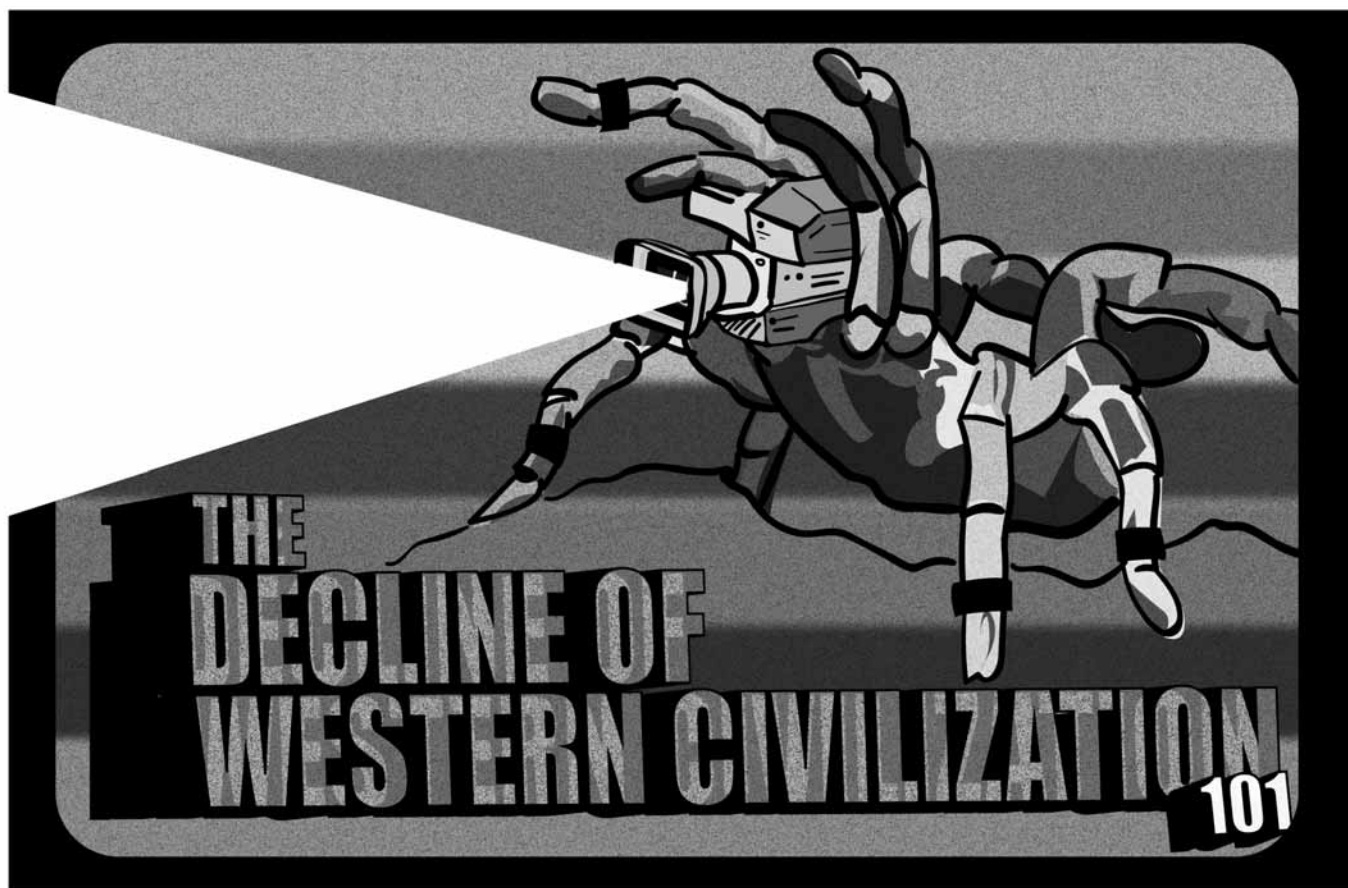
13. The most interesting thing about the interview is watching John Doe give a terrifically shitty tattoo to Top Jimmy, a notorious L.A. drug dealer. At one point he busts out a ruler. A ruler!

14. Yes, that’s the same Top Jimmy that Van Halen wrote a song about.

15. The Alice Bag Band, Circle Jerks, and Fear were all filmed at the Fleetwood in Redondo Beach. Also on the bill that night but not in *Decline* were the Gears, the Gun Club, and the Urinals. It’s interesting to speculate how the documentary would have been different if the Gears were featured instead of Fear or the Gun Club instead of Circle Jerks.

16. The Gears, apparently, were pissed that they weren’t included in the documentary, but the odds were stacked against them. Alice Bag is the only female punk rock performer in the doc, Keith Morris helped set up the gig at the Fleetwood, and Fear is spectacularly confrontational.

17. It would be easy to call Fear’s behavior in *Decline* as homophobic, but in 1980 there was no worse thing one man could call another man than “fag.” But do



CODEY RICHARDS

Maybe it's time to start calling *The Decline of Western Civilization* what it really is: a sponsored showcase.

you really need me to remind you that people were really racist, sexist and homophobic in the late '70s and early '80s?

18. Fear's set at the Fleetwood is easily the most violent. It's helpful to remember that while Redondo Beach is *technically* L.A., the South Bay scene was its own entity that drew from skaters and surfers, i.e. the nascent hardcore scene. Totally different vibe from the Hollywood club scene.

19. What's striking about the kids in the crowd at the Fleetwood is how normal they look by today's standards of punk. Short hair. No tattoos. All the band shirts are handmade.

20. When a melee breaks out during the Fear set, security rushes out and it looks like the Oak Ridge Boys have taken the stage. Beards. Long hair. Flared jeans.

21. The shots of the kids in the crowd are my favorite thing about *Decline*. They're either oblivious of the camera or awkward when it swings their way. This was one of the last generations of kids to grow up unaccustomed to being photographed and

videotaped. Back in 1980, cameras used film, video cameras were big and bulky, and Betamax was still a thing. They all knew that a movie was being filmed, and some of the people in the audience were probably there for that reason. Only those who were there can say how the show differed from other punk rock shows at the Fleetwood, the Masque, the Starwood, Hong Kong Café, etc. But these were kids who'd never watched a video on MTV, played a CD, or taken a selfie. They seem so innocent it's almost heartbreaking.

22. The same cannot be said for the interrogation-style interviews with Eugene, X-Head, and others. Their lines feel coerced, the attitude forced in a way that anticipates reality television where producers call the shots, the cast gives them what they want, and the story is created in the editing room. Watching *Decline*, you can feel the onslaught of unscripted programming coming.

23. Maybe it's time to start calling *The Decline of Western Civilization* what it really is: a sponsored showcase. Whatever it is,

it's not a documentary. The director has too much skin in the game. It was never about showcasing the best of L.A. punk, which is why there are no Weirdos, no Plugz, no Screemers, no Los Lobos and so on and so forth. It's a story framed by one woman's access to a vibrant scene that was on the verge of collapsing.

24. Shortly before *Decline* was released, Darby overdosed and died the day before John Lennon was killed. The image of Darby lying prone on a stage, eyes closed and utterly wasted, had already been selected for the film's poster, literally making Darby Crash the poster boy of L.A. punk.

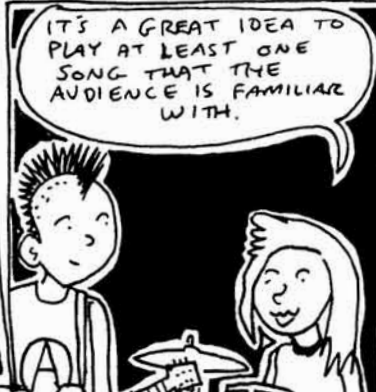
25. Slash records were distributed by an L.A. company. When that company went bankrupt, Slash turned to Warner Brothers. It was one of the first times an indie record company would collaborate with a major label, but it wouldn't be the last.

—Jim Ruland

...and now for...
A FRANK
DISCUSSION
ABOUT
COVER
SONGS

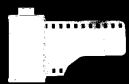


THERE IS PROBABLY A REAL BAND SOMEWHERE CALLED "THE BUTT PLUGZ". SORRY, ANY SIMILARITY...



...IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL!





Shanty Cheryl's Photo Page

Off With Their Heads, House Show, Long Beach, California



“I was riding a wave of unemployment checks...”

Lucky Tonight

I met John at a bar down the street from where CBGBs used to be. It had become a neighborhood of chrome box apartments with enormous windows and prominent Ikea lighting fixtures. Time moves strangely. I didn't feel that far from being the eighteen-year-old sweating outside after an all-ages show, getting hit up for money and cigarettes from the crowd of bored men talking outside of the Bowery Mission. I never had cigarettes or money, and those things never changed as I slowly chipped away at the jawbreaker of fear in my guts repeating all the things my parents told me about leaving our town: that the city was terrifying and I was going to die out there. My parents were firm believers in the Saturday afternoon movie version of New York—muggings, car fires, and confusing forms of public transportation—but I learned that if I traveled to enough places alone and felt the terror and anxiety rip through my guts until I had nothing to feel but pride, I'd be just fine.

John was fifteen years older than I, but we'd bonded over karaoke in my early twenties. He was a professional trumpet player and he made his living marching in parades, temping uncomfortable office jobs, and slowly whittling away at an inheritance from a long-lost uncle.

I had just gotten home from touring with my first book and I was riding a wave of unemployment checks from an art store job where the lady who fired me often sat on the floor and cried like she was acting out an improv suggestion of a woman with PMS. I was broke, but my karaoke withdrawal was strong, so I cashed in all of my quarters and took the train to meet up with John. The bar we found looked like a log cabin even though it was located between two high-priced minimalist art galleries. The patrons were mostly yuppies wearing what I considered job interview attire.

Some guy leaned over my shoulder and tapped the book I was browsing. “What are you singing?”

It's an amateur move to ask someone at karaoke what they're going to sing. It's something you do when karaoke is a novelty and you can't contain your performance anxiety. John and I were karaoke pros. We no longer felt any joy or excitement from karaoke, but, like someone waking up from a bender and reaching for a bedside nip of Jim Beam, we were powerless against it. “Well, I already sang,” I answered, trying to be polite.

He sat down next to me. “What's your go-to?”

This is the second most annoying thing someone can say at karaoke. I use these offending statements as a springboard for judgment, and it's usually hard for me to carry on the rest of the conversation without making a face like I'm shoveling a goat pen at a petting zoo.

“I don't know if I have one.” I glanced at John, seething. “I just sang Guns N Roses. Does that mean anything to you?”

The stranger leaned in. He smelled like crisp, piney deodorant, and he pressed on, talking about himself. “I'm doing Pat Benatar. Do you think that's an okay choice?”

I am the last person on earth you should ask about karaoke. My views are tainted at best, venomous at worst. The only factors to consider are your vocal range, your threshold for humiliation, and whatever music is in your heart at that particular moment. My bitterness got the best of me. “If you're a woman in her early forties going through a divorce, then yeah, Pat Benatar is a great choice.”

The stranger looked at John. “Ooh, she's funny. I like her. By the way, I'm David.”

We exchanged pleasantries and David retreated to the bar. John and I resumed our conversation. His temp job was at a massive financial firm in Manhattan. Every day, he commuted from New Jersey, took an elevator to a cubicle, and sat down for eight straight hours of surfing the internet.

“What do you look at for that long?” I asked, siphoning the last of my soda like a pool vacuum.

“Other jobs,” he answered.

My book tour had just ended and I was moving to California in a month. I had somehow decided it would be okay to live at my parents' house in the suburbs for those thirty days, and in the amnesia of my financial destitution, I had also forgotten how crucial it is to have a car when you're not in a major city. I quickly discovered that the weak bus system only went in a circle from the airport to the mall, and also that it was called Suffolk County Area Transit, or S.C.A.T. for short.

I told John about the glamorous life of a published author I was living: a thousand hours of daytime television watched between panic naps and applying for jobs. I still had major summer plans: taking a road trip to Chicago, Milwaukee, and Green Bay to see The Dwarves. I had no idea how I was going

to make that happen, but I was trying not to let the grim reality of my financial situation effect my outlook on life.

David's name was called. A Casio version of “We Belong” began to play from the bar's speakers. He looked to our table for support and we let out an obligatory cheer. I caught John's gaze as he eyed the last inch of his pint. Then I remembered my credit card bill was due. In a moment, a cloud of mutual depression fogged our table like a hazer at a Judas Priest concert.

“Do you ever think about how soon we're going to be obsolete?” I asked, summoning the most light-hearted thing I could think of.

“What do you mean?”

“Like, do you have any ten-year-olds in your life? They know so much. When I was ten, the library had one copy of *Wheel of Fortune* on a 5 1/4 inch floppy that we fought over because we were idiots and didn't think about learning anything to secure a future.”

“We didn't have computers in school when I was ten. I haven't really thought about that.”

I was suddenly seized by a fever of righteous anxiety. “How are we going to find jobs in ten years? Who wants to hire an old person whose only marketable skill is that they can nail the ‘Sha-na-na-knees’- part of ‘Welcome to the Jungle’ for a room full of strangers?”

“Ugh,” John said. “You're right. What are we going to do?”

The KJ called John's name and he got up to sing “Cult of Personality.” David cheered loudly for him and patted him on the back when the song was done. We paid the tab and decided to walk to Penn Station. It was cheaper that way.

“At least you can say you have a book now,” John said, crossing the street. I thought about my book tour: reading with so many wonderful people in every major city, crashing with friends I forgot I had, looking up Motel 6 in the places where I didn't know anyone because they let you share a bed with a dog, the time when Pug almost jumped in an eighteen wheeler at a Love's Travel Plaza because of a trucker eating a hot dog, or when I drove eighteen straight hours from Salt Lake City to Olympia only to find that the person who had scheduled my event had been fired. I then delivered a very intimate and delirious reading for the two college kids working the counter and the homeless man



STEVE THUESON

...from an art store job where the lady who fired me often sat on the floor and cried like she was acting out an improv suggestion of a woman with PMS.

who lived in the store and had introduced himself as “Tim the Store Cat.” Lots of highs and lows, but I felt like I was one hundred percent alive the entire time and, monetarily, I almost broke even. Almost.

John and I got to an intersection and were about to cross the street when I noticed a new suitcase leaning against a pile of trash bags on the corner. I had been thinking about how I might feel more professional if I had a briefcase to put my books in. I wandered toward it.

“What are you doing?” John asked, tension rising in his voice.

“I could use a suitcase,” I answered, gripping the enclosures at the top and hoping it wasn’t locked.

John freaked out. “Don’t do it! What if it’s a bomb?!”

“If you see something, say something,” I said, and popped the locks. To my surprise, it was totally empty. “See? Nothing to worry about. Free suitcase.”

“It still might have bedbugs. Please don’t take it home.”

“I wanna see if it has the key somewhere in it, otherwise it’s as good as useless.” I put my hand in a small zippered compartment then felt around in a larger pocket. I felt something and pulled it out: it was an enormous wad of cash.

I will never for as long as I live forget the expression on John’s face, as I am sure it mirrored the look on my own face at that very moment: raised eyebrows, mouth open, breathless. It is the face the brain is hardwired to make when you’ve just witnessed a miracle. “John, I am going to put this money in my pocket and we are going to walk ten blocks and then count it. Okay. Go.”

We didn’t say anything those ten blocks. We didn’t even look at each other. One foot in front of the other for five minutes that felt like an eternity. When we got to what felt like a safe and reasonable distance from the suitcase, I pulled the money out of my jeans.

“Six hundred dollars.” I said it out loud, but it still didn’t feel real. I was holding six hundred-dollar bills in my hand. I peeled

off half the money and handed it to John. He said he couldn’t. I insisted. We then walked to Penn Station where we parted ways with a hug and a final, “Holy shit. Six hundred dollars.”

I took the train back to Long Island. A taxi that smelled like cigars dropped me off at my parents’ house in the middle of the night. No one was awake yet, so I let myself in as quietly as possible and huddled over my laptop in the dark kitchen, using the money for a Greyhound ticket to see my favorite band play in three cities. For as long as I could remember, I tried to be up during the quiet time before the cacophony of alarms and coffee grinders and The Weather Channel. In these hours, I always felt like the luckiest person in the world. I was awake and brave and desperate.

The night belonged to me.

—Cassie J. Sneider

"DREAM JOURNAL #2"

YUMI SAKUGAWA

AFTER I FOUND OUT
~~THAT~~ THAT
YOU HAD COMMITTED
SUICIDE A FEW YEARS
AGO

YOU FINALLY
SHOW UP IN
MY DREAMS.



WE ARE EVACUATING
A BURNING BUILDING
IN THE MIDDLE OF
THE DAY AND WALKING
UP A GRASSY FIELD.

AHEAD OF US, WE
CAN SEE SMOKY
SILHOUETTES OF THE
PEOPLE WHO HAVE
EVACUATED BEFORE US.

EVERYONE IS
WALKING SLOWLY
AND CALMLY AWAY
FROM THE BURNING
BUILDING.



EVEN THOUGH
NEITHER OF US IS
INJURED, WE WALK
FORWARD WITH OUR
ARMS AROUND ONE
ANOTHER.

DID YOU
REALLY HAVE
NO IDEA

HOW
LOVED YOU
ARE?

YOU
FUCKING
ASSHOLE

I KNOW.
I'M SORRY

YS '15



Louis Jacinto's Photo Page
Alice Bag, Whisky a Go Go, 1979



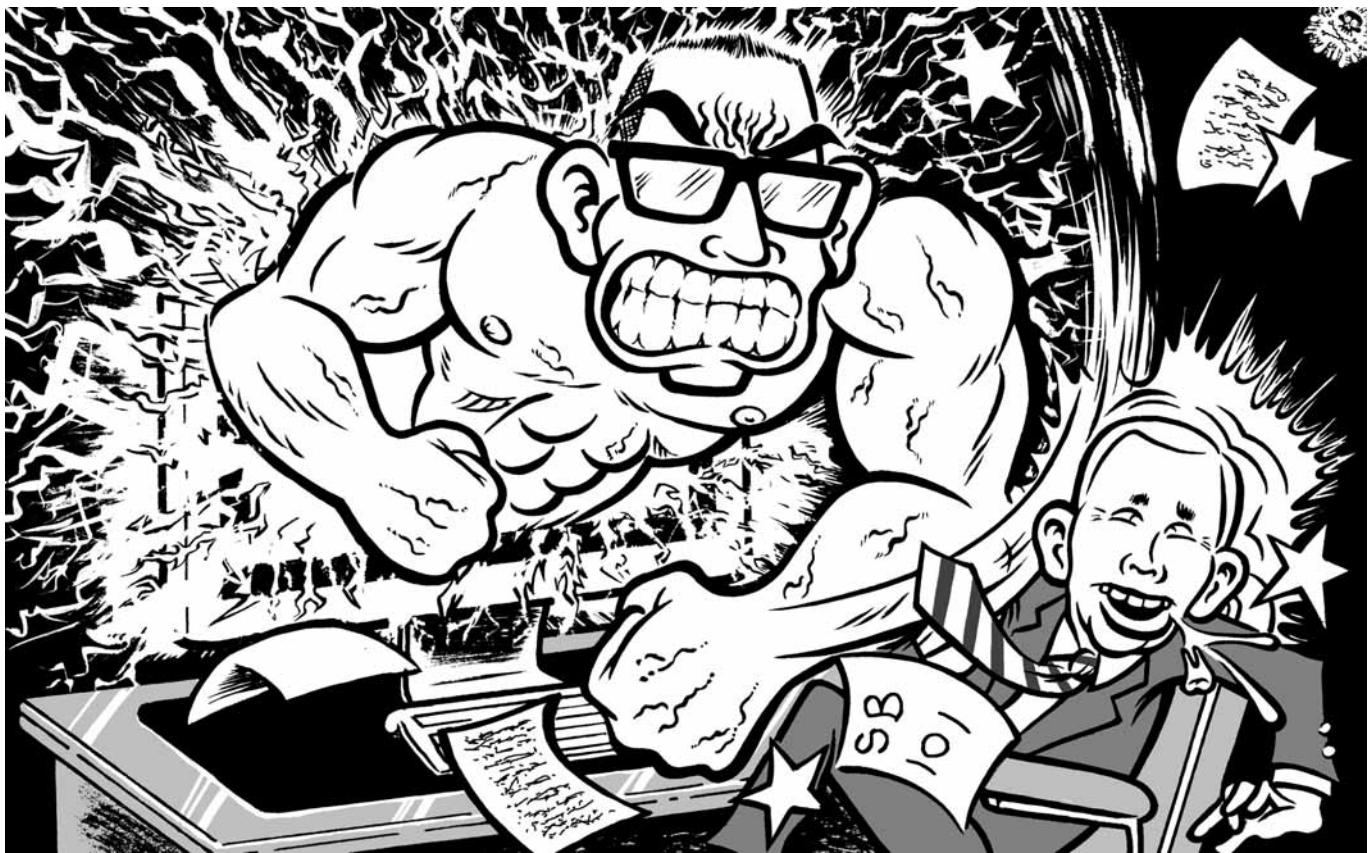
***“I was fired
up! I orated
glibly!”***

Indiana Wants Me, Lord I Can't Go Back There (Because I'm Wearing Women's Pants)

Like any earthling who vaguely gives a shit, I took all manner of righteous umbrage at Indiana Governor Mike “Jolly Jolly Six” Pence signing the “Religious Freedom Restoration Act” ((otherwise known as “Senate Bill 101,” the same number as the room in 1984 where the rats were cruelly denied a chance to nibble on Winston’s eyeballs)) into law ((you know, the one giving Indiana business owners the right to deny service to gay couples, or anyone else who fails to meet whatever arbitrary standards of compliance they think their religion requires for admission into the Pearly Gates [[which, presumably, is much like Indiana—shit, how could it not be?—meaning that only non-refrigerated beer can be sold at gas stations, and no beer at all on Sundays, because GOD WROTE THE LAWS GOVERNING SIX-PACKS DOWN SOMEWHERE, because that’s what Supreme Beings do—regulate beer sales. *Supplicate thyself!*]])), and took to the internet ((because, you know, that’s not just a place in which our corporate masters allow us to blow off steam, that’s where EMPIRES ARE TOPPLED and REVOLUTION IS DISSEMINATED)) to voice my displeasure. I got on Facebook® ((*the machine that kills fascists! The destroyer of kings and emperors! The... oh, okay, you get it, sarcasm, right. Let’s move on*)) and drilled that douche a new asshole ((that’s, in fact, what it is that he’s got six of, jolly jolly six of, as Governor Mike Pence is the world’s first hexa-anused creature. It’s a very convenient set-up for when Flag Day rolls around, provided one has enough poles to go around)). Firstly, I pointed out that most people don’t live in a place where interesting things happen frequently, like Austin or Seattle or San Francisco or New York. Most people live in some dumb place like Green Bay, Wisconsin, or Buttnuzzle, Indiana. Then I noted that, whilst I couldn’t really represent myself as a world traveler, I have been to a lot of different places, many of them pretty dumb. I pointed out that I’ve played music in the Marquettes and the Fargos and the Fond du Lacs; I’ve announced roller derby in the Kingsfords and the Rockfords and the Flints of the world. I also played music in an unventilated U-Haul storage space in Texas, but never mind that. Invariably, in all of these places, I helpfully noted that there is a small clutch of people who are absolutely dedicated to making their community more fun and exciting. They are not necessarily under the

impression that they will be turning Peoria into Portland, they just want to do their part, and make the place where they live a little less drab and soul-crushing. This is a constant. These are the people who start bands and put on shows and form roller derby leagues and run little record labels out of their kitchen and all manner of other constructive activities. Generally, they make no money. They do what they do out of a combination of civic duty and utter boredom. They struggle against daunting odds, just so their community has sounds other than the monotonous churn of factory equipment and the mundane clack of computer keyboards one cubicle over, and sights other than Subway® signs and Chevy® dealerships. *I was fired up! I orated glibly! My thumb danced righteously over my cellphone keypad as I drilled a seventh anus onto this Republican shit-sucker!* I stated that it is for these people in Indiana—the band people, the derby people, the record nerd people—for whom I feel the most sympathy, after this unspeakably heinous act by their governor to legalize discrimination. These people worked all their lives to make their state a better place in which to live, and then this knuckle-dragging governor they have makes discrimination legal again. *This moron willfully bombs them back to the Stone Age!* My friends in Indiana deserve better than this. This is horrible, terrible shit, perpetrated by horrible, terrible people. They should be holding goddamn parades for these people, not figuring out new ways to screw them over. I then concluded that more than even hating Indiana’s state government, I felt sympathy for everyone who lived there and tries to make their state a better place to live—that they deserved better! That WE deserved better ((sad waving of American flag here in the background)), before wrapping things up with a plaintive “Seriously, what the hell???” I was on a roll! The forces of oppression quaked beneath the oozings of my metaphorical quill pen! I’ve been called a “faggot” in Indiana enough times to know that S.B. 101 is here to kick my ass right the hell out of Steak & Shake®, my loathsome litany of heterosexual feats of swinish derring-do be damned! My Thumb of Righteousness hit *POST!* The internet knew my wrath! *Empires fell and castles crumbled to the sea!* My caterwauling was “liked” by hundreds (almost four hundred; pretty decent if you believe in that sorta thing)! The post was shared by almost fifty

people, spreading my righteous disfigurement like a boffo STD! It was made required reading in high school literature classes from coast to coast and border to border! I was flying high, shaking hands and kissing babies! A crusading internet-poster! A ceaseless defender of the public good! A paragon of virtue in a cesspool of pee! After all, who doesn’t love a good-looking windbag on a soapbox, right? And, after all, fuck it, these douchebags deserve all the public excoriation they’ve been getting, ya know? *Squared! Possibly cubed!* The coolest thing I’ve ever seen in Indiana—and it was pretty cool—happened during the 2013 Women’s Flat Track Derby Association playoff tournament, in Fort Wayne. It was the last day of the tournament, and the stream ((i.e., internet broadcast)) announcers for the third-place game were me and the marvelously gay Plastic Patrik, a French-Canadian underground sex symbol who also makes records in his spare time ((we bonded over our mutual love for Belgian pop star Plastic Bertrand, go figure)). The third-place game in a WFTDA™ playoff tournament is noteworthy, because the top three finishers in a playoff tournament move on to the championship tournament, which is a big deal. This game was of particular significance because it pitted the Montreal squad ((Patrik’s home team)) vs. the London Roller girls, and whichever team won was gonna be the first international team to make it to championships, which was a big deal. So we are doing a bilingual broadcast ((ooh! Sexy and experimental!)); trading off between me doing English and Patrik doing French. London, in preceding months, had endeared themselves to the U.S. fans for a number of reasons, including making a formation which came to be known as “the London Bridge” during their opponents’ traditional post-game victory laps, standing on either side of the track with their hands raised, forming a human arch under which the other team gleefully skated. So London wins, and MONTREAL makes the London Bridge for London! The fans are going crazy, they’re all running down to the track, everybody is making this crazy human arch for everybody, we’re trying to announce this pandemonium in English and French, and finally I just say “it’s a beautiful thing” and give up on trying to add any further commentary to the chaos. And all the while, I’m thinking, HOLY FUCK, this is happening in INDIANA. We’ve got a team from London,



ALEX BARRETT

I've been called a "faggot" in Indiana enough times to know that S.B. 101 is here to kick my ass right the hell out of Steak & Shake®

a team from Canada, we've got fans from everywhere down on the track freaking out, we have all these weirdos hugging each other and screaming and cheering, we've got the two biggest freaks in the state right now announcing it—our voices now a part of the event's permanent record ((the bout has over 8,000 views on YouTube™, which is cool))—not to put too fine a point on it, but FUCK man! This is fuckin' COOL! Different, you know, countries and languages and people and stuff and here we all are, jumpin' around together and sittin' in a rainbow, right? Fast-forward two years and half the people there could probably legally get kicked out of Waffle House®. OH MY GOD, GAY PEOPLE, THEY'RE NOT LIKE ME, EEEEEEEEEKKK!!! I'M THE GOVERNOR OF INDIANA AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S COOL ABOUT MY OWN STATE!!! HERE, LET ME PISS ALL OVER IT WITH ONE OF MY MANY ANUSES, SEVERAL OF WHICH ALSO HANDILY DISPENSE URINE!!! Shit, I could probably get kicked out of Waffle House®; half of Indiana thinks I'm gay anyway. YES, I LIKE TO WEAR WOMEN'S PANTS. IT'S HARD TO FIND PURPLE PLAID LEVI'S™, GET OVER IT! Which, of course, brings me to the tender irony of the entire situation: While in

the midst of my righteous attempt to overthrow the lawfully elected government of the curiously sweat-sock-shaped state of Indiana via the internet ((the first name in revolutionary convenience!)), it was brought to my attention that I was the guy whom, about twenty years ago, made a virtual career out of pissing off *Maximum Rock'n'roll* readers by my unbridled use of the pejoratives "fag" and "gay." It started off innocently enough; I decided that I needed to declare that anyone who didn't own AC/DC's *Let There Be Rock* album was a "fag." I pointed out before, during, and after using said epithet that I intended no sexual connotations by its use; that I merely wished to appropriate it in its context of a juvenile playground taunt, because, by golly, that was just the best word for the job at hand. THAT went over well. *Irate letters poured in! The hue and cry was omnipresent!* I found I could get what the rasslers call "cheap heat" just by peppering my columns with "fag" this and "gay" that, until the joke just got so old and stale—or I just got so old and stale—that it ceased to amuse and/or offend even me. I couldn't tell you when the last time was that I used the word "fag," or called something "gay." Shit, I don't even say "retard" any more! I have actively even dissuaded the use of these

terms in young folks with whom I have been ((shockingly)) left in charge! This is probably for the best, true, but yet... I can't help but think that, goddammit, I was a lot funnier when I was like "fag" this and "gay" that! Wasn't I? Or is that just the delusional thinking of a starry-eyed romantic? I'm conflicted! Horribly! Therefore, in the interests of participatory democracy, I'll ask you to be the judge of this matter: Write a strongly-worded letter to Mike Pence c/o Office of the Governor, Statehouse, Indianapolis IN 46204-2797, and tell him he's a cad and a bounder, a reckless Neanderthal, a tool of the rich and an enemy of democracy! Then write a second letter telling him that he's a fag and that the Religious Freedom Restoration Act is gay and can suck your dick ((then end with a bunch of pig noises. That's how they know we mean business)). Let me know which one's funnier, won't you?

Sad thing is, the joke's on us, and none of this shit is very funny.

Love ((I mean it, maaaaan!))

—Norb



"Cups of beer came raining down at numerous angles. Shoes (!) were torpedoed."

"That Guy" / "That Girl"

Whether it be watching or playing, I've taken in my fair share of shows over the years. Often times, something out of the ordinary happens during these shows. This can be a bad thing, especially when it occurs where you're standing—in the crowd, or up onstage. There's often gonna be "that guy" or "that girl" (you know exactly the type) amongst the crowd at a show, usually depending on how much alcohol and/or narcotics have been pumped into their bloodstreams that evening—or even worse—they're simply just buttholes to begin with. Thankfully, these types usually raise their heads in single digits at shows, but when a majority of a crowd starts getting steeped in its own angst-laden juices? That's a whole other realm of toxicity to be caught in the middle of, and it can be brutal for the band on the receiving end.

When the Ramones were on their *Mondo Bizarro* tour in back in 1992, they played three packed nights in a row here in Los Angeles at the Hollywood Palladium. Unfortunately, some genius promoter had the bright idea of booking House Of Pain as a support slot for all three of these nights. Yeah, *that* House Of Pain, the same rap outfit that was responsible for that "Jump Around" song getting rammed down everyone's throats opened up for America's fearsome foursome. (I could totally dig the Beastie Boys supporting these Ramones dates, but I digress.) Already having secured tickets to all three nights, I chuckled and wondered aloud exactly how the hell this was going to go over. I mean, the Palladium was no stranger to riots happening outside of shows over the years, but this ill-fated pairing might actually be the reason I'd see one start *inside* for the first time.

10/14/1992: Wednesday night's show was mobbed to the walls with fans waiting to get their Gabba-Gabba on, and the two House Of Pain dudes hit the stage with their DJ set up behind 'em, instantly rumbling beats. Looking around, I noticed a good number of people starting to fuck around, mock-dancing with their friends as if someone at a backyard party was trying to be funny and threw a House Of Pain record on. Well, after ten or fifteen minutes, the fucking around quickly subsided and it got real *not* funny really, really fast. Middle fingers started popping up towards the front area against the barricade, and pretty soon the majority of the floor had its single digits raised, with a storm-like roar of "HEY! HO!"

LET'S GO!" getting louder and louder each time it was repeated. A few cups of beer bounced across the stage as the crowd grew even more rowdy. Then, suddenly, the house lights went up right as the sound was cut off. Rock'n'roll was not gonna have it that night, and rightly so. Kick rocks!

10/15/1992: Thursday's show was just as packed as Wednesday night's, and I ran into a group of people who were also there the night before. We all laughed at what happened. We started to joke around, saying we should get a pool going to see who comes closest to the actual minute mark of when House Of Pain gets told by the majority of Ramones fans to beat it. I remember remarking to the group that they wouldn't even make it past the ten minute mark that night, and, boy, was I ever close. After ten minutes, the crowd's reaction was a lot more hot-tempered than the night before. Cups of beer came raining down at numerous angles. Shoes (!) were torpedoed at the gangster crappers, as well as water bottles. The birds flew high, with a continuous "BOOOO!" hissing from everyone.

At the peak of their scathing live review in real time, the DJ from House Of Pain yanked one of his turntables off of the table console and smashed it across the stage, yelled at the crowd, and walked off. As soon as that happened, even more shit started raining down onto the stage. The other two House Of Pains quickly walked off the stage. That's right. Party's over. Hit the bricks.

Needless to say, House Of Pain were relieved from their opening slot duties Friday night, with Body Count and Big Drill Car filling the void—and quite remarkably so—thank you very much. Now, one could argue that the poor House Of Pain bastards didn't deserve this kind of treatment while they were performing, but keep in mind that they weren't amongst their rap community peers. They were technically sitting prey for well over 3,500 punkers in the greater L.A. area who hadn't seen the Ramones play live in over two years. What the hell was the promoter thinking of, indeed.

This isn't to say that bands like the Ramones never got fucked with onstage. They've had some violent crowd reactions, like the time they opened up for Black Sabbath in December 1978 in San Bernardino, CA to the dismay of an army of beer bottle-chucking metal heads and bikers who didn't let 'em get past their third song. Supposedly, someone

even hurled an ice pick onstage that landed right next to Johnny. Ironically enough, most Sabbath and Ramones fans became fans of each other's bands over the years since then. I, for one, would've been beyond stoked to see a co-headlining bill of Ozzy-era Sabbath with the *Road to Ruin*-era Ramones (if only I was a teen and not a wee eight years old).

The same thing occurred the following year when the Ramones were part of the lineup for the Canadian Music Festival in Toronto in July 1979.

Quoting Johnny Ramone: "*On July 2, 1979, we played on a bill with Aerosmith, Ted Nugent, Johnny Winter, AC/DC, and Nazareth to a crowd of forty-six thousand people in Toronto... I saw the other bands we were playing with and I thought, 'This isn't gonna work.' I complained to... our booking agency, about it, and they said, 'We've been in the business a long time, we know what we're doing.' About five or six songs into the set, the whole crowd stood up, and I thought it had started to rain. Dee Dee thought the same thing, but they were throwing stuff at us—sandwiches, bottles, everything... I just walked to the front of the stage, stopped playing, and gave the audience the finger.... I stood there like that, flipping them off, with both hands out, and walked off. The rest of the band kept playing for another ten or fifteen seconds until they'd realized I was walking off, and then they did too. I wasn't gonna stand there and be booed and have stuff thrown at us without retaliating in some way. We had to come off looking good somehow, and there was no good way to get out of that."*

Good thing Johnny didn't have a bag of rocks, like the ones he snuck into Shea Stadium when The Beatles played there in 1965... or maybe shows like the festival in Toronto were bits of karma coming home to roost.

Beyond the fans who aren't digging the "other band" onstage, there are the fans (or supposed fans) that make no sense at all and make it a point to fuck with the band onstage... that they specifically came to see. Huh? Now, I'm not talking about pranking or dickering around with a band you're friends with. That's par for the course, unless said band or band members clearly tell you to knock it the fuck off.

I'm referring to the people in the audience who make it a point to be "that



GENESIS BAUTISTA

Then there's the misinformed "back-up singer" who thinks they're doing the band a favor by staying up on the stage, moaning and croaking made-up words to your song.

guy/girl" and keep doing the same stupid shit over and over and over. There's your typical ice lobber, who sees it as funny as it is challenging to aim chunks of ice at a band member's head until it connects. More times than not, if it's ignored, it usually stops. But sometimes you have one that's like a barking, nipping Chihuahua, that won't stop until you make it a point to turn the rest of the crowd on them, which likely nips it in the bud fast. Ice is one thing, but a partial or full can or bottle can make the band walk off, or even get your ass chased.

There's also the person up front against the stage who yanks on the guitarist or bass player's cord like an infant fumbling with a Fisher-Price toy. I recall this cord situation happening with The Torrez, the bass slinger

in one of my old bands, who ended up crowning some drunken fuck square between the eyes with the headstock of his G&L after repeatedly warning said drunken fuck to cease. I almost dropped my drumsticks I was laughing so hard.

Then there's the misinformed "back-up singer" who thinks they're doing the band a favor by staying up on the stage, moaning and croaking made-up words to your song, completely shitting on your set. After telling the pest to fuck off and shooing them away two or three times, you realize that this unwanted special guest will only relate to the hands-on approach: one hand palmed across their face, then forcefully shoved backwards, straight off of the stage. Go away.

I know not every show or gig ends

up with situations like these, but they do happen. Most people who go to shows aren't readily willing to let some fucker ruin it for everyone, and that's a good thing. There are already enough fuckers in this world as it is, so why would you wanna allow that shit while you're screaming your head off to one of your favorite bands in the world playing a few feet in front of you?

Not me.

Not happening.

I'm Against It,
—Designated Dale
designateddale@yahoo.com

BATSHIT CRAZY RECORDS

PRESENTS
NEW RECORDS
IN EXISTENCE
FROM

JOHN WAYNE IS DEAD
HAYSAW MAN
LETTERS TO VOLTRON

BSCRECORDS.COM

**CHECK OUT OUR
NEW RELEASES!**

THE FUR COATS
The League of
Extraordinary Octopuses

**KIND OF LIKE
SPITTING**
Professional Results (1999-2014)

HIDE
feat. Heather Gabel

**NERVOUS
PASSENGER**
Way Too Weird

**ARTISTIC
INTEGRITY
RECORDS**

WWW.ARTISTICINTEGRITYRECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM

BEER CITY
skateboards / RECORDS

**RECORD
STORE
DAY
APRIL 18TH
2015**

Deathwish
OUT FOR BLOOD

Deathwish - Out for Blood LP/CD
BCR189-1 LP / BCR189-2 CD
650557018913/LP / 650557018920/CD

M.D.C.

M.D.C. - Millions of Dead Cops
Millennium Edition - LP/CD BCR175-1
LP / BCR175-2 CD
650557017510/LP / 650557017527/CD

D.R.I.
Live At CBGB's 1984

D.R.I. - Live At CBGB's 1984 LP/CD
BCR118-1 LP / BCR118-2 CD
650557018715/LP / 650557011822/CD

BEERCITY.COM | AVAILABLE ON ITUNES

STORES GET IT FROM
independent
LABEL DISTRIBUTION

OBNOX
BOOGALOU REED LP

BLAXXX
FOR NO APPARENT
REASON 12" EP

12XU

SHAWN DAVID MCMILLEN
ON THE CLOCK WITH JJ & MITCH LP

CHRIS BROKAW
THE PERISCOPE TWINS 2XLP

CHRIS BROKAW
THE PERISCOPE TWINS 2XLP

SHAWN DAVID MCMILLEN
ON THE CLOCK WITH JJ & MITCH LP

XETAS
THE REDEEMER LP

XETAS
THE REDEEMER LP

COMING:
UNIFORM - PERFECT WORLD LP, SNOOTY GARBAGEMEN - S/T LP,
& NEW STUFF FROM JAMES ARTHUR'S MANHUNT AND EXHAUSTION

12XU.NET | 12XU.BIGCARTEL.COM



In November I met up with fellow Razor-Cake contributor Kurt Morris so he could interview me for this very magazine!



lizprincepower.com

CHICO SIMIO #49

"WISHES ARE
LIKE FISHES"

ART.

I WISH I HAD A JOB...
WHERE I WAS
PAID...



TO DRAW MONSTERS AND
CARTOONS ALL DAY...



THEN I REALIZED I DREW
THIS "ON THE CLOCK". SO
I GUESS MY WISH
CAME TRUE??





**NOW AVAILABLE
from Big Neck
Records**

**Stop Worrying and
Love the Bomb
LP/CD**



39877 Thomas Mill Rd.
Leesburg, VA 20175
bigneckrecords.com
bigneckrecords@usa.net

Sonny Vincent & Spite EP/7"

Ex - Testors, Sex Pistols, Damned, Stooges,
greatest super group ever!



T-TOPS S/T LP/CD

Members of Don Cabarelo and the Fitt blaze a fuzzed
out trail of heavy punk



ACTIVATIONS -GET BACK 7"
Speedball punk rock with
70's riffs and style



**SONNY VINCENT - CYANIDE
CONSOMME LP/CD**



**FIRE RETARDED - SCROGGZ
MANOR LP/CD**

"Featuring Bobby Hussy from
the Hussy, stoned, garage,
fuzzed out, punk, rock!"

COMING SOON:



SEGER LIBERATION ARMY

Tom Potter and crew are back with an
LP's worth of Seger System favorites!

DANGER SIGNS

Out of control, Pittsburgh punk,
with massive hooks





HERE I SIT IN JAPAN, BROKEN HEARTED...

BY LUCKY NAKAZAWA

ICHIRO'S FATHER MADE HIS FORTUNE IN LIFE BY INVENTING THE BATHROOM FARTING NOISE MAKER IN JAPAN IN THE 80's. IT WAS USED EVERYWHERE BEFORE PIPED MUSIC.



BEFORE THE INVENTION OF THE BATHROOM FARTING NOISE MAKER PEOPLE WOULD HOLD THEIR GAS + POOH IN FOR FEAR THAT THEIR BODY WOULD BRING SHAME UPON THEIR NAME IF ANYTHING WAS AUDIBLE.



* D.A.D.S. DAY AFTER DRINKING SHITS

THIS CAUSED HEALTH PROBLEMS AND AWKWARD MANIFESTATIONS OF NEUROSIS.



ICHIRO CHOSE TO FART AND SHIT WITHOUT SHAME. WITHOUT RELYING ON A NOISE MACHINE FART CRUTCH.

NO! FUCK YOU, DAD!



ICHIRO, GIVING OUT LOUD

KN 3/15



“Midlife crisis takes on many forms.”

A Display of Rhythmic Cacophony

Okay, I'll admit it. This Rhythm Chicken thing is getting old, right? Playing in parades, once a brave new frontier, is now an expected yearly yawn. Showing up at random punk rock shows and setting up in the back corner of the venue to dispense my poultry ruckus has almost no shock value anymore. Even random sightings in various public sights in Los Angeles happens every four or so years, and is almost becoming *normal*. Friends' weddings, city-wide festivals in Dresden, every time Kepi Ghoulie passes through town, New Years Eves in Milwaukee, men's and women's bathrooms from Wisconsin to Indiana to Nevada to Illinois to Kansas to Florida to California to Minnesota to Poland to Germany to... polar plunges in Milwaukee and Jacksonport, and every festival parade in and around Door County; all these events have almost become *conditioned* to the untamed and chaotic ruckus of our stinky feathered friend. Here in my sixteenth year as the Rhythm Chicken, I pause to ask, "Uh... have I flogged this dead horse long enough?"

There it is—the question I've been avoiding for years now. Should I just quit this chicken thing and descend into normal adult life? Should I quit embarrassing the nieces and nephews who are now old enough to be embarrassed by their crazy uncle? Should I have one final blowout and burn the holy chickenkit along with the incredible biohazard known as the chickenhead? Should I stop giving myself extremely painful burst blood blisters after each and every parade? Should I stop risking heat stroke from playing every South Shore Frolics in Milwaukee? Well, midlife crisis takes on many forms. At some point, a forty-four year old punker who poses as a fifteen-year-old chicken has to look in the mirror.

Okay, for the sake of discussion, let's just pretend that the Rhythm Chicken is no more. As much as I view myself as a modern day superhero, I don't think evil would gain much from my disappearance. Some young, new smart-ass would inevitably stumble upon some new stupid act that would make folks spit up their beer and yell a lot. Punk rock shows and festival parades would still be fun. People would still drink beer and have crazy fun in all facets of their life. I would settle into a quieter, more predictable adulthood, and I might still air drum to the Figgs, Government Issue, and the Clash. I guess I would have nothing to write about, so

Razorcake would have to find a new weirdo to fill that department. Without a doubt, the world would go on.

Now back to reality. I am indeed the Rhythm Chicken, and I do indeed still exist! The chickenears are still attached to my much-dilapidated chickenhead. My chickenkit somehow still remains in a functioning state, though it has seen better days... many better days. I still get requests here and there to play at certain punk shows, certain weddings, certain parties, and certain grand openings, to which I sadly decline from more and more due to my newfound occupation and the limited free time it grants me. With my aching back and bad knees, it gets a little easier to say no with each passing year. However, sometimes a fantastic new gig opportunity presents itself and I simply cannot say no! As the Chicken gets older and gets dangerously near "jumping the shark," entirely new types of chicken-gigs are welcomed with open wings. Now, where's that dead horse?

Dinghole Report #148: Ruckus Erupts at a... Jazz Gig? (Rhythm Chicken sighting #697)

March is my favorite month of the year. March is when I close up the soup shop for a month and actually have a somewhat normal life. March is when I can get away, even on weekends! So, when this Friday night gig in Milwaukee presented itself, I embraced the sheer jubilation of just being able to do it! My friend Mark owns Luna Coffee Roasters in Green Bay. Luna and Anodyne Roasters have teamed up with Green Bay's Hinterland Brewery to release a new beer, their Imperial Coffee Stout. The party to celebrate the new brew's unveiling was held at Anodyne's new Milwaukee location. The poster for this event displayed a pic of the Minutemen's iconic Econovan and headlined with "This Ain't No Pilsner!" That's genius in marketing, if'n you ask me. The band chosen for the event was a jazz group from Ann Arbor called Naked Dance. The P.A. was playing Minutemen and Firehose songs all night. I had never played at a jazz gig before. I had never played at a beer unveiling before. It was a strange and unpredictable gig for this chicken.

My Hen and I arrived. We surveyed the new venue. Soon, the first of many Imperial Coffee Stouts was in my wing. Slowly, a good number of Milwaukee friends showed

up and the jazz show had a good number of beer-loving punks in attendance! Naked Dance got up onstage and started their set. I was pleasantly surprised when their jazz was more like Coltrane and Davis, and less like Kenny G and Sanborn. The lights were dimmed, the crowd was mellow, and beers were poured. This was a perfect buildup to the impending ruckus to come. Naked Dance finished up their first set and took a break, an optimal time for wild-ass chickenrock! I set up my crumbling kit in the back of the room and was poised to attack.

The first stroke of my opening drumroll turned every head in the joint. Soon, a small crowd gathered closer to the new second stage and curious beer drinkers shook off their jazz boots for a few minutes. I tore into a chaotic and most untame bout of rhythm rock! My chickenears flopped about as my poultry-based thunder filled the room! The crowd roared! People continued to gather closer and the ruckus increased with each passing beat! Those Imperial Coffee Stouts fueled one heck of a rambunctious display of rhythmic cacophony! Finally, with the chaos at a sheer maximum, I dove face-first onto my chickenkit and proceeded to thrash about till its smoldering remains were strewn about. Ruckus is the new jazz!

Later, at the beer barrel, one of the jazz musicians told me I was like Sid Vicious with two dildos swinging around on his head! Another first!

Dinghole Report #149: Two Words.... Peep Show. (Rhythm Chicken sighting #698)

It was Palm Sunday, one week before Easter. My Hen and I just landed at O'Hare in Chicago from our two weeks in Poland and Germany. We made it as far north as Milwaukee and were very anxious to get back up north to our own home and our own bed, but another Rhythm Chicken first opportunity presented itself. My friend Kate has become the organizer of a special yearly event, a peep show! I know what you're thinking, but settle down. This is an event for children of all ages, and since it's Milwaukee, of course it's in a bar! Every year, people create small displays of Peeps (those crusty flavorless marshmallow chicks and bunnies you see around Easter) and exhibit them at this show! There are raffle prizes. Lots of parents, lots of children, many awesome creative kids'



Holy Shit! live at Czarnuszka Soupbar

KASIA ONISZCZUK

Ruckus is the new jazz!

One of the jazz musicians told me I was like Sid Vicious with two dildos swinging around on his head!

displays of Peeps, and on top of it all, the bar served Peep-Tinis, a sweet pink martini with a Peep floating on top!

My buddy Rusty at Rockhaus drum shop donated a three-piece drumset for the Chicken to play and then have it raffled off! The Tonic Tavern was getting comfortably full when I crawled onstage and sat at the new kit. Make way for the King Peep! The Rhythm Peep! I pounded out a somewhat subdued set of my *kid-friendly* ruckus rock. No wrestling with the drums. No wildly gulping cheap beer between sets of riot rhythms. No flipping the bird to the underage audience. How could such a gig keep anyone's attention? THE KIDS TOTALLY ATE IT UP! They yelled and cheered! The parents cheered and yelled! I rose, took a bow, and exited stage left, making way for

the next event, the Peep-eating-contest! Seriously, Milwaukee is almost too cool.

Dinghole Report #150: Ephraim City Limits. (Rhythm Chicken sighting #695)

Well, back to a more predictable gig. This January I threw my third annual punk show in my soup shop. Yes, Holy Shit! played again. Yes, it was in the dead of winter again. Yes, the Rhythm Chicken played again, and yes it was a beer soaked free-for-all, again. It was all very predictable... *and it was still the funnest night all year!* The Chicken played first, this time in front of the cooler and freezer! Ruckus! Then, this year's guest band, the Foreign Lawns from Milwaukee, completely pummeled the record-size crowd

(about fifty fun-loving rockers this year!). Finally, Milwaukee's Holy Shit!, three-year veterans now, played one of their best Ephraim gigs yet! The crowd was whipped up into a whirlwind of chaos! It was loud! It was *really* loud!

When the music was done, the party continued on. Serious professional fireworks exploded at ground level in the parking lot. Abba blared on the shop stereo. People danced. Wisconsin's only dry town had its one night of all-out anarchy, and still no cops came.

Yeah, after a night like this, I can see the Chicken holding on for another five or ten years, or so.

—Rhythm Chicken

BITE THE CACTUS

ADRIAN CHI

MEET MY FRIENDS

I LIKE TAKING CARE OF PLANTS A LOT, BUT THESE ONES ARE THE MOST SPECIAL IN MY HEART.

Phalaenopsis orchid

I GOT THIS FROM THE TRASH AT WORK (THEY THREW IT AWAY AFTER ALL THE FLOWERS DROPPED OFF). I FED IT "ORCHID FOOD" (A HIGH NITROGEN MIX) EVERY TWO WEEKS AND IT'S FINALLY READY TO BLOOM AGAIN!



HAWORTHIA cuspidata

THIS HAWORTHIA LOOKS LIKE CANDY TO ME, AND SO IT DESERVES THE VERY SPECIAL POT MY GUY DARYL MADE BY MELTING A RECORD! WE USED THESE AS THE CENTERPIECES WEDDING!



Uncarina roosliana

WHEN MY DAD BROUGHT THIS HOME IN 2006 HE HAD MISIDENTIFIED IT AS A PACHYPODIUM, WHICH TRANSLATES TO "FAT FOOT". HE GOT IT BECAUSE HIS OWN FEET WERE SWOLLEN. FROM CHEMO-THERAPY. HE SAW HIMSELF IN THIS GUN AND NOW I SEE HIM IN IT TOO, EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOT A PACHYPODIUM, IT DOES HAVE A BIG BASE, SUPER COOL YELLOW FLOWERS, SUPER CUTE FUZZY LEAVES AND SUPER STRANGE SPIKY SEED PODS.



SANSEVERIA 'FROSTY SPEARS'

AN UNUSUAL LOOKING GUY THAT I GOT FROM A NURSERY IN SAN DIEGO AFTER WATCHING SHELLSHAG PLAY AT AWESOME FEST 8!

I GAVE THE GUY WHO RAN THE PLACE A COPY OF "BITE THE CACTUS" AND HE WAS INTO IT!



BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY REAL EARTH IN MY YARD, SO IT LIVES IN THIS CVS BOX FOR NOW BECAUSE IT WAS THE BIGGEST POT I COULD FIND.

MY BROTHER MADE THIS CUTTING AND GAVE IT TO ME

OPUNTIA

ROBUSTA



MONSTERA deliciosa

I HAD THIS GUY FOR TWO YEARS BEFORE I FIGURED OUT WHAT HE WANTED. NOW THAT HE'S IN A GOOD SPOT...



...JUST LOOK AT THE LEAF HE MADE! WOW! I'M STOKED!

HAWORTHIA cuspidata 'VARIEGATA'

I FELL IN LOVE WITH THIS FRIEND AT FIRST SIGHT. THE VARIATIONS (THOSE WHITE STRIPY PARTS) TOOK MY BREATH AWAY AND I EVEN HAD DREAMS ABOUT STEALING HER FROM THE BOTANICAL GARDEN WHERE I VOLUNTEERED BEFORE I FOUND ONE FOR SALE AT A CACTUS AND SUCCULENT SHOW. NOW SHE LIVES IN THIS BEAUTIFUL POT MY FRIEND JADE MADE!



...YES I AM GROOMING HER TO BE A PRIZE-WINNER SOME DAY... CAN YOU TELL?

Calystegia macrostegia

MY FRIEND RAMON GREW THIS MORNING GLORY VINE FROM SEED AND THEN GAVE IT TO US AS A WEDDING PRESENT



...TWO YEARS LATER... IT'S A WILEY ONE, BUT VERY SPECIAL INDEED. NOW THAT YOU'VE MET SOME OF MY FRIENDS - CAN I ASK YOU... WHO IS IN CHARGE? ME OR THEM? THEY MAKE ME HAPPY BUT ONLY IF I GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT... DOES IT REALLY EVEN MATTER? :3



Dan Monick's Photo Page
Moments, 03/07/15, Los Angeles, California

DEAD TANK

Decades/Failures "G00DBY3" LP
Post Teens / Rose Cross 7"
Cold Waste "Primitive" Tape
Trophy Wife "All The Sides" Tape
Asid Bateri "Demo" Tape
Thou "Ceremonies of
Humiliation" 3xLP
...Upcoming... Hexis "XI" LP

Asid Bateri / Class 7"
Cloud Rat "Qliphoth" Tape
Ars Phoenix / Burnt Hair Tape
Senior Fellows "Shallow Grave For A
Dying God" LP

Listen to releases / huge distro at
deadtankrecords.com



DRUNKEN SAILOR RECORDS

OUT NOW.
NO SIR I WON'T - SHIT.
STAY CLEAN JOLENE - ST LP.
PRINCE - ST II EP.
CROW BAIT - SEPARATE STATIONS EP.

OUT IN MARCH.
THE BASEMENT BENDERS - ST EP
MARTHA/ BENNY THE JET
RODRIGUEZ EP
MARVELOUS MARK - BITE ME EP
COMING SOON. THE FUR COATS - SHORT BRAIN EP
WONK UNIT - FEEL THE PWOISON LP

WWW.DRUNKENSAILORRECORDS.CO.UK

cancers



CANCERS

missed b/w helpless

one-sided 7" :: limited to 200 copies

CANCERS return with two new songs, hot on the heels of their "Fatten the Leaches" LP. Noisy grunge-pop from the hearts and minds of Ella Kaspar (DEAD DOG) and Lenny Miller (UNFUN).

DEBT OFFENSIVE RECS

debtoffensiverecs.com

5 AND DIME RECORDING

"Keeping Rock-n-Roll Cheap"

MEMPHIS TN

MISS-MOLLY-MUSIC.COM

FACEBOOK.COM/FIVEANDDIMERECORDING





“Distractions, confusion—these are among the building blocks of any evil plan.”

Monster Songs and Love Songs

Fear, Hope, and Life in a Post-Marked Men World

Jad Fair once said there are two types of songs: monster songs and love songs.

The Marked Men are one of the best bands of the past two decades, yet their break up *could be* considered a good thing. Set down your pitchforks. Extinguish the torches. Hear me out.

Back in 1970 it's possible that a Beatles fanatic had similar thoughts when the Fab Four broke up. Within months of the band's demise, each of the Beatles had released a solo record. So instead of another weak Beatles album—like their swan song, *Let It Be*—Moptop Nation had four new records to savor. And, arguably, each of those records (*McCartney*, *Sentimental Journey*, *All Things Must Pass*, *Plastic Ono Band*) was superior to the final Beatles release. The splintering of a favorite band can yield more—and better—records.

I've seen the Marked Men twice since their break up. Both sets were spectacular. Clearly, there's gas in the tank. I'd love for the Marked Men to record another record. In the meantime, the band's primary songwriters, Mark Ryan and Jeff Burke, have moved on. Ryan fronts the Mind Spiders. Burke drives Radioactivity. Both bands have records that eclipse the last Marked Men record. (*Ghosts* is a fine record indeed, but I reach for its predecessors—*On the Outside* and *Fix My Brain*—when the Marked Men craving kicks in.)

Shortly after making a playlist of the latest Mind Spiders and Radioactivity records—*Inhumanistic* and *Radioactivity*—the Jad Fair quote spun around my mental Lazy Susan. I started to linger with the lyrics, which yielded a theory: Mark Ryan writes monster songs and Jeff Burke writes love songs. Up first, proof from the Mind Spiders' *Inhumanistic*.

“Prelude”: When my friend John first moved to upstate New York—from NYC—he found the small town quiet disconcerting. He was accustomed to noise. It told him what was going on around him, guided him. The quiet offered no such information, no such comfort. It just led to questions. Unsettling questions. “Prelude” opens with fifteen seconds of silence then gives way to an eerie

synth track reminiscent of an early John Carpenter movie. Something creepy this way lurches. But what's lurching? Where? How many? Too many questions. Not enough information. Lights, please.

“Inside You”: I thought this was written from the point of view of the creature from *Alien*. But then there's a line about “the spiders.” Not sure what specific actions these arachnids are engaged in, but a love song this is not.

“Suicide”: “*There is something in the air...Just stay in here / Don't go out there / It's suicide.*” Your instincts are telling you to run but don't risk it. You may hear an empathetically pro-agoraphobia stance. I hear sound advice in the face of advancing zombie hordes.

“They Lie”: Ever known a monster to engage in truth telling?

“City Stuff”: “*What will you do when they turn on you?*” Betrayal is inevitable. Sleep with one eye open. How does the narrator know they'll turn? He's one of them, of course. Trust no one!

“Electric Things”: “*He turned the switch / Another world gone / I see this now / This is not right.*” A lackey's conscience comes to life but it's too late. He was caught up in the madness, the power. Now he's past the point of no return.

“You Are Mine”: Evil steps to the lectern and declares: “*You are mine.*” We want to think we're in control of our destinies but the Big Bad has the final say. Anything to the contrary is delusional.

“Pictures”: “*The scary pictures will keep me sane.*” At first I heard a fan's defense of all things horror—the fictional scariness keeps in check the frightening aspects of reality. But then there's this: “*They stick around / Won't fade...Stay away all night / I need more time.*” Now I hear the same fan pleading for mercy as those horrors descend.

“I Want You”: I love the big, thumping floor tom at the start, like the start of a Phil Spector classic. It also reminds me of “Time Sucker” from the Mind Spiders debut EP—a slower, offbeat drum part, accents where you don't expect them. Then there's this: “*She takes away the worries from my mind*” It seems like romance is in the air. But then: “*I'll keep you here / I've got to have you near.*” Too creepy.

Too possessive. Certainly not an exchange among equals. More like Oogie Boogie celebrating the capture of Jack Skellington in *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.

“The Steady”: I couldn't make heads or tails of this one. I asked my son what he pictured when he heard it. He said General Zod from *Superman 2*.

“Make Make Make Make”: Another great drumbeat here, the one that marks the beginning and middle of the verses. It's like a hiccup, a skip. Then there are these subtle, percolating bass fills. They distracted me from the lyrics. The people at sing365.com must have been distracted, too. The lyrics they posted make make make no sense sense sense. Distractions, confusion—these are among the building blocks of any evil plan.

“Oblivion”: “*Makes no difference what you do with all those plans.*” Maybe this is a dose of Calvinism: God has already chosen those who will receive his mercy. Forget merit. Roles have been assigned, fates determined. We're just running out the clock. Or this is a mad scientist relishing the evitable success of her/his crazy scheme. Perhaps both.

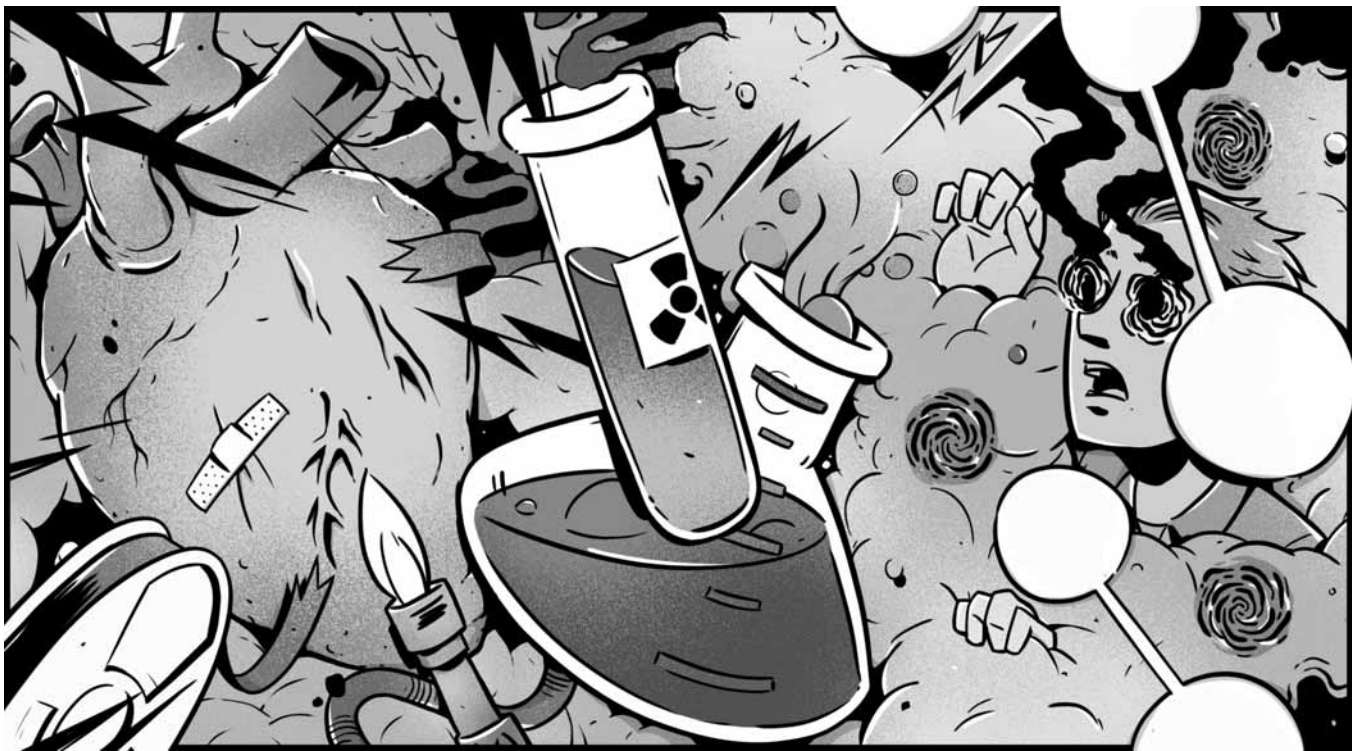
Monster songs one and all, a perfect twelve for twelve.

Next: Radioactivity's self-titled debut—Jeff Burke responds with thirteen love songs.

“Sickness”: “*If I fall I'll take you with me / It's out of sickness.*” I'm not arguing that these are all healthy love songs. This one reminds me of the Al Pacino movie, *Panic in Needle Park*. Whatever emotions he feels are outweighed by his sick devotion to sinking himself, and his lady friend (Kitty Winn) plummets with him.

“Other Life”: “*For what it's worth / It's not just you who can't understand*” I've had Jeff Burke songs rattling around in my melon for years. By now I'd expect to have ways to figure out what he's singing, be able to work out some patterns. My take on these lyrics, as with the others, is an approximation. The narrator's relationship is a ball of confusion. Kind of like the old Temptations song, but on a personal rather than social level.

“World of Pleasure”: Based on the title, I expected our first upbeat set of lyrics. “*I can't find my world of pleasure / Why does my happiness depend on you?*” He seeks



MARCOS SIREF

The Mind Spiders or Radioactivity? We need both. We lean on romance to deal with the demons.

autonomy, to be independent, but he can't fully detach. Sounds like he's seeking what Ray Davies was lamenting in the Kinks' "I'm on an Island."

"Locked in My Head": "Now you're gone / But I'll be okay" That's a big bowl of denial, served cold.

"Alright": "How do I get you off my mind? / How do I keep you in my life? / But I'm alright" Really, dude? Are you all right? C'mon, it's us. You can drop the façade.

"When I'm Gone": There's some acceptance here—"Will you miss me when I'm gone?" He's considering life post-break. Small steps.

"Get Straight": He's asking for time to sort things out, then give the relationship another chance. No one's giving up. Not yet. Reminds me of a Kris Kristofferson movie—tough guy and sensitive guy all in one. Well, the idea of a Kris Kristofferson movie more than a specific Kris Kristofferson movie. The only Kris Kristofferson movies coming to mind—*Convoy*, *A Star Is Born*, *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*—don't fit what I have in mind. Maybe I'm thinking of Kris Kristofferson songs more than Kris Kristofferson movies.

"Don't Try": Narrator rejects lover, experiences regret and asks for another try, but the other is moving on. "Is there any way you'll let me through? / You needed me / And

this time I need you." I think he's singing this last line to a dial tone.

"Alone": I think he's been alone this whole time but now it's sinking in. This time I got distracted by the guitar lines—more so than usual. They're so satisfying, so perfectly meshed. Fast forward to the 1:13 mark. It's music for a cold, rainy, lonely night. Lloyd Dobler (*Say Anything*) driving around town trying to forget about Diane Court ("Disseminated in the Malibu? Heinous!"). The same combination of guitars returns at 2:16. One can only assume they'd resurface every sixty-three seconds (at 3:19, 4:21, 5:24, etc.) if the song continued long enough. I'd love to hear a twenty-minute version. (This might seem antithetical for Jeff Burke; too long for a guy who usually works in the 2:00–2:30 range, but check out "Past Due" from the Potential Johns' 2010 *Dirtnap* single. It's over five minutes and just getting started.)

"Falling Out": Love this bass line, which reminds me: Mark Ryan, Burke's former Marked Men bandmate, plays bass on *Radioactivity*. Of all the post-Marked Men records, *Radioactivity* comes closest to sounding like his/their old band.

"What You Want": Best song on the record. Can't distinguish anything beyond the title phrase. Sounds like a Guy Lyons tune from *The Figgs Couldn't Get High*. "Is that what you want?" Yes, please.

"The Last": "But if I can't get with you / I'll never know...I know I need you...I cannot show you my heart." It's not you or me. It's us. Mutual, though reluctant, acknowledgement that it's not working out.

"Trusted You": I shared these lyrics with my fifth graders. They responded to the idea of someone willing to change while fessing up to being a bonehead. "You changed your life so it would fit with mine / You gave me all your love and you gave me all of your time / And when I caused you too much pain / You let me know and helped me change." Taking responsibility, then getting things back on track. Sounds upbeat except that the title phrase is in the past tense. A dose of ambiguity to close the record, like the spinning top in *Inception*. Project onto the ending what you will. It might not work but they're going to try.

So which triumphs: monster songs or love songs? Fear or hope? The Mind Spiders or Radioactivity? It's a false dichotomy. They're intertwined thematically and sonically (and personally); we need both. We lean on romance to deal with the demons, and while we may have lost the Marked Men, look at what we've gained.

—Mike Faloon

TRANS

Punk has long been a way for marginalized people to amplify their voices, and trans people have been involved with punk since the beginning.

Proto-punks David Bowie and the New York Dolls are often recognized for pushing against gender norms by dressing in clothing usually associated with women and wearing makeup, but they are not trans.

However, Bowie is said to have been inspired by Jayne County, a trans woman singer who had been in New York through the Stonewall Riots, played CBGB and Max's Kansas City, and hung out with Andy Warhol in punk's early days. She remains a controversial figure today and was banned from Facebook for using words that are considered offensive, though she asserts her ownership of those terms.

Across the country in San Francisco, trans woman Ginger Coyote founded *Punk Globe Magazine* in 1977, which Jello Biafra wrote reviews for under a pen name. Other contributors to the magazine include Courtney Love and Margaret Cho. Ginger continues to produce the magazine online and to play with her band the White Trash Debutantes.

Stella Nova was a trans woman guitarist who briefly played in the Sex Pistols and later joined bassist Glen Matlock's band the Rich Kids. Nova also played with Sid Vicious, Johnny Thunders, and Iggy Pop.

Bonze Blayk is a trans woman guitarist and co-founder of Los Angeles band Angry Samoans with her sibling "Metal" Mike Saunders in 1978.

Vaginal Davis, who identifies as intersex (having sex characteristics that are not typically male or female), is a musician, performance artist, painter, filmmaker, and early zine publisher. Davis's band Black Fag does Black Flag covers and toured with Me First And The Gimme Gimmes.

Genesis Breyer P-Orridge is known for the bands Throbbing Gristle and Psychic TV and, together with h/er late partner Jacqueline "Lady Jaye," strove for "pandrogeny," which is the "re-union and re-solution of male and female to a perfecting hermaphroditic state." (Quoted from Genesis's personal website).

Sarah Kirsch, a trans woman, was heavily involved in 1980s to 1990s Bay Area punk scene, playing shows at 924 Gilman, and in bands such as Pinhead Gunpowder (with



PUNKS

Billie Joe Armstrong of Green Day), Fuel, and Mothercountry Motherfuckers.

Lynn Breedlove is a queer trans man who is a writer, filmmaker, and sang for the self-described “dyke punk band” Tribe 8, who were known for their taboo-challenging live shows.

Against Me!’s Laura Jane Grace is currently one of the most visible trans people with roots in the punk community, but even she has said that she does not want to be a role model.

No one person can speak for an entire community, which is why we need to hear from more trans punks to capture the many different nuances of their experiences.

Punk is many different things to many different people. That’s part of its charm. Punk

can be a powerful outlet for people marginalized by gender, ethnicity, and class, but that’s not always the case. Norms can prevail, leaving some with even less of a voice.

Transgender punks in our community still deal with the misunderstanding and conventional thinking that impedes real dialogue, and now with even the mainstream media joining the conversation regarding the lives of transgender people, we punks need to re-examine our own understanding.

As a community, we need to talk about why this is important to talk about. It is important for people to be treated fairly and well, and the first step is to fight ignorance and illuminate personal experience.

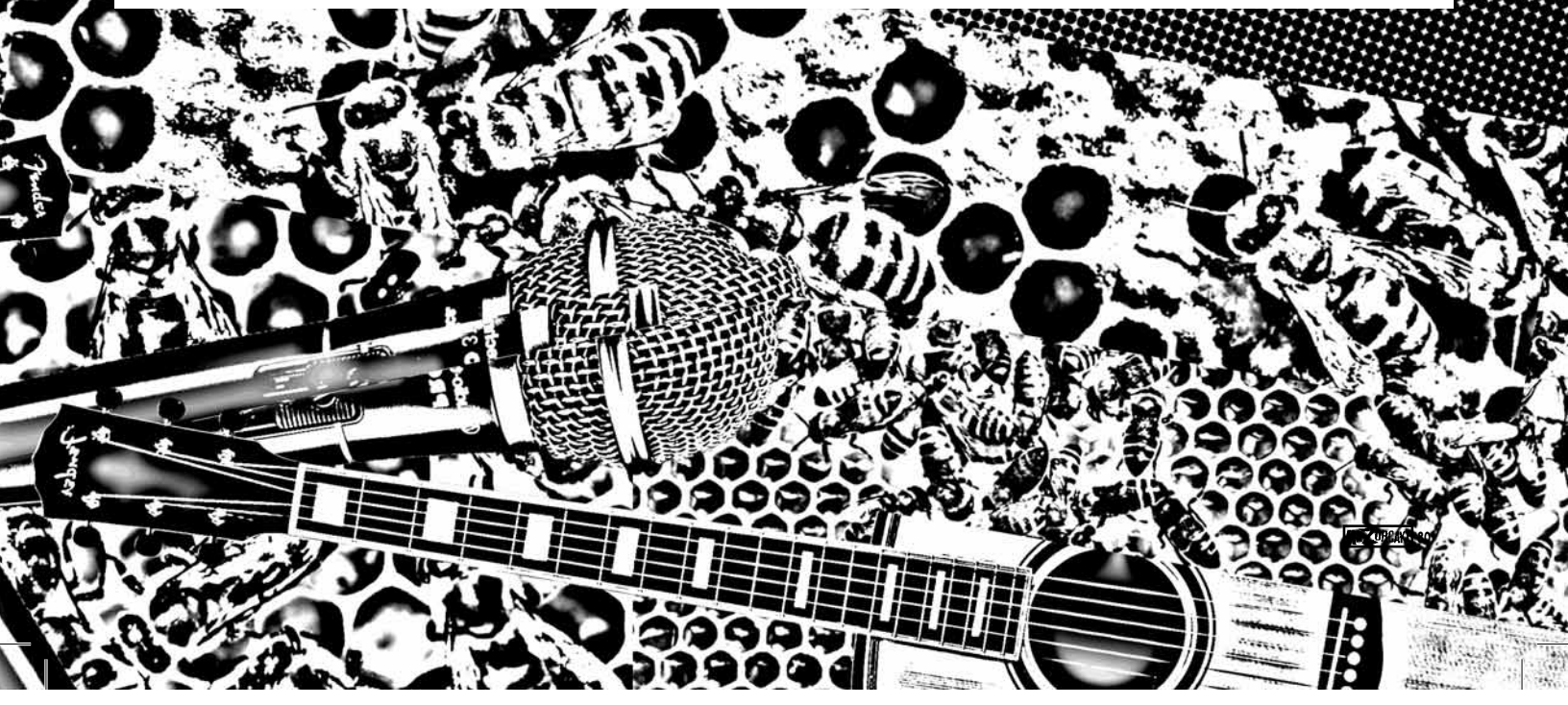
Until recently, the only trans people I had met had been through the LGBTQ community, and those friendships never

overlapped with the punk community. There is a specificity to the experience of being trans and being punk, and I wanted to hear from those living it. I am an ally, but they are the true authorities on the subject.

This is an opportunity to meet some of the people in the punk community who—through words, music, time, art, and energy—have created ways to express their unique voices and experiences.

At the most fundamental level, this is about the right to express oneself freely and honestly without having to make compromises to social standards based on preconception rather than a true understanding of what the people living through it actually feel and think.

—Susan de Place



NAME: KALE EDMISTON

Nervous Nelly Records, Nashville Transit zine

LOCATION: NASHVILLE, TENN.



It was a D.I.Y. response to the lack of queer voices in punk that drove Kale Edmiston and his partner Shannon Thompson to start Nervous Nelly Records. Not that there's a shortage of queers in punk. The problem is recognition. They are here to change that.

Besides running the record label, Kale is a Ph.D. student in neuroscience at Vanderbilt University, where he serves as president of the Neuroscience Student

Organization and as co-director of the Program for LGBTI Health. He has worked with children with autism, transgender health care training, and pioneered the Trans Buddy program (along with Kristen Eckstrand and Laura Mitchell) at Vanderbilt, which provides peer support for trans patients who may otherwise feel uncomfortable seeking medical care. He is a Point Foundation Scholar and has spoken on panels, such as at Trans

Pride Days and with the Gay and Lesbian Medical Association.

Kale has also written a personal zine called *Nashville Transit* about moving to a new city and beginning his transition.

I spoke with Kale about his rural upbringing, his interest in scholarship and the experiences leading to Nervous Nelly Records along with the guiding philosophies behind it.

—Susan de Place

MAKING YOUR OWN HOME

Susan: You grew up in the Appalachian foothills, also referred to as the rural Midwest. There's overlap in those areas?

Kale: That's true, I did. I grew up in rural Ohio in a couple of different locations. I grew up in rural western Ohio. Then my family moved and I grew up in the rural Southeastern corner of Ohio, which is also in Appalachia—a pretty key component of my identity in terms of how most punks grew up in a suburban environment, which is not my story.

Susan: From a young age, did you already feel different from the rest of your family?

Kale: I would say I grew up in a part of the country where my parents were the only adults I knew who went to college. None of the kids who I went to school with had parents that went to college. Obviously, it's no coincidence that of all the kids I was friends with growing up, I was the only one who'd go to college. I think because my parents put a value on education, but also because I was queer, the first eighteen years of my life were mostly about getting out as quickly as possible. The landscape was, and is, pretty conservative.

Susan: Were your parents originally from the area? Is that why they raised you there?

Kale: They were from that general area. My dad grew up more in a suburb and my mom grew up pretty rural.

Susan: What was it about their families that they were the only ones in the area who went to college?

Kale: I know that my mom's parents didn't necessarily think it was important that she go to college so she paid for it herself, which was actually possible in the '70s. My dad was wicked smart, skipped a couple of grades, and his family really wanted him to go to college, so he did.

Susan: Were you exposed to punk rock during your first eighteen years, or was it after you had left?

Kale: I was in high school. I had a really good friend who was into punk music, and she got me interested in it. Probably because I was trans and always got excluded from the guy things that I wanted to be doing, I had this really strong sense of feminist anger basically my entire childhood.

And so my new friend that I made in high school was really into Le Tigre and the Distillers and got me into punk music made by angry feminist women. I was so all about it and still pretty much am. That was the point for me because before then I had heard some punk music like Rancid, and it just didn't really do anything for me. It was that feminist component that really flipped a switch for me in terms of getting into punk. This was in the late '90s, so I would be in my parents'

there for almost free, not quite a full-tuition scholarship, but a pretty large scholarship. That's the only reason I went there, and I was pretty miserable. Recently that school got an award for being super gay friendly or whatever, but when I went there ten years ago it was a pretty hostile place to be out. I got to campus and immediately came out as—we weren't really using the word "queer" then—so I came out as bisexual. I got a death threat and some straight up hate mail and a

I like complicated problems, and as a kid growing up queer and transgender, I became really good at observing other people's behavior because a lot of the social expectations that were put upon me didn't make any sense to me.

basement on a dial-up modem, spending hours to download a song or something. [laughs]

Susan: Had you been rebellious?

Kale: I wasn't actually rebellious as a kid. I was a straight-A student and didn't really do much. But I remember at one point in high school I went to a party and some of my friends cut all of my hair off because I wanted to have short hair my entire life, but my parents would never let me. I reasoned that they would be mad, but my hair would be short, so it didn't matter. [laughs] I did stuff like that, which on the scale of teenage rebellion is pretty minor, but it was a big deal at the time. I definitely wouldn't characterize myself as rebellious ever. I was always a pretty careful thinker—pretty careful and cautious.

Susan: Your first chance to get out was college?

Kale: Yeah. I went to an engineering school. I went there because I could go

lot of pretty horrible push back about that, so I really didn't like it there at all. I left, then I transferred to Hampshire College, which is a liberal arts college in New England.

When I was nineteen, I had always imagined being on the East Coast, that it would be this way more evolved or progressive part of the country to live in, that I could go there and be super queer and it would be great because I could just be myself there—which obviously is not the case. [laughs]

Susan: What did you study at Hampshire College?

Kale: I studied cognitive science there. I have a Master's in neuroscience, which I'd gotten at Vanderbilt and I'm now in the last year or so of my Ph.D.

Susan: What interested you in cognitive science and neuroscience?

Kale: I like complicated problems, and as a kid growing up queer and transgender,



I to r: Kale Edmiston, Shannon Thompson

I became really good at observing other people's behavior because a lot of the social expectations that were put upon me didn't make any sense to me. People saw me in a way that I didn't see myself; people expected me to act like a sweet little girl, and that's not how I wanted to be seen. That's not who I felt I was.

But I also wanted to be accepted socially, like anyone does. So I got really good at observing other people's behavior and thinking about other people's perspectives. That got me really interested in how the brain works, strangely enough, because I was often wondering about other people's intentions or motivations, or why people acted the way that they did. And I always loved science, so I always knew that I wanted to be a scientist, even when I was really little.

Susan: You've said you're a fan of sci-fi and *Star Trek*.

Kale: I love all of that stuff. Shannon makes fun of me so much for being into *Star Trek* but [laughs] I grew up reading Carl Sagan and loving sci-fi writing and movies. I think there are so many queer people who love that stuff because there's so much queer possibility in a lot of those narratives. There's so much possibility for re-imagining gender or sexuality in futurist writing or movies.

Susan: I was going to ask you about the contrast or comparisons between the world of punk rock and the world of academia.

Kale: Well, I guess they're both their own

subculture aren't they? [laughs] And there are so many punks who are academics, which is really cool. I don't think as many of them are in science fields, although there are definitely some. There are a lot of things about scientific research and academia that appeal to me for some of the same reasons that I got into punk. When you're doing research, there are some parts of it that you do alone that are autonomous, but there's also quite a bit of it that is very much about creating something with a group of people. In that way, they're somewhat similar.

Once I finished my Bachelor's degree and entered that academic track, there was definitely this adjustment where you have to think about how you're expected to behave in academia, which was challenging for me both as a punk and as a queer because I had to learn a lot of things really quickly that seemed really natural for a lot of people who were not.

I felt like I had a lot of strikes against me in terms of being from the rural Midwest, being queer and trans, and being a punk was

the least of my problems. [laughs] I don't feel like putting punk in there as an identity the way my regional class and sexual orientation/gender identity are. I know a lot of punk people who feel like it's this identity, and I don't really feel that way about it. I feel like it's more of a social enclave than an identity for me, at this point in my life particularly.

Susan: After your time in the Northeast, you wanted to get back to the South in order to get back to your roots. Were there certain things that you wanted to confront that you felt you could face from a better standpoint?

Kale: The more time I spent away from the flyover states, the more I felt like I was from them, which I didn't really expect. I wanted to come back to them because I felt like maybe I would feel at home again. I definitely felt like a transplant when I was in New England.

I came back and realized this doesn't exactly fit either, and I think that's just part of a lot of people's narratives of being queer, that you have to make your own home. But it's not a place that exists that you can go to. So I

There's so much possibility for re-imagining gender or sexuality in futurist writing or movies.

wanted to come back here to feel comfort and feel at home, which didn't exactly happen, but that was my main motivation for coming back. And, obviously, getting into Vanderbilt. I was really excited to come to Vanderbilt. It's a great school. It's great program. I enjoy being here. It's not like I expected being in Tennessee again to feel like being at home, but it's not.

Susan: What parts of your identity set you apart from the people in the Northeast?

Kale: There are just a lot of things about being a Midwesterner. I have a tendency to be a little bit more practical and down-to-earth than I felt like a lot of people I was around seemed to be. It's just regional differences. Also, I come from a pretty rural environment and even though I myself did not grow up poor at all, everyone around me—everyone I knew and interacted with—was working class.

Going to New England, living and working and attending really elite private universities or colleges felt really alienating a lot of the time, and I didn't necessarily have the vocabulary to name it or understand why it felt that way, just I knew that it did. I don't think that a lot of—with a couple of exceptions—punk scenes have been super awesome havens for me. A lot of punk scenes don't really feel that different from some of the extremely wealthy private educational institutions I've been to in terms of the class assumptions that people bring with them.

WHY AM I DOING THIS?

Susan: You and Shannon were involved in DIY scenes, like at the Owl Farm and the Little Hamilton. You made an attempt to carve out a place for yourself in Nashville.

Kale: We've been involved in a lot of stuff, and I've enjoyed living here. I think she has too. For the first couple of years I was pretty involved in organizing a warehouse venue which was Little Hamilton. Then there was another one that a couple of our good friends started called the Owl Farm that we were peripherally involved in.

I just got burned out because I realized there were no queer people—and certainly no trans people—in the DIY scene down here at all, and I thought, "If you build it they will come," so I kept putting two hundred percent of my energy into these DIY projects with the punk scene here and kept getting excluded and treated like shit repeatedly. I found myself one day—for like the millionth day—picking up broken glass and cigarette butts off the warehouse floor from the seventh show in a row that was entirely composed of heterosexual white dudes and I just felt like, "Why am I doing this? This is an absolute waste of my time."

So Shannon and I decided, "If it's not happening here, let's just do our own thing and see what happens." That's where the idea for Nervous Nelly came from. We were having Ethiopian food and we were like, "This is our business lunch. We're starting a record label." [laughs]

I think that's just part of a lot of people's narratives of being queer, that you have to make your own home. But it's not a place that exists that you can go to.

I just felt like I was putting all this energy into trying to make the DIY scene here queer-er and it just wasn't happening. I was putting all this work into basically creating a playground for a bunch of people I had nothing in common with except that we like the same general type of music and I thought, "This is an enormous waste of my time and I don't feel like I'm creating anything or doing anything good. I feel like I'm just being taken advantage of." So Shannon and I were like, "Screw this. Let's do our own thing and do it the way that we want to do it."

Susan: Nervous Nelly is reaching a lot of people but perhaps not in your area, which is interesting.

Kale: Isn't that funny? We will sell records like crazy online and we'll have six records sitting in a local record store here for a year. No one wants them. Nashville is just a really weird place to try and do music, especially something that's radical and political and queer, and also something that's DIY. I mean, this is a very music industry-centric town, so there's not a lot of the kind of punk that I really like and that Shannon really likes, which is really heartfelt, kind of rough-around-the-edges political punk. Here in Nashville there's this emphasis on technical prowess, and that's less interesting to me.

I imagined that we'd start this label and we would find all of the queer punks in Nashville, and that really hasn't happened at all. But we found a lot of really awesome queer punks in other parts of the country which has been, in some ways, a lot cooler. [laughs]

Susan: In your "About" statement for Nervous Nelly, you say, "we were sick of having to choose between being punk and being queer." What do you mean?

Kale: I can tell a little anecdote. I was at a show at Little Hamilton, which I had organized, and I was running the door.

There was a bunch of people in one of the front rooms where we had this big display of records. I had been involved in ordering the records and people were looking through them, talking about which ones they like, and I was joining in the conversation.

It was during the first four or five months that I had lived here, and I hadn't really felt like I had connected with the punks yet. I was having this moment of being like, "We're talking about this record and we have opinions, and we're having this nice conversation." And one of the other organizers at Little Hamilton came up to the group and said, "You know he doesn't have a penis, right?" Then he said, "You know he has to sit down to pee?" I just



There's this idea of being queer and being punk are mutually exclusive and aren't overlapping, but obviously that's not the case and we're certainly not the first people to make that point.

looked at him and said, "What's wrong with you?" But it was this moment that seemed like no one's gonna ever let me forget that I'm trans. No one is ever going to let me have this moment of just getting to be a punk and talking about music and enjoying punk.

It's not like I ever really do forget that I'm trans or want to. But it was like, you're not going to actually allow me to just relate to another person over a mutual interest. It's always got to be about my genitals. In my ideal world it would just be queer punk nerds all day, every day. But it's a false choice. I'm not going to choose between those things. I'm just going to make my own thing.

Susan: Was that unique to Nashville? Did you have a different experience in the Northeast?

Kale: I had some really great experiences in New England. I also experienced some transphobia from punks in New England, for sure. I think it was a little different

because I actually transitioned around when I came down to Nashville, so even though I identified as trans when I was in New England, I hadn't hormonally or medically transitioned at all. So I think the average person who saw me at a show just thought I was an androgynous woman, like maybe I was a lesbian or something. A lot of people assume that about me. That's a whole other topic. [laughs]

But I think that I didn't really experience the same level of overt transphobia, not because New England is necessarily a less transphobic place, but because I was less visibly queer at that time. But I will say that Shannon's house The Discovery Zone—when I mentioned having a handful of times where I felt at home and a real sense of community—I would say that house definitely felt that way for me when I lived in New Haven.

Susan: Going back to choosing between being punk and being queer, if you were to

choose queer, how does punk come into play with that?

Kale: I guess the point of that quote was we didn't want to choose either of those things. But I felt like in a lot of punk spaces, I couldn't be queer safely or I couldn't be trans safely. Or I could be trans but only if I was willing to be fetishized or asked a bunch of probing questions about it.

The point we're trying to make there is that these aren't mutually exclusive things. They inform each other in really messy ways, at least for me. I didn't want to come out and then listen to Lady Gaga all the time. People have this idea of, you're LGBT so—I was about to say listen to Madonna but Shannon really loves Madonna, so I don't want to dis Madonna. [laughs] But there's this idea of being queer and being punk are mutually exclusive and aren't overlapping, but obviously that's not the case and we're certainly not the first people to make that point. There's been this long history of it.





Shannon Zinnia Thompson - "Liminality"

I feel like at some point, before I was involved in punk, it got overtaken by a bunch of white macho norm people. Punk originally was created by people who were marginalized and were outcasts, poor people and working class people, people of color, queer people. And then sometime in the late '80s or early '90s it just became this playground for a bunch of relatively privileged people to punch each other and get out some misplaced aggression. Originally it was for marginalized people, and we should take it back. I'm not trying to start a big fight here, I just feel like punk used to be about creating a space for marginalized people to express themselves. And I want it to be that way.

In doing *Nervous Nelly* we're just trying to find other people like us and create something for ourselves that hopefully other people would also care about. I was just so sick of feeling alienated by whatever subcultural norms, so I decided I wanted to do this instead, rather than putting all of my effort into changing the minds of people who I didn't really have a ton in common with.

OPPORTUNITIES TO EDUCATE

Susan: In *Nashville Transit* (Kale's personal zine about moving to a new city and beginning his transition) you talk about going through the process of your transition and your experiences with that. Since writing and releasing that, has your transportation situation gotten better in terms of both the commute itself and your interactions with people on the public transportation system?

Kale: Now I mostly drive, which I swore I would never do. But it just became so overwhelmingly terrible having to be in public spaces as a queer person. I basically got a car so that I wouldn't have to be harassed in public constantly.

One thing that I do feel is so much a part of my life now as a guy in the world, is that no one ever feels the need to talk to me in public or comment on my appearance. I wrote

that zine right as I was starting hormones, so I had this very androgynous appearance, and everyone felt like it was their right to comment on it. Now that I've managed to grow just a tiny bit of facial hair, I just look like a little white dude. No one says anything to me. So when I think about male privilege and what that means, for me it's been huge to be able to go wherever I want without anyone harassing me. Obviously it's a great way to live, but I have really conflicted feelings about it because I lived the first twenty-five years of my life with a very different set of experiences. So it's a strange space to be in. There are a lot of things in terms of privilege that I expected would happen that didn't.

Susan: What are some examples?

Kale: A lot of gender privilege is less about being male and more about being masculine. I'm not a particularly masculine person, I'm a pretty feminine man, and I embrace that and I'm proud of it. And I still feel like I don't necessarily get listened to or have my opinion valued in the same way as more masculine men do. I thought, "I'm going to be a guy and people are going to listen to me when I talk," and that actually didn't happen. [laughs] That was the main thing I was referencing.

Also since I'm so out, there are quite a few people I can tell don't really see me as male because they know that I am trans. Before I transitioned I really thought of gendered privilege as this all or nothing thing, and now that I have transitioned, I really see how it's very messy and there are all these failures and slips and holes and ways that you can be treated in the social world. It's very messy and not this black and white, "I'm a guy now." It's very complicated and always very interesting, so I'm always doing mini participant observation studies in my head. [laughs]

Susan: I feel that you have a unique perspective about the social expectations of how men and women should act.

Kale: Most trans people have those understandings. So if I were in a room full

of trans people it really wouldn't be that unique. For a lot of trans people, we have to get really good really quickly at pretending to be some other gender for our own survival, then when we finally get to be ourselves it's this incredibly—at least for me—freeing experience, but then you also realize that there are all these other rules that you have to learn to conform to now, and just deciding to what extent you want to conform. It can be challenging, and you always have to consider your own safety too, not so much for trans men but for trans women, certainly.

Susan: What aspects of your personality that you had to suppress before are you most happy to be able to express?

Kale: This is really more about—it's interesting because I said that, but maybe I want to take it back—I actually feel like I just get to be more exactly myself now, and I feel way more connected to who I am. All through high school and even college, I would get told how I was intimidating and blunt and scary and all this stuff—basically, more polite ways of saying that I was a huge bitch. [laughs]

And now as a guy, all the feedback I get is, "You're so sweet" and "You're so sensitive" and "You're just the sweetest guy." I haven't done a complete 180 personality-wise. I get rewarded for having any emotional insight as a man, and as a woman you get punished for speaking your mind. If anything, the process of transitioning has just reaffirmed for me how much what other people think about you doesn't matter, and it's really more about what their expectations are than who you really are.

Susan: Another quote from the *Nervous Nelly* Tumblr: "We hope that *Nervous Nelly* can help highlight the often-overlooked contributions of queer people in punk." Who are some of those overlooked contributors?

Kale: This isn't punk at all, but I really like Antony And The Johnsons. I love Closet Burner, which is newer. RVIVR. Los Crudos and Limp Wrist, obviously. In high school, I got my mind blown by Gravy Train! Certainly all of those in addition to every band that we have put out a record for. I love all of the music we've been able to help see the light of day.

Susan: I'm really loving the Martha/Spoonboy split.

Kale: Yeah, I'm so into that kind of '60s power pop revival thing that's been going on for a while now. It's super cute and I love the whole surfy-garage rocky thing that's happening. Like I said, I'm less impressed by someone having some crazy riff. I don't really care about that. I just like listening to music that makes me feel something.


Susan: Any plans to put out the Margy Pepper tape on vinyl?

Kale: We haven't really talked about that. Also a great tape. I don't know if Shannon told you, but she hand copied all of them one by one. This is nuts. We're both really detail-oriented people, so that's been really cool because we're both a little nerdy about packaging, like we really love creating an

**The
Happiest
Place
On
Earth**

LAS VEGAS
4640 Paradise Rd

NEW YORK
14 Avenue A



**DOUBLE
DOWN
SALOON**

doubledownsaloons.com

EAGER BEAVER



OUT NOW:
*STAY CLEAN JOLENE - S/T LP

COMING SOON:
*DEAD HARD - Emergency 7"
*WESTERN SETTINGS - Yes It Is LP
*GUERRILLA FOURMELLE / ARMS ALOFT - Split 7"

eagerbeaver.shop-pro.jp
eagerbeaverrecords.tumblr.com

RECORDS



NUDE BEACH "77"
ON DON GIOVANNI RECORDS

WWW.DONGIOVANNIRECORDS.COM

Don Giovanni Records



interesting object that people will be excited about in addition to the music. Just thinking about what kind of paper we want the insert to be on, or are we going to do a gatefold 7" or not. Just a lot of really nerdy detail things that we both get really excited about. That's also been a really fun aspect of doing it, for sure.

Susan: I wanted to get into mainstream visibility of trans people. How do you feel about that?

Kale: It's been really cool how visible trans women of color have been and I'm so one hundred percent on board with that. Laverne Cox and Janet Mock, I'm such a fan. I really try and watch how they talk about trans issues in public because they're able to redirect even the most inappropriate questions. They'll do this very graceful explanation of what is actually important when talking about trans people. I'm just in awe of them and they're my heroes. [laughs] I hope it keeps happening and that it's not just a blip. A lot of people are learning from that in terms of how to talk to and about transgender people in a way that's respectful because there have been some pretty public screw ups. So I think that's been probably a good thing, at least in the broader scheme of things. I mostly feel really positively about that.

Susan: There is more trans woman visibility, I feel, than trans man visibility.

Kale: That depends. In queer spaces the opposite is true, and there's a tendency for a lot of trans men to dominate queer spaces. As

The process of transitioning has just reaffirmed for me how much what other people think about you doesn't matter, and it's really more about what their expectations are than who you really are.

a feminist, I'm more interested in supporting trans women, as an ally to them, because publicly and in mainstream media there's more attention paid to trans women. But I don't think it's because of any underlying feminist agenda. It's because people who aren't trans are more fascinated by trans women.

And that's really because of patriarchy, right? It's because people can't imagine wanting not to be a man because that's supposed to be the pinnacle of society. Trans women get more attention in mainstream media not because mainstream media is feminist or value women's voices more. It's because there's a fetishizing sort of fascination with trans women. But a lot of trans women who have had the spotlight

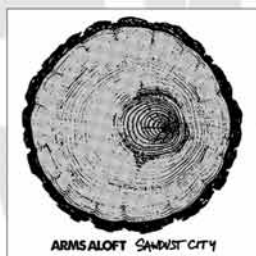
have just done an amazing, beautiful job of explaining what it is to be trans and what the experiences of transgender people are like. They've really turned that around and serve the community in an amazing way.

That's a really long answer, but if trans women get more attention in mainstream media, I'm one hundred percent on board to support whatever they want that to look like. Because in trans spaces, trans guys can have a tendency to be dominant. There are a lot of trans men who are just as misogynistic as cis gender guys, so I'm all about supporting trans women.

Susan: Do mainstream representations of trans people affect your life on a daily basis?

Kale: Because there are not really

ALL IN VINYL



why is your God
such an asshole?



"concussion" ep
Sivle Si Dog



www.GirthRecords.com

Coming Soon

New 7 inches from

**BOILERMAN
&
OUTTA GAS**

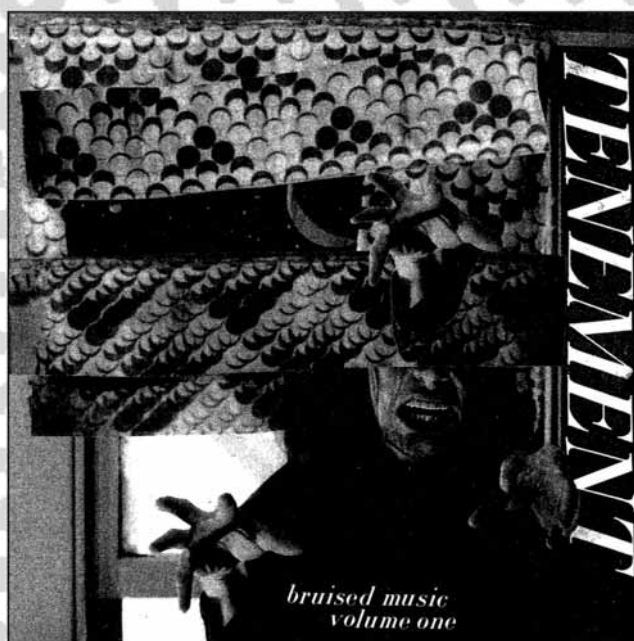
Plus a new series of split 7 inches

100s more records available
at our UK distro

<http://www.allinvinyl.com/>

toxic pop records

Out now...



www.toxicpoprecords.com

Punk is always a good reminder to me that I don't need to wait for someone's permission to do what is going to make my life better.



representations of trans men, I would say not particularly. Especially when I was younger and before I came out, I didn't even know that there was such a thing as being a trans guy because the only representations I ever saw of transgender people were on Jerry Springer or something. It was always trans women, so I didn't really know that it was possible to be a trans man. So it affected me by its absence because I was ignorant of it. [laughs]

If someone's only experience with a transgender person is through mainstream media, then they might think, "Oh, you're just like Chaz Bono," and it's like, "Oh god, no. I'm not." That kind of attention is not necessarily a marker for progress. As a trans person, that kind of attention can be a really awesome opportunity to educate. But I don't think in and of itself it represents society becoming more accepting. But if I don't really want to talk to someone then I'm like, "Okay, sure. Yes, whatever." It's a double-edged sword because people might think that they understand more than they actually do.

Susan: Bringing it back to punk, how do you

think punk has helped you in your process of transition. What do you feel that you've gained from it?

Kale: For me, the really cool thing about punk is this idea of doing it yourself. It's always a good reminder to me that I don't need to wait for someone's permission to do what is going to make my life better. That's also translated—now that I've been able to access what I need for my transition—to thinking about other projects that I'm working on around trans health care. If you have a good idea and a team of people that you can work with, there's a lot that you can do, and you don't need to wait for someone to give you permission. That's been the main thing. If you see a problem, try and solve it.

Susan: As a person who's accomplished so much, what advice do you have for people who have trouble being productive or accomplishing as much as they'd like to?

Kale: I don't ever really feel like I've accomplished enough. I've just found stuff that is really important to me, so it makes it easy to do a lot of work. I also think that

it's been a lot easier for me because of my partnership with Shannon. I think a lot about how our relationship has been a safe home for me. I feel like we both support each other and we feel like we can accomplish a lot with each other's support. So, I think, anything that I've accomplished has been because of my relationship with her.

Susan: Finally, what advice would you give to trans youth, or anyone else for that matter, who doesn't feel like they fit in?

Kale: I would just say get to know yourself. You know yourself. Don't let other people tell you who you are. You know better than anyone else. And I would say to hang in there and find the people who support you. It doesn't matter who they are, as long as they support you. That would be my best advice. But it's not easy. I just feel like having supportive people in your life makes everything so much better. I think everyone deserves that. It's hard to feel like you deserve that when you're trans, but everyone does.

Shannon Thompson founded queer punk label Nervous Nelly Records with her partner Kale Edmiston. Together—with their hands-on, DIY approach—they've put out releases by the notably superb Peeple Watchin', female-fronted anarcho pop punks Parasol, hardcore powerviolence (led by a female vocalist) band Curmudgeon, the U.K.'s Martha, the hauntingly beautiful sounds of trio Margy Pepper, and the solo project of Max Levine Ensemble's David Combs, Spoonboy.

The music is excellent, the message is clear, and their audience is responding.



Name: Shannon Thompson

Nervous Nelly Records

Location: Nashville, Tennessee

Shannon is herself a musician, having played drums in bands and toured since she was fifteen. She's back to playing music again—after a brief hiatus—with a new band, as well as studying sociology and volunteering in Vanderbilt University's Trans Buddy health care support system and at Launch Pad, a gender-affirming youth homeless shelter. She is also a Razorcake contributor.

We discussed the influences that fostered her love of music, her relationship with her family, and what she's listening to now. We also talked role models, identity, her move from the Northeast to the South, and the importance of giving priority to what matters most.

—Susan de Place

Photos by Natalie Paul
Layout by Becky Bennett



They Were Very Supportive

Susan: How did you first get into punk?

Shannon: My mom would listen to The Clash and the Ramones all of my early life, and we still talk about music all the time. I'm always turning her on to stuff, showing her what I'm listening to. When I was thirteen or fourteen I realized that The Clash and the Ramones weren't just music the way that Pink Floyd or something was, that there was this subculture they were the tip of the iceberg to. There was this way of dress that was associated with them. There were these other bands they toured with, this attitude and all that. Once I discovered that I was like, "Yep, that's me." [laughs]

Susan: Is your mother a musician herself?

Shannon: Not particularly. She played some guitar but my dad was more the musician in the family.

Susan: In what capacity was your dad a musician?

Shannon: A hobby-type capacity. He was playing guitar when I was around six or seven, and he recorded a folk album. Went to a studio, spent a day or two on it, and that was the first time I had been in a recording studio.

Susan: Is a love of music what drew your parents together?

Shannon: Not as far as I can tell. I think they appreciate music in extremely different ways. My mom is always listening to music—while making dinner, while we eat dinner—and always finding new stuff. My dad—which completely doesn't make sense to me—will listen to a CD once and be like, "Well, now I know how that sounds," and put it away and not listen to it again. I know that after college he was in a band, living with the band, and trying to make a go of it. But he was the only one who had a job. They were eating beets three meals a day and when he said, "Fuck it" and bailed, he went and met up with my mom pretty shortly thereafter, so... [laughs]

Susan: What are some bands you've turned

hardcore or anything on there. She never really got the hardcore thing except for maybe Minor Threat. We definitely saw Against Me! together a couple of times. My parents let me go to shows alone, but if my mom was also into the band, she would go with. Ted Leo and The Weakerthans we both went and saw, and I went for her because I didn't really like those bands. [laughs] She's really into them and I was kind of like, "Eh, I'll go." I mean, she bought my ticket so, sure, I'll go see The Weakerthans with you.

Susan: I was going to ask if your family was cool about you being into punk rock, but if your mom was into it, sounds like they didn't give you a hard time.

Shannon: They were very supportive. I think my dad didn't really get that we weren't trying to make money, in terms of doing band stuff. [laughs] Other than that, they get it. I went on tour when I was fifteen or something with my first band (Drama Machine), which was with two twenty-two year olds, which, that's pretty wild. We went from Connecticut to Kentucky.

Susan: Your parents knew about this?

Shannon: Yeah. The two twenty-two year olds were at the time vegan, straight-edge, socially awkward, straight-laced in terms of we definitely weren't going to get into any trouble. I didn't have the social resources to get into much trouble. The straight-edge girl and guy were booking the shows, so there was a lot of that culture. No one who we stayed with was gonna do drugs with a fifteen-year-old. [laughs]

Susan: Did punk influence your early life in terms of values and rebellion?

Shannon: Totally. Completely [laughs]. Almost to a fault [laughs]. I was definitely a bit of an asshole about my beliefs, couldn't really hold my tongue. [laughs] But other than that, I think it's really fortuitous that I got into it because it helped me not always need to buy new shit. And there have been a lot of punk songs that, reading the lyrics, have been the first time I thought about an issue—going

trying to get kids at my school into the music I was listening to and a few things sticking, but it just wasn't the same. I would try and show people that it was cool but I don't think they really got it. [laughs]

Susan: When did you finally find your people?

Shannon: In retrospect, it seems like it took forever but it really didn't [laughs]. Throughout ninth and tenth grade I was going to shows and not really knowing a lot of people or anyone. But just from going to shows you meet people. I remember my first punk show I went to was a fest in Middletown, Conn. called Friendly Fest. I went because Strike Anywhere was headlining, but there were all these other way smaller bands and there were no stages. Everything was on the floor and one of the first things I saw when I went there—I was flipping through this zine distro—and saw a zine that said, "Fuck your fat-phobic beauty standards." And that just blew my mind. I was like, "Whoa, people here are talking about things that no one else is talking about." That it's okay to be different ways. [laughs]

Susan: What other genres of music do you enjoy besides punk?

Shannon: There wasn't really from ages seventeen to twenty-two or twenty-three. This is a pretty recent thing. But after I moved to Nashville, I would buy used records, as opposed to keeping up with new punk releases. I would go get a reggae record and a soul record and a country record for a couple of bucks each and try something new and way outside what I knew, by an artist whose name I always heard, but there was always too much other stuff going on. I listen to a lot of Lucinda Williams and Janelle Monáe. Those are two of my favorites over the last couple of years. I still make it back to punk now every day. More broadly, listening to music and discovering new music is always gonna be a part of my life. Specifically because of the way that my mom listened to music when I was growing up.

I definitely got a sense of self-deprecation from punk.

your mom on to that she likes?

Shannon: We've seen Dillinger Four together many times. We've seen the Mountain Goats together numerous times. Just recently, I turned her on to Lucinda Williams and Ryan Adams because I'm listening to more of that stuff [laughs]. The Lawrence Arms, although she likes them more than I do. We bounce everything off each other that we're getting into. I would make her mixed CDs of what I was listening to all throughout high school and middle school. I wouldn't really put any

back to being fourteen and listening to Anti-Flag and Propagandhi and whatnot. A lot of people balk at, "You didn't start by listening to the Descendents and Black Flag and Aus-Rotten," but I didn't have older punk friends. I had been into it because of my mom and continued to get into it on my own. By ninth grade Crass was one of my favorite bands.

Susan: Did you have friends in school who were into it as well?

Shannon: It took a little while. That was definitely not an immediate thing. I remember

There's No Static Identity

Susan: How do you think punk has helped you and what have you gained from it in your process of coming out and transitioning?

Shannon: I came to a lot of the ways that I see the world to this day through punk—and a lot of my oldest friends came through punk. That's the reason I met my partner, and Sadie from Peeple Watchin'. My partner is a trans man



and he was out socially, but hadn't really started physically transitioning when we first met. So now I'm going through a lot of the stuff he went through a couple of years ago. Beyond the more concrete terms of a peer circle that it gave me, would be accepting of whatever I wanted to do. It gave me a sense of if this is a thing that needs to happen, then it's going to happen. Broadly applied—be it a tour or transitioning or going back to school—any number of things in my life that I approach in a slightly deprecating but mostly hard-headed way. I definitely got a sense of self-deprecation from punk. But I still did what I wanted to, even though I may have said it was stupid.

Susan: Now that you feel more free to be yourself, what aspect of yourself that you once had to keep hidden do you love being able to express?

Shannon: I wasn't particularly masculine before I came out, so not a lot of my mannerisms have changed. But more than a specific aspect of my personality, letting people in my life understand me more fully is so empowering. I'm not out at school, just because I'm not sure how to handle it, but I'm out at work. I'm out everywhere else. Even in volunteer stuff I do. I feel better, I feel more able to communicate, which is always a struggle for me—it still is—but I feel like people aren't approaching me with

as many misconceptions. I mean, the idea of what being a man or a woman means—what people bring to a social interaction based on that—varies from person to person. So it's always different anyways. But with some people my relationships have definitely changed and been enriched, and it just feels better. [laughs]

Susan: Now that you're going through the process, do you have a better idea of what parts are truly you, gender notwithstanding, or have you always been true to yourself?

Shannon: That's an interesting question because for the longest time I didn't feel like I had a true immutable, immalleable inner-self and felt like everything was pretty much affectation or habits that had been accumulated rather than expressions of who I was. I still feel that way sometimes to a degree, but I just didn't feel like a real person a lot of the time. I'm still figuring a lot of things out in terms of how to exist. I mean, it changes. There's no static identity. I get that. The thing that I'm coming to grips with is, for so long I felt like I wasn't a real, true me. But maybe that was just because I felt like nothing was permanent, because nothing is permanent. A lot of figuring out who you are is coming to grips with that and realizing you might be a different person in different situations, but I don't know. Identity is really messy to me.

Susan: What is the hardest thing about being a woman?

Shannon: Different things on different days, but one of the most consistent is the degree to which we're supposed to feel bad about our appearances or our bodies. And the way that men are supposed to reinforce that. It comes from the media and family and whatnot, and gets internalized and you're just picking yourself apart. I have conversations with other women and other trans women all the time about this. I think that's a really common experience of womanhood, internalizing those media messages and then having other people reinforce that for you, especially men.

Susan: Who are your role models for womanhood?

Shannon: My mom. I got a lot of my mannerisms from her. I'm stoic and speak in a pretty monotone voice, and people think those are masculine traits, but I really got those from my mom. [laughs] A lot of my friends growing up thought that she was unapproachable or didn't like them—just being hard to read. [laughs] I think I get that from her. Woman friends and girlfriends. A lot of trans women and other marginalized groups of women have talked about how riot grrrl, the movement, was really alienating, specifically for trans women. Kathleen Hanna and Le Tigre take a lot of shit for playing Michigan Fest (Michigan Womyn's Music

Festival), which is a women-only music festival that has a trans women exclusionary policy. And she has never really addressed it. So I'm not supposed to like Bikini Kill, but Bikini Kill definitely helped me articulate my femininity early on before I came out, while I was still figuring it out.

Susan: In what way?

Shannon: I saw myself in it in that it was angry and punk rock, but very feminine and breaking down gender connotations of who could play punk rock, and what could be thought about. They weren't the first band to do it, but they were so popular that clearly they tapped into something very accessible. They have a persistent popularity that the Slits and whatnot, I think, don't.

Susan: I understand that not all trans persons experience dysphoria. Did you experience it?

Shannon: From time to time. Less all-consuming than what I sometimes hear described, but I still do. My features haven't changed that much since I've only been on hormones for about four months, but I think more than my body—although I'm already much happier with it—it was just, I couldn't understand why people were relating to me as a man. [laughs] And that was really confusing. And that goes back to earlier

memories, not understanding why I had to do masculine things with my dad and why I couldn't dress the way that I wanted to. I feel some amount of dysphoria, but it was more socially than about my body as a whole. I mean, there are aspects of my body that can still cause me to experience dysphoria in certain situations but there's not really a clear way to describe the experience of dysphoria, I think, except the very pervasive feeling that something is wrong. And I haven't always felt that consistently but I definitely think it's been there for decades.

I Had to Find My Bearings

Susan: You're in Nashville now and Dead Uncles (Shannon's former band) described itself as a band from Connecticut, so sometime between the two you moved from Connecticut to Nashville.

Shannon: I grew up in Connecticut and lived there most of my life. I met my partner there about five years ago. He moved down here for grad school, and I went back and forth for a year or two before I moved here full time. It's the first place I've lived without knowing people for a long time. I had to find my

bearings, so I'm not as settled as I would be if I had been here for years. At the same time, right before I moved was when I was starting to talk to my close friends about feeling like I might be transgender. I also went back to school for the first time in a few years, so just a lot out of my comfort zone.

Susan: What did you go to school for?

Shannon: Sociology.

Susan: How are the attitudes in Connecticut different from those in Nashville?

Shannon: It's a different culture. Solidly the South. It's a liberal enclave within the South, but that's very different from stuff that I was used to living in New Haven, or going to western Massachusetts a lot. I used to go to Amherst all the time when I was growing up for shows and there's a similar number of colleges here as in Amherst, but it's a different vibe definitely. With regards to trans stuff specifically, Tennessee is light years behind—the discourse and in general. Legislatively and in terms of political discourse, it's pretty rough here compared to the only other state I've lived in. Tennessee is a state where a trans person born here couldn't change their gender on their birth certificate.

Susan: Is there a lot of activism right now in those circles? Do you see it growing?



Shannon: It's hard to say if I see it growing or I'm just meeting more people the longer I'm out as trans. My partner just became co-chair of LGBTI Health at Vanderbilt where he goes to school and I feel like a lot of things are in the stages of being formed in terms of activism right now.

Susan: Would the process of realizing you're transgender and everything that goes with it have been easier if you had been in Connecticut?

Shannon: One really good thing about leaving Connecticut when I did was I felt pretty in a rut there. I don't know if I would have gone back to school or done a lot of things that I have done since coming here. I wouldn't have worked with autistic kids or done girls' rock camp. It takes a lot to get me out of my comfort zone. I'm a very introverted person in a crowd, which my partner Kale didn't realize until he saw me down here with people I hadn't known for years. He always knew me as more of a party girl. [laughs]

Susan: How was the girls' rock camp?

Shannon: The program was called Southern Girls' Rock'n'roll Camp and I found out about

transportation. There's buses, but they're terrible. And expensive.

Susan: How are you finding the music scene in Nashville? Were you able to connect with people through that and get yourself more situated?

Shannon: A little bit. There have been two successive DIY venues that Kale and I were involved in—Little Hamilton and The Owl Farm, which was the successor—and they both closed. We booked shows at both of them and helped run the door and went to meetings, so I met people through that. I feel like everyone I know plays in a band, not necessarily a punk band, but, at work, everyone is a musician. I joined an all-girl band that's all women from my work and two of them are moms, so pretty low commitment.

Susan: Nice. I was going to ask you if you were going to get involved in music again.

Shannon: Well, I played in a band down here for nine months or so, and it ended about as poorly as it could have. It was a band I didn't want to continue to be in after the tour anyways, but that's a real big bummer. I ended up flying from Chicago to Olympia and meeting up with Peeples Watchin' who

in the punk scene in New England that I'm not here. I talked about this with my therapist at the time. I see myself as a musician and I want to play music but I am not.

Socially Prescribed Homogeneity of Experience

Susan: What do you do for work?

Shannon: I work at a vegan restaurant here in Nashville, The Wild Cow. I cook there. It's owned by this older punk couple, so it's a really good place.

Susan: Are you doing drums in your new band?

Shannon: Yeah, drums.

Susan: Has the drums always been your instrument?

Shannon: Yeah. I remember watching Hanson [laughs] on TV and knowing that I wanted to be a drummer, counting the drums on his drum set. I took lessons from third grade, and around sixth grade I got a set. It's an absolute lower tier set, definitely a beginner set, but it's the only one I've ever really had.

Susan: In your "About" statement for

The idea that being trans is hilarious clearly directly affects me if these are the only portrayals that people are getting of trans experience.

it through the drummer from a band down here called How Cozy!, my friend Rachael. I had a lot of time on my hands, so I did that year and the year after. It's about a week long. I taught drum instruction and a zine-making workshop and helped a band of girls come together and write a song that they performed. It's a really cool program. I think it's co-ed now.

Susan: At the time were you trans?

Shannon: No, not yet.

Susan: What was the most unexpected thing that came out of the girls' rock camp?

Shannon: I definitely cried both times at the showcase at the end of the week and got really unique, all-over-the-place zines that the whole class had made those years. From a personal, more emotional experience, I got pretty much what I expected to out of it, which still can be overwhelming at times. It's such a cool environment for young girls to be putting themselves in, and coming together and working together.

Susan: Do you plan on staying in Nashville after school?

Shannon: Nooo. [laughs] One thing about Nashville is there's no public

were on tour at the same time—since I had saved up money and taken time off to tour—and rode from Olympia back to Tennessee with them. After that band ended so poorly I was just completely not involved in the music scene for six or eight months, including going to shows. I've started again but that was also while I was getting this critical mass in my mind of needing to do something about being trans. I'll give you the timeline. This was last October that I got fired from that band and this past January was when people first started calling me Shannon. May was when I came out at work and to my family and started hormones and stuff, so it's all pretty new. Getting kicked out of that band, going back to school full-time, being half in and half out, I just didn't go to shows for half a year because of the combination of those things.

Susan: Did you miss it or did you need that break?

Shannon: In retrospect, I think it made sense. I mean, if there was a band I was really excited about I still would have gone out and seen them. But I did miss it and I do still miss a lot of the ways that I was involved

Nervous Nelly Records, it says, "We were sick of having to choose between being punk and being queer." Could you explain why you felt that the two are mutually exclusive?

Shannon: There's always been space in punk for that, especially the West Coast scene before hardcore really took off and made things a little bit more socially homogenous. But I feel like a lot of the bands that I was seeing and the kind of conversations that were happening within punk didn't really address a lot of the different ways that power manifests itself—remembering that I'm a sociology major here.

Punk has done a pretty good job of dealing with gender on a large scale. A lot of people talk about that, there's back and forth. It's a conversation that's being had. Race and class and sexual orientation are way less talked about, almost taboo because punk sometimes wants there to be this homogeneity of experience: we're all punks so this other stuff doesn't matter. That supersedes everything, and talking about this other stuff is divisive.

But that's a really juvenile mindset and not the mindset of a punk who has had to

HHBTM RECORDS



Marshmallow Coast
"Vangelis Rides Again"
on CD/LP/Digital DL

ex-of Montreal, Music Tapes,
and Mind Brains. Elephant 6
collective member Andy
Gonzales 9th and newest
album.



Bunnygrunt
"Vol.4"
CD/LP/CS/Digital DL

St Louis, MO creators of
cuddlecore are back with
a one two punch to the gut
power pop punk album
Vol.4. You just don't mess
with the grunt if you know
what's good for you.

P.O.BOX 742 ATHENS, GA 30603 www.HHBTM.com



independent
LABEL DISTRIBUTION

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS FOR:

ABORTED SOCIETY
ACID RAT
AFTER MUSIC RECORDINGS
ANCHORLESS
BEER CITY
BLANK RECORDING COMPANY
CAVITY
CHUNKSAH
CORROSIVE
DANGERHOUSE
DEEP SIX
DIONYSUS/BACCHUS
EAST GRAND
FRONTIER
HELLA MAD
INNERSTRENGTH

JAILHOUSE
OLD SCHOOL METAL
PATAC
RIOT FEST
RIOT HOUSE
RIPPING RECORDS
RODENT POPSICLE
SIX WEEKS
SPECIALIST SUBJECT
SRA
SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY
TANKCRIMES
TO LIVE A LIE
TRIBUNAL/DIVEBOMB
UNLEASH HELL

WWW.ILDISTRO.COM

QUALITY COUNTS!

DIRTY FENCES "LADIES CHOICE" 7"



WWW.OOPSBABYRECORDS.COM



BARRERACUDAS 7" "PROMISES, PROMISES"



HECTORS PETS "PET O FEELIA" LP



COMING SOON!! NEW LP BY THE BARRERACUDAS
"CAN DO EASY"



DINOS BOYS "LAST ONES" LP



LIMITED EDITION COLORED VINYL
AVAILABLE ON MOST RELEASES!!!

ALSO AVAILABLE!

SONNY VINCENT 7"
PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS "DIET CRIME AND DELINQUENCY" 7"
STALKERS "LADY SONJA" 7"
DAVILLA 666 "PA QUE VIVES" 7"
THE LIVIDS "SOME OF US HAVE ADRENALIZED HEARTS"

live in the real world for too long, or live in the real world while claiming one of those identities. So this kind of socially prescribed homogeneity of experience. When I was growing up, there were multiple times around my adolescence and teenage years that I verbalized wanting to wear dresses, wanting to dress femininely; that just didn't come up for me at all from seventeen to twenty or twenty-one. And I think that's because this way that I intuitively understood myself, or the way that I wanted to be, was superseded by belonging to punk.

Susan: On the flipside of that, saying that you have a choice between being punk and being queer, if you were to choose being queer instead, what would you be giving up in terms of punk?

Shannon: I'd probably be less sure how to spend my time. My primary artistic outlet over the last year has been writing and collaging. My collage work definitely deals with gender because I use stuff from magazines,

and the most interesting stuff to use is the really sexist advertising. There are so many unspoken ideologies underlying ads. Writing and collaging have been my two really large ways that I come to understand myself.

And those are things that I do the way I do because of punk culture. Like going to thrift stores: I don't buy new clothes, I didn't buy anything for a long time, especially clothes. If we're talking about a very mainstream version of queerness, that's definitely more consumer-driven. If we're talking about pride rallies that are sponsored by huge beer companies and terrible, exploitative companies, like Nashville's Pride day was, I feel like that would be equally resignation to self-parody as it would be if I forced this queer part of myself away and embodied punk fully. It's not quite true to make it this dichotomy between total consumerism and total conformity to this non-conformist identity. There are these archetypes of how we see both things and they're not true for anyone.

Susan: Right, and I guess you could say that even the LGBTQ community as most people understand it has its own set of tropes that may not always apply.

Shannon: Certainly. In a lot of ways, I am more in tune in Nashville with the queer community than the punk community because there's just more activism going on there. Youth homelessness is a big thing in Nashville right now because the only shelter that gender non-conforming youth could really go to closed down, so there's a lot of organizing around that now.

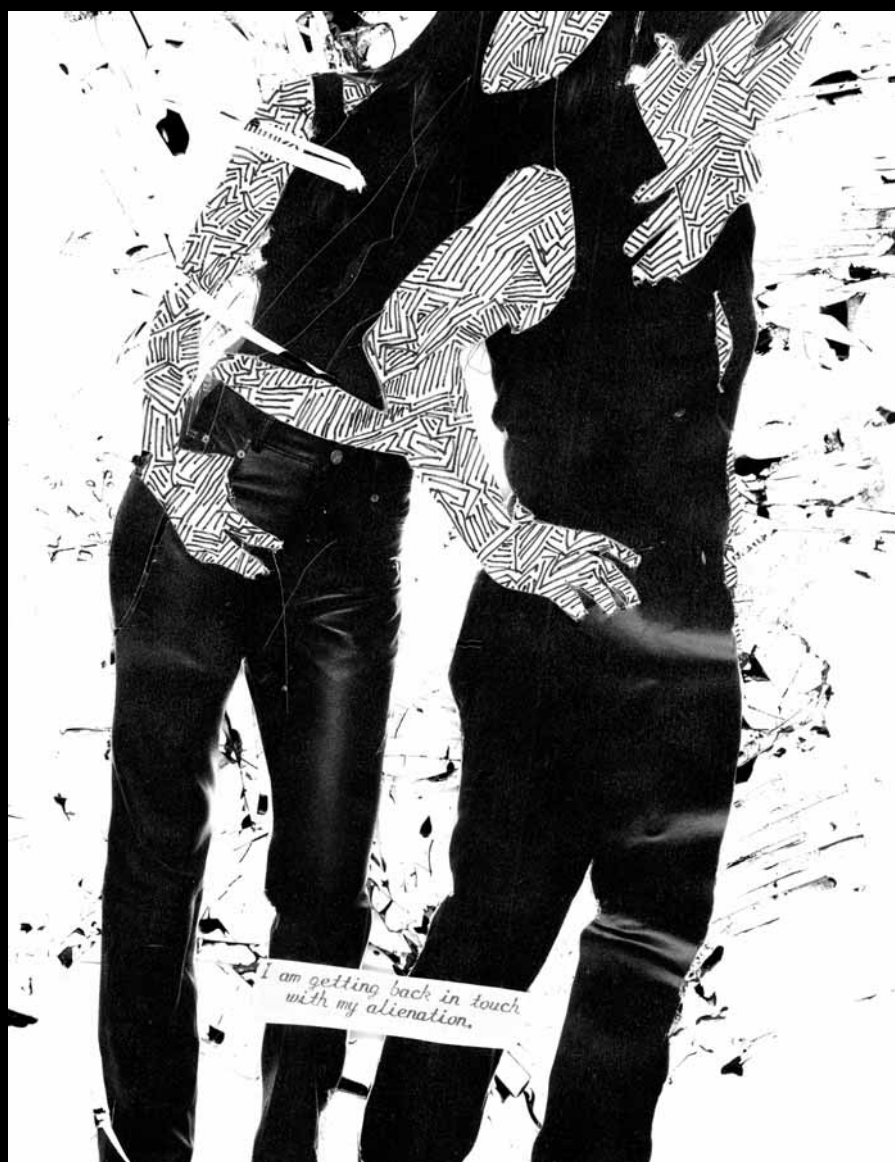
The thing about the punk scene here is it's always there and if I have the time, if I want to go out and see some hardcore bands, I can. But organizing around youth homelessness and medical care, improving medical care for trans people, improving access, that's what's important. That has to come first—not necessarily to the exclusion of going out to a show—but that's way more work and consequently takes a lot more emotional energy and leaves less time for going out to shows or meeting up for drinks at a bar. That's the other thing about Nashville punk: I get up early. I get up at like 6:30. And a lot of the shows are at ten or eleven because it's run by younger people. That's the nature of it.

Susan: Also on your Tumblr it says: "We hope that Nervous Nelly can highlight the often overlooked contributions of queer people in punk." In your mind, who are some of those overlooked contributors?

Shannon: I've been listening to the early L.A. band Nervous Gender lately and, obviously, they're great. Generally, in terms of how people get into bands now, I feel like there's an emphasis on an aura or a mystique over content or ideas. Maybe it's always been that way, but the realities of getting into bands—current bands or looking back at old punk bands with the internet—it's more about mining specific aesthetic movements or aesthetic moments, than looking for new ideas. So, in a lot of ways, it's really easy to ignore a lot of the historical canon out there if it's not what you're looking for, whereas in the '80s or the '90s, if you were going to punk shows, there was kind of more of an overlap and less to choose from. People had to go to a wider variety of shows. That could just be the way I'm idealizing it though.

Susan: Prior to even thinking about the idea that there was queer punk out there, I didn't really know of much or I didn't really see it as a scene. I never saw it as quite as big and united as I kind of am realizing that it is now. Do you feel that there is a scene for that?

Shannon: Yes. I feel like it's much more connected. I went up to Fed Up Fest in Chicago and knew half of the bands that were playing personally, so I feel like there is this real kind of continuity, which comes from the way that DIY tours are booked. And also from the internet, from Tumblr and whatnot. But that was really cool to be able to see friends from Rhode Island and Chicago, Massachusetts, and Olympia all in one place. I think there's this real continuity and there's more of it now due to social media.



Permission Creep by Shannon Zinnia Thompson

WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM
info@iloveimprint.com

imprint
indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212, NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
YOU CAN CALL US, WE'LL ANSWER: 941.484.5151

JUST ADD VINYL

7"

Folders
starting @ \$95

Pockets
starting @ \$225

10"

Jackets
starting @ \$550

12"

Jackets
starting @ \$450

**FULL COLOR
CENTER
LABELS**

\$150
with any jacket
or insert order
1,000 quantity (includes 25% overs)

- FRIENDLY CUSTOMER SERVICE, JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY
- KNOWLEDGABLE ART DEPARTMENT WILL ENSURE YOUR ART IS READY TO GO
- DIGITAL PROOFS OFTEN DELIVERED VIA EMAIL SAME DAY
- IF YOU FIND A BETTER PRICE, WE WILL WORK TO MATCH THAT PRICE!

**MANUFACTURING QUALITY GOODS FOR YOUR
BAND AND RECORD LABEL, SINCE 1994.**



OMEGA MOO

SEATTLE PUNK SURF ROCK N' ROLL



AVAILABLE @ CDBABY AMAZON iTUNES &

WWW.OMEGAMOOCOM

Susan: For the people who don't know about Fed Up Fest, tell us about what it is and how you became involved.

Shannon: It's a fest in Chicago that is booked by a collective and focuses on bringing bands in that are queer and have trans members, and have members that are people of color and non-binary. There are workshops. My involvement was tabling with the record label. I went up with my friends from Nashville, Friction, which is a sex toy shop that my friend owns, and we had a little table next to each other with records and sex toys. I just attended. But it seems pretty successful.

Susan: You mention Friction being at the

Susan: It must have helped to have a friend go through it at about the same time, and I know that your partner did also.

Shannon: Sadie has definitely been a source of inspiration and information, since she is a close friend. Kale did a similar thing, but it's really different—the transition to be a trans woman—than a trans man. Similar, you know, there are some similar things. But there's a pretty different set of obstacles too. There's a lot more negative visibility around trans women. We know that a staggering majority of anti-trans violence is directed at trans women of color, so it's just less safe culturally from the get go. I saw a chart in a presentation last week that was supposed

or a trans man, is still a lot easier for most people to understand than being non-binary and using a separate set of pronouns, so it's an adjustment for my parents, but I'd say they're doing really well.

Susan: Is your sibling also musical?

Shannon: They were in a band when we lived in New Haven, and they play a couple of instruments.

Susan: Do mainstream pop culture representations of trans people affect your life on a daily basis?

Shannon: Absolutely. Especially being a trans woman, there's a lot more awareness—although not necessarily positive awareness—of trans women's existence than trans men.

The risk associated with transitioning complications from hormones were at a plus-one-percent risk, but then suicide, HIV/AIDS, and “external causes” were all plus thirty percent. Those are all cultural and social.

Fed Up Fest. My experience with the punk scene is that people are judgmental toward expressing yourself in a sexual way.

Shannon: Looking back at when I was in Connecticut, we barely talked about sex at all in the punk scene. It was more, maybe, lack of life experience in terms of finding a way to integrate sex with the other politics that we were talking about in a meaningful way.

Susan: What was the best or most notable thing that happened at the Fed Up Fest?

Shannon: People Watchin' sets are very intense and personal for me. I was on tour with them the last time they did a long tour and Kale and I put out two of their records. I've known all of them since the band started, if not longer. So getting to see them play in a queer space with a lot of queer and trans people was awesome. Sadie is really into explaining songs. She really puts it all out there. Every show's very personal to her and she talks about trans lady stuff, so it's just a very personal thing for me to see them.

Susan: You transitioned at about the same time?

Shannon: She came out at least a full year before I did. I'm still very early in. In the grand scheme, yes, pretty close to each other but she's been out for three or four times as long as I have.

to demonstrate the risk associated with transitioning, and all these complications from hormones were at a plus-one-percent risk, but then suicide, HIV/AIDS, and “external causes” were all plus thirty percent. Those are all cultural and social. Then physiological changes are pretty different—testosterone seems to act a lot more quickly, and, of course, they effect different things and can incur different emotional changes.

Flurry of Visibility

Susan: Do you have siblings?

Shannon: One sibling.

Susan: Brother or sister?

Shannon: Well, they're genderqueer. Goes by a “they” pronoun.

Susan: Has that helped you also? Having a sibling who understands what you're going through? Or does your sibling understand?

Shannon: We have a really good relationship, although we don't talk that much. We're in a mutually supportive place right now. I think there's a great deal of mutual respect.

Susan: Are your parents supportive?

Shannon: Yes, definitely. I think being a binary trans person, that is trans woman

This flurry of visibility is relatively positive, but media representations of trans people, trans women specifically, are the only idea of trans women that most people I come into contact with have. So that's really relevant. One of the only current shows I watch is *Sons of Anarchy*. There's a trans woman character in three episodes. And in the first episode she's in, she's a rapist for hire, played for laughs. The biker gang hires her to have sex with this passed out guy while they take pictures so they can blackmail him. And then the later episodes that she's in, she's very much played for pity. It delves more into her back story and anyone who knows a trans woman or has thought about media representations of trans women could tell you that this character is just an amalgamation of tropes, more meant to signify grittiness and evoke pity than to actually be a character.

Susan: Is there a better way to do it? How would that be?

Shannon: I wish there were more accessible stories about trans people where the fact that they're trans isn't the entire story. Laverne Cox's character Sophia in *Orange Is the New Black* is really great for that because—except for the one episode that delves into her back story—we're seeing her as a seemingly fully transitioned woman. It's not sensationalizing

so cow the long con lp/cd
ausmuteants
 order of operation lp/cd



sick thoughts
 beat on beat 7"

plus huge, fast
 mailorder at
goner-records.com
 since 2004

blind shake
 breakfast of failures lp/cd
nots we are nots lp/cd

**GONER
 RECORDS**

**NEW
 PUNK/HARDCORE
 RECORDS**

IN THE
**GRAVE
 MISTAKE
 WEBSTORE**

SEVERAL THOUSAND PUNK AND
 HARDCORE TITLES. NEW RELEASES,
 DEMOS, CLASSICS, REISSUES
 AND MORE. NEW TITLES ADDED
 WEEKLY. GOOD PRICES, QUICK AND
 SAFE SHIPPING.

STORE.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

**GRAVE
 MISTAKE
 RECORDS**
 P.O. BOX 18488 RICHMOND, VA 23218
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

Razorcake writers on tour: Mike Faloon & Michael T. Fournier

Monday July 6th: Beacon NY. Quinn's.

Tuesday July 7th: Pittsburgh PA.

Big Idea Bookstore.

Wednesday July 8: Cleveland OH. Mac's

Backs. W/ Ben Stein.

Friday July 10: Detroit MI. Venue TBA.

Hit us up!

Sunday July 12th: Chicago IL.

Uncharted Books.

W/ Rev. Norb & Jughead. Matinee.



Faloon = Editor of Go Metric; author of "Hanging Gardens of Split Rock," reading from his new joint "The Other Night At Quinn's." Fournier = Editor of Cabildo Quarterly; author of "Double Nickels On The Dime," reading from his new novel "Swing State." Books and zines available at all readings. For up-to-the-minute info on these gigs and more, hit up gometric.com and/or michaeltfournier.tumblr.com. Listen to Dead Trend!



I think that's a really common experience of womanhood, internalizing those media messages and then having other people reinforce that for you, especially men.

what happens to her body. She's a full character in a way that most representations of trans women aren't.

Certainly, if you look at comedies, most comedies will throw in a trans woman character out of nowhere or joke about trans women. It's just understood that it's funny to be a trans woman. Jon Stewart, who I like, doesn't even have a great track record with that. It's like there doesn't need to be more of a joke; it's just funny when someone is a trans woman. The perpetuation of that low level of humor does directly affect me because two out of the last three days when I have been walking my dogs, men driving by in vans just laugh at me. So the idea that being trans is hilarious clearly directly affects me if these are the only portrayals that people are getting of trans experience.

Susan: There's also the issue of having a non-trans person play a trans person.

Shannon: That's just not going to go away, I don't think. Laverne is the only person I can really think of who is trans who plays a trans woman, or man, or anything. That's not as large a deal to me as having portrayals of us as whole human beings would be, but certainly if not trans actors or actresses, then having trans writers. Consultants even. So much of this stuff doesn't seem like anyone who's written it has met a trans person. That's why they're just regurgitating the same photocopy of a photocopy of a photocopy. It all just seems very, very dated whenever I see trans women in most TV shows.

Susan: I know it's sometimes hard to have a cis person come and try to tell your story, but I think it's important to bridge the

questions that cis people might have. What are some of the ways that we can make this a better experience?

Shannon: That's a big question. [laughs] As with any form of oppression where there's a group that is more likely to be a punchline and doesn't have the social or monetary capital to push back against that, a big thing for cis people to do is to tell other cis people when jokes are fucked up or they're saying something hurtful. This is something that I've done at work around someone making incest jokes. Cis people, white people, men, straight people—one of the most important things you can do is call out other people in the dominant group, or just explain to them why that's not a cool thing to say. And just keep in mind that you don't know people's experiences.

Name: **Mars Dixon**
of Aye Nako
Location: Brooklyn, New York

Mars Dixon is a self-taught musician who overcame the shyness that might have otherwise silenced him. As a queer person of color living in the South and the Midwest, he found an outlet—in writing his own songs and through the exploration of the ethics and values of punk.

Mars has been in numerous bands starting in Bloomington, Indiana, and with his good friend Joe McCann played in a band called Fleabag. They are now called Aye Nako again (an expression in Tagalog that roughly translates to, “Oh gosh!”), and along with bandmates Jade Payne and Angie Boylan, they create songs filled with wistful harmonies that still retain an edge. Listening to Mars play guitar and sing, you know that this is a talent that was meant to be.

Aye Nako has garnered write-ups on mainstream music news outlets and opened for the Bouncing Souls, playing shows at the popular Music Hall of Williamsburg. This increase in attention means an increase in the visibility of queer people, people of color, and trans folks.


Mars shares what it’s been like living in different parts of the country, how gender identity is not always very easy to articulate, and some of the surprising things he’s learned along the way.

—Susan de Place

Photos by
Joe McCann
and Natalie Rae
Layout by Daryl Gussin

NATALIE RAE





I'm thinking maybe there just aren't really words to describe what I feel inside. So I just identify as trans.

Somewhere Else Where Cooler Things Were Happening

Susan: You were in a band with Joe that you started in the Midwest. Were you born and raised in the Midwest?

Mars: No, I grew up in Arkansas.

Susan: How did you end up in Brooklyn?

Mars: I just knew very early on that Arkansas wasn't for me and I was always imagining myself—watching movies like *Ninja Turtles*, how it takes place in New York—I never thought I would be in New York, but I was always wishing I could be somewhere else where cooler things were happening. When I was a teenager I taught myself guitar, and shortly after I started writing my own songs, recorded it on my computer, really simple, and put it on Myspace.

I became friends with some people I went to high school with, and we moved to Bloomington, Indiana, and I started my first band called Quadrillion Babes. I was in a couple of other bands and by chance became best friends with Joe. We started playing music together and that became Aye Nako. She convinced me to move to Oakland, California 'cause that's where she wanted to go. [laughs] So we went there and we continued to play music together with a different drummer and changed it to Fleabag. Then we kicked the drummer out and Joe convinced me again to move to New York. [laughs] We changed it back to Aye Nako as soon as we got here.

Susan: Have any of the specific cities stuck out to you as a better match for what you were looking for?

Mars: I feel like New York is where it's at right now, or at least things are going really well here and there's a lot of potential. It's easier to do little weekend tours because there are so many cities nearby. In the Bay Area, there's not really that many. That was one of the points Joe brought up to convince me to move to New York.

Susan: Growing up in Arkansas, how do you think that affected your life?

Mars: I knew very early on that Arkansas was not where I wanted to be. I didn't fit in from day one. I didn't fit in with the people in my family, even. I wasn't really able to put a finger on it, but I knew something was weird because I grew up with seven other siblings—we weren't all living together at the same point—but there's eight of us all together.

I'm black and Filipino and the rest of them are white and Filipino. I was the only black person in my family. I don't know my biological father, so I knew something was up, but I didn't know how to talk about it, or what it really was. I just knew that I was different, in the house and then at school. I was super, super shy and wasn't into a lot of the things that other kids were into. I also made this point in my head as I got a little older, to purposely be different than them in that I remember telling myself that I was never going to use double negatives, and I was going to speak proper—because it's the South and everyone has a really, really thick accent—and I was going out of my way to further separate myself from the people I knew at school.

Susan: How did you first get into punk?

Mars: The internet. [laughs] Having the internet really helped me do research. [laughs] I didn't really know kids in my school who were punk—or at least maybe they were too cool or something—so I couldn't just go up to them and say, “Your shirt says Dead Kennedys. What does that mean? What is that?” So I would look it up. I didn't Google “punk,” or at least I don't think I did. [laughs] I was always really into music, and always trying to find bands with women in them. Sometimes those would be punk bands. I would find local bands that had women in them and try to go see them. Just being aware of shirts people are wearing and who's talking about what bands; I was so

hungry for finding out more about punk.

Susan: What was it about punk that appealed to you?

Mars: At first, just the teenage angst, going to the shows and moshing and sometimes getting all bruised up. It was cathartic to just jump around, even if I didn't know what the songs were about, just thrashing around felt really good. [laughs] At the same time I was getting into all these different things, learning about punk, learning about feminism, learning about vegetarianism. I was so hungry to find out, “How can I get out of here?” The people around me, I can't talk to them about any of this. I feel very alone, except I can connect with people on the internet, people who I'll probably never see, and it just seemed cool, the whole DIY thing. I also got really into recycling [laughs] because of that too, and reusing things. I would make envelopes out of old homework or something, like graded papers.

Susan: You taught yourself how to play guitar?

Mars: I did. It was my twelfth or thirteenth birthday. I was away for the summer and when I came back, all of a sudden there was a guitar in my room, and I was like, “Oh, what is this?” I guess I had been kind of talking about it. I was very intimidated by it, and I would fuck around with it for maybe a week or something and then put it in the closet for several months before I picked it up again. The first few songs I learned were Jewel songs. I think I saw her performing on *Austin City Limits* and I was like, “I have a guitar. Maybe I should try to learn some of these songs that she's playing. Those seem like fun.” And that's how it started.

Susan: Who bought you the guitar?

Mars: My mom.

Susan: That's sweet. She was supportive of your explorations in music?

Mars: I don't know, because I feel like she just wanted me to always be quiet in my room. When I started actually playing guitar I would play it for hours and hours

Because of punk I have this community. I have all these friends I never thought I would have.

after school, and I think after a while she was like, “Okay, I can hear it...” because her room is next door to mine. It’s weird thinking about it now because I always felt like she wasn’t really supportive of me in anything I was doing ever, but I guess on rare occasions she would be, because she did buy me that guitar.

Susan: How do you think punk has helped you in your process of transitioning?

Mars: Because of punk I have this community. I have all these friends I never thought I would have. Thinking back when I was a teenager, just so isolated, so lonely, and now because of punk and playing music, I’ve met all these people I can talk to about being trans, being queer, having these conversations and trying to figure out what trans means to me, and help me shape what that means to me.

Susan: Are you able to verbalize what it means to you?

Mars: There was this moment where I was identifying as genderqueer, but it never really felt like, “Okay, this is who I am and I’m using ‘they’ and ‘them’ pronouns now.” I started using he pronouns. I still use “they” and “them.” I don’t feel like I have it all figured out now that I started testosterone or now that I’ve gotten top surgery, I don’t feel like, “Okay, now I’m a trans guy, I’m trans masculine, I’m masculine of center,” I don’t feel like that either. I guess I am still trying to figure out where I fit in, or maybe I don’t fit in and that’s fine, because I don’t identify as a trans guy, but non-binary doesn’t feel exactly it either. I’m thinking maybe there just aren’t really words to describe what I feel inside. So I just identify as trans.

One thing I was thinking—I was thinking about how I went from the punk scene to, more specifically, the queer punk scene. Even the queer POC (people of color) punk scene. I was thinking of the early days of hanging around all of these straight white punks and how it still felt really isolating to me. Like, I found this community, this group of people who I kind of relate to, and it took me a few years to really put my finger on what it was, why I didn’t relate to them, and that was being queer and being a black person. Just having these white punks say things to me or to other white punks, but in front of me, things that made me feel uncomfortable but I definitely didn’t have the guts to say, “Hey, that actually makes me really uncomfortable, I can’t believe you just said that.”

I didn’t really have that many queer friends around me or people of color, especially queer people of color, when I lived in Bloomington, Indiana. So there was that hunger again. This isn’t really what I want. There’s got to be something better for me elsewhere. This isn’t it. In the same

way when I was in Arkansas. Not to shit on Bloomington—that was a really special time in my life and a lot of the people there I think are still pretty cool, it’s just not a place for me.

When I moved to the Bay, that’s when I started meeting so many more queers and people of color, so many queer people of color, and I was like, “This is it. This is so cool to have people who look like me and feel the things I do and talk about and worry about the things that I talk and worry about,” and moving to New York, I had to do a little bit of a reset because it took years of work again to find the queer people of color here, and now I’m constantly meeting new queer people of color, and it’s so exciting. Just building this community and meeting and talking to people online. I feel like I’ve been meeting queer black people on OkCupid and on Tinder, which is kind of weird—but not necessarily to date these people but just connect with these people—and it feels really good to be able to do that. I just never thought I’d be doing this.

Susan: Was it through the punk scene that you met your other bandmates?

Mars: I met my roommate and bandmate Jade volunteering at girls’ rock camp when I first moved to New York. We were teaching guitar at rock camp and became friends through that. I met Angie, our drummer, when Fleabag played with her old band, Little Lungs, at my friends’ house in Oakland.

Oh Gosh!

Susan: Do you feel, now that you’re in the process of transitioning, that you’re more free to express yourself?

Mars: Weirdly, yes. A little bit before I started taking testosterone—I knew that I was going to start ‘cause I had been going to the doctors—I started noticing myself feeling more free to express this feminine side of me that I never knew I had. It feels kind of silly, but even just buying a pink shirt or floral print jeans or a floral print backpack. I would never have done that a couple of years ago. And even now, I wore lipstick for the first time this past summer. I never would have done that. I’ve never worn makeup, I’ve painted my nails a couple of times maybe, and now I feel like I can do that, and it feels okay for some reason.

Susan: I feel that you have a unique perspective about the expectations of women and the expectations of men.

Mars: I’m still trying to figure that out. I mean, I don’t very often get read as male or as a man. And sometimes I’m not sure if I want to. Sometimes I find myself getting scared, like on the subway or walking down

the street, making eye contact with a guy for too long, scared that he’ll read me as a man and want to beat my ass ‘cause I’m some fag who’s checking him out, whereas that might not happen if he read me as a woman. Also, if I’m walking down the street late at night and there’s a woman in front of me, I find myself slowing down or crossing the street because I don’t want to seem like I’m following her or being a creep or something, just in case she reads me as male. I feel like I’m still in this grey area, most of the time still getting read as female, but sometimes people are calling me sir.

Susan: Your band name, you have said it comes from things your mom and other Filipino women would yell at you as a kid. Why were they yelling at you? Were you mischievous?

Mars: [laughs] Just anything like running in the house and being smelly, or wrestling with my little brother. Most of the Tagalog I know is stuff that my mom yelled at me and Aye Nako (roughly translates to, “Oh gosh!”) was one of them.

Susan: Do you want to talk about your relationship with your family regarding your transition?

Mars: So I think everybody knows. I’m not super close with people in my family. I do try to text them or call them occasionally. Maybe a couple of weeks before I started taking testosterone, which was in the spring of last year, I wrote two of my brothers. I don’t really remember what else I wrote, but I was just like, “Hey, for your information, I’m trans.” A year later I saw them in Arkansas for the first time in two years. That was the first time I saw them since I told them that I was trans, and they were trying. They were being respectful and calling me by my chosen name and using “he.” Sometimes they would slip up, but they were trying; my mom too. At one point during my visit, I asked one of my older brothers something like, “Is it weird that I’m not a little girl anymore?” and he was like, “Well, I never saw you as a little girl. You were always kind of a boy to me,” because I was pretty much a tomboy growing up.

We were driving in the car when I asked that, and when we get to our destination, we’re standing there for a second waiting for my other brother to arrive, and he was like, “By the way, that backpack you have is not very manly.” He was talking about my floral print backpack that I had with me, and I was kind of like, “Well, I’m not really trying to be manly, that’s just not me,” and he was like, “Okay...” So I feel like they’re trying. Yeah.


Susan: Aesthetically, like with style, regular hetero men are starting to wear floral things as well. I was on the subway and this guy has this floral hat, you know? It’s interesting. I hope we’re shedding those kinds of expectations.

I've met all these people I can talk to about being trans, being queer, having these conversations and trying to figure out what trans means to me, and help me shape what that means to me.

JOE MCCANN



TINY TUSKS

 **CLINICAL TRIALS**


AYE NAKO

SAT DECEMBER 29TH 2012 8 PM

The Rock Shop

249 4TH AVE BROOKLYN

21+ \$7




THE MORE MEN I MEET, THE MORE I LIKE MY DOG.

JOE MCCANN

PARASOL (BOSTON)

AYE NAKO



OFVITARVIR (ICELAND)

TROUBLED SLEEP

THURS APRIL 5TH 2012 7:30PM

TOMMY'S TAVERN

1041 MANHATTAN AVE

BRING [O] FOR TOURING BANDS



Mars: Maybe not so much in Arkansas—maybe they're a little behind the times because people don't really see that in my hometown—boys or men wearing floral or pink or anything remotely girly.

Susan: Yeah, that's true. Do you think your mom culturally is accepting of trans people or queer people?

Mars: I remember telling her that I was queer a couple of months after I moved out of her house and she was very nonchalant with it. I was so surprised because the whole time I was living with her knowing that I was queer, I was so scared of her finding out, scared of her and anyone in my family to find out, as if it wasn't completely obvious, but [laughs] it turns out they don't really care. [laughs]

Susan: Was she born in the Philippines?

Mars: Yes, she was born in the Philippines and met my dad, my legal father, a white guy from Illinois. He was in the military and they met there, then she moved here.

Susan: It sounds like the Arkansas mentality didn't necessarily rub off on her.

Mars: Not really. I call her every once in a while and sometimes she gets really real

take us to the movies sometimes, but my sister would take us to the movies, take us shopping and buy us new clothes because my mom wouldn't really do that, or I think that maybe she couldn't afford to buy us new clothes like my sister could. My sister would buy us new shoes and stuff like that, and she would make us do yard work.

She would make us wake up really early. In the summer it would be so hot, so we'd have to wake up around six or seven before the sun was scorching. She had maybe a couple of acres of land. We didn't have to cut the grass. I don't think she trusted us to do that on our own. She had to work, so we would take care of stuff around the house while she was away.

Except a lot of the times, the first thing I would do when I'd wake up, I would go on the internet. At the time it was dial-up—so I would be careful to not be on for too long, or around noon when she would be on lunch break to check in on us—I would shut down the internet so the phone call would go through. Sometimes I would get caught and she was like, "I called at noon. You were on the internet, weren't you? You're supposed to

was still doing something like this—but I was working at this afterschool program teaching teenage girls how to play guitar, drums, and keyboard. It was kind of hard to do, none of them had played any of those instruments, and I was trying to get them to learn their instruments, but also learn how to play together.

I was doing that, but I was also working at the YMCA by my house where I was doing a similar thing, and that was so much fun. A lot of the times there wouldn't be that many girls there, so I would get to play along with them, and we would switch around different instruments. There was the keyboard, microphones, drums, guitar, bass, and sometimes there wouldn't be enough people to play every instrument, so I would jump on an instrument and we'd all play a couple of riffs, make stuff up and switch instruments, then switch instruments. It was so much fun to be playing music with kids, especially teenage girls. I wish I was doing that still now. But I give guitar lessons, too. To kids.

Susan: It looks like you've been carving a place for yourself where you can be entrepreneurial and make work for yourself.

I would find local bands that had women in them and try to go see them. I was so hungry for finding out more about punk.

with me, which is weird because we never really talked about a lot of these things. We never really talked, period. But she would tell me about white people that she deals with, how sometimes the white teenagers flip her off 'cause she's driving too slow or whatever, and it's just so weird. She never before would share things like that with me. I thought she was colorblind to those things because she never mentioned white people doing her wrong.

Susan: The summer that you came back and found your guitar, where did you go for that summer?

Mars: When I was thirteen to eighteen, in the summers and sometimes winter breaks or spring breaks, I would go visit my sister in Kentucky. She lived in Indianapolis for a couple of those summers, and the rest of the time she was living in this really, really small town in Kentucky, out in the country. My little brother and I would go each summer.

Susan: What would you guys do out there?

Mars: We would do fun things that my mom wouldn't let us do. I mean, my mom would

be cleaning the house." That's what we did a lot. Sometimes we would go hiking or go visit in-laws, a lot of barbecues.

It Helped Me Find Out Where I Want to Be

Susan: You've moved around a lot. How do you think that's helped your world view?

Mars: It helped me find out where I want to be. I've been in New York for four and a half years now and I don't really see myself going anywhere else. I lived in the South, lived in the Midwest, the Bay Area. I really like the Bay Area. It's so beautiful there I did tell myself that maybe years later—many, many years later—I would go back, but now it's just taken over by the tech bros and maybe that's not where I want to be. I don't see myself going anywhere else anytime soon.

Susan: I read that you walk dogs. Is that what you do for work?

Mars: Yes, I have my own dog walking business with a friend. That's my main source of income. Last year—I wish I

One of the issues that comes up with transgender people is job discrimination.

Mars: Yeah, exactly.

Susan: Did you experience gender dysphoria? I know that not all transgender people do.

Mars: I definitely have experienced and still do experience that. I remember when I first moved here, I was riding my bike and felt my chest bouncing so much. I was like, this is so uncomfortable, this makes me feel so fucked up, and I'm just biking. It was also summertime and I didn't have a coat covering it up, and knowing that people can—I don't know, maybe they can't—I wasn't wearing a tight shirt where you can see my chest bouncing up and down as I hit the bumps in the road, but it felt like you could, it just felt so obvious and weird.

Also that summer the room that I was subletting got so hot that I had to be topless and seeing my chest every day, laying down to go to sleep and looking at it and waking up, and that's one of the first things I see and I'm just like, "Ughhhh, that feels weirdrrrrd." I got top surgery a few months ago so that's not really that much of a

MICROCOSM PUBLISHING

NEW BOOKS TO POUNKE ON!*



URBAN HOMESTEADER The ultimate box set—*Make Your Place, Make It Last, Homesweet Homegrown, & Everyday Bicycling!* Create the life that you've already dreamed of. Food, bikes, party! **\$29.95**



CONSENSUALITY Do you wonder what it takes to have a healthy relationship? These guides will help you to figure out how to build a healthy relationship or set the groundwork for one in a new relationship. **\$9.95**



YO MISS A graphic novel exploring a second-chance high school in Brooklyn that looks at the lives and challenges of kids who often never had a chance. **\$12.95**



HOT PANTS Do it yourself gynecology! Now in handy pocket-sized bookito format! Empower yourself to fix your own medical problems and take back your body! **\$9.95**



MANSPRESSIONS Have you ever been mansplained to? Well, we've got a whole encyclopedia of 120 new words to add to your vocabulary. Illustrated for added humor on how society rewards male-pattern behavior. **\$9.95**



TEENAGE REBELS 80 examples of successful high school protests from kids who are literally changing the world! **\$11.95**



CRATE DIGGER Bob Suren (Sound Idea, Burrito Records), Florida's most notorious DIY punk, tells his life story through records from his collection picked up from 1983-2003. **\$14.95**



Punk In NYC's Lower East Side The first in our newest series about local scenes, these account of Reagan Youth and company inspired many scenes during a time when punk was considered "dead" but thriving behind closed doors. **\$4.95**



SNAKEPIT GETS OLD You all saw it coming. We don't get younger but we hold onto our DIY values. Ben is still funny and still has a way of turning the everyday into the macro, full of meaning and hilarity. What's next? *Snakepit Sells Out?* Unlikely. **\$14.95**



DWELLING PORTABLY 2015 The latest in mobile living from actual poor people that inspired actual middle-class people to mimic their behavior. Tips, tricks, and much more! They are so for real. **\$9.95**



PUNK USA: Lookout Recs Known by the mainstream as the birthplace of teenage Green Day, Lookout Records built a huge second-wave punk revolution and sounds. Come see which opinions you disagree with. **\$14.95**



HOT DAMN & HELL YEAH: 10th Anniversary 60 new recipes plus all of the Southern and Southwestern classics made vegan that you know and eat up! **\$10.95**

...or **SUBSCRIBE TO EVERYTHING WE PUBLISH!**

Do you love what Microcosm publishes? Do you want us to publish more great stuff? Would you like to receive each new title as it's published? Subscribe as a BFF to our new titles and we'll mail them all to you as they are released! \$10-30/mo, pay what you can afford. Include your t-shirt size and birthday for a surprise!

microcosmpublishing.com/bff



MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM

enter "Razorcake Sent Me," for free books and cool shit.

I love scary movies. I watch them all the time by myself home alone. I really want to make a scary movie that involves queer people and black people.

concern and I donated my binders—just trying to get that away from me—gave some of them to my roommate.

But now I started using the men's bathroom. Usually, though, I'll hold it in because I'm too scared. I don't want to go to either one. I really have to muster up so much courage to walk into the men's room. I'll go in and I don't look anyone in the eye—I guess no one really does that anyway—but I wouldn't know because I never look up. I'm just looking at my feet and trying to walk towards the stall, and I get scared. I'm terrified the entire time I'm in there because it's obvious I'm sitting down and peeing, what if somebody notices that and is like, "You're a girl!" or "What kind of man sits down to pee?" I'm thinking all of these things

when all I want to do is pee, wash my hands, and go. I wish it was that easy. I know they have stand-to-pee devices. I don't really see myself using those, but I don't know, maybe I'll start someday or use them occasionally, I don't know. There's dysphoria in that.

Susan: Do you have any other ways of conveying your experience besides through music or through interviews?

Mars: I've been dabbling with video. I've always been really intimidated by video, so I've been really slow on actually writing the ideas down, working on them and making them come to life, but I have some ideas. I'm in the middle of a video right now. It's for this queer performance art thing that Aye Nako is doing next month. It's mostly video of my mom that I shot just a few months

ago when I was visiting. We're performing a live score to go with the video, which is something I've never done before, none of us have, but I want to do more video work 'cause it's really fun.

I feel like I've learned a lot putting this video together and—maybe sort of jokingly but I also really want to do this—I really want to make a black zombie movie. I love scary movies. I watch them all the time by myself home alone because that's when they're the best, when you can be the most scared. But yeah, I really want to make a scary movie that involves queer people and black people, and I don't know how to make it happen yet, but that is one of my grand ideas. [laughs]



JOE MCCANN



NAME:

Sadie

M

i

t

H



TARRYN BIELOH

(PEEPLER WATCHIN', G.L.O.S.S.)

LOCATION: OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON

Sadie Smith has created a powerful outlet for her experiences as the outspoken lead singer and guitarist of Peeple Watchin'.

Her lyrics are stark and uncompromising, but the tunes are pure fun. And with her band of close friends, they create songs backed by crashing beats, rumbling bass lines, and celebratory guitar melodies. These songs make you want to dance, fight, mosh, hug, and push back against the forces that would otherwise keep her from expressing her truths.

Sadie also sings in the band G.L.O.S.S. and plays drums in Tankini. She helped create the Smash It Dead punk fest and has a mailorder cassette record label called Trashy Tapes, with releases from Tomboy, Nona, Parasol, Prank War, and Dead Uncles. She is also writing a zine, which will be required reading for any cis woman who wants to know how to be a true ally to her trans women friends.

Sadie and I talked about the aggressiveness of Boston, feminism, and the danger of compromising yourself for the sake of assimilation.

—Susan de Place

Photos by Tarryn Bieloh and Danielle Kordani
Layout by Eric Baskauskas



Wicked Loud and Tough

Susan: Were you born and raised in Massachusetts?

Sadie: Yeah, I was born and raised in Boston and been there pretty much my whole life. Peeple Watchin' came out here (Olympia) last year, and we were like, "Why don't we just move here?" 'Cause the three of us that moved—me, Vicky, and Jake—are all from the Boston area and had just been there forever. And we were like, "This seems like the most drastic kind of change we can make."

It's been good so far, I feel like my anxiety has plummeted and I just feel a lot better. When I lived in Boston I got harassed every day and there were multiple houses on my street that I didn't ever want to walk by that I had to walk by every day, and so many shitty things. And here—I mean, I've only been here for a month—but I've been harassed like twice and it was by the biggest wimps ever. [laughs] Didn't feel threatened at all. People seem to give less of a fuck about how you dress or how you look, or at least they don't tell you the same way. Maybe that's what it is.

Susan: What do you think you're going to miss most about Boston?

Sadie: Besides my friends? Fucked up, crazy punk shows. [laughs] The shows there are so wild, the fireworks—at the shows

I mean—people are just wasted maniacs. I miss how everyone's really straight up and give each other a lot of shit. I'm kind of used to people being abrasive, so it's a little bit different living here. When I was in Boston, I always thought of myself as kind of wimpy but everyone here seems to think I'm tough or hardened or something, which I don't feel like but... [laughs] My models for femininity in Boston—and Boston punk girls—is wicked loud and tough as fuck and beat people up and don't take any shit, so I think that's part of who I am.

Susan: You don't feel the need to tone it down at all though, do you?

Sadie: No, it's just interesting. It's just a different culture out here. Everyone's really *chill*. People don't give each other shit the same way. It seems like people are a lot more sweet and tender with each other, which is nice, but... I don't know. It's just different.

Susan: But it also makes me think about expectations for how girls are supposed to act. Girls are supposed to be sweet and nice. I don't know if that comes into play with it.

Sadie: Yeah, I've been thinking about that a lot recently just 'cause—as I was saying—my own girlfriends in Boston and punk girls in Boston, are super loud and abrasive and tough and are fuckin' wicked badass. So, to me, that is the type of girl that I want to be and what being a girl is, but I get how it's

confusing sometimes. There is all of that stuff tied up with feeling like you need to pass as more feminine and equating that with being quiet and meek and docile, and how acting like that usually makes me feel pretty bad. But also—in this twisted way—it makes me feel good because I know that people are perceiving me more the way that I partially want to be perceived—if that makes sense? It's all a big clusterfuck that I don't understand. [laughs]

Susan: What do you think it is about Boston that makes people so hostile?

Sadie: That's a good question. [laughs] I mean, when you say "people," do you mean everybody or just shitty people who verbally assault you on the street?

Susan: I guess I mean the shitty people. But their shittiness, I'm wondering if it comes from a larger cultural mindset that pervades the entire city.

Sadie: I just think it's a really conservative, puritanical kind of culture. Politically liberal, whatever that means—people vote Democrat, but [laughs] people themselves are super conservative. Homophobia is rampant. I guess I can't say exactly why it's so bad there, but that's what I grew up with so I just thought it was normal. To a certain extent it is normal unfortunately, but it's so different just being here. So I'm kind of like, "What the fuck was I doing there this whole time?"

As to why, in terms of people being hostile in general, the weather fucking sucks and rent is really expensive. Everything is really expensive, so everybody works like fifty hours a week, and everyone is a fucking alcoholic in Boston. [laughs] Everyone drinks a shit load and is angry and yells and works all the time and is still broke. It's bad news. But that's why the best punk bands come from there. [laughs]

Susan: How did you first get into punk?

Sadie: My brother was into British metal, Judas Priest and Iron Maiden and stuff like that. Somehow he got a Sex Pistols tape and there was this place, Mystery Train Records in Boston in Harvard Square. It's no longer there, but it was there when we were kids, and they always had a ton of bootleg VHSs. They had a *Target Video Sex Pistols* VHS, and I remember getting it. And before the actual concert there was all these ads and previews and shit for other Target Video releases. They had all this footage of the Crucifucks and MDC and Throbbing Gristle and Black Flag and shit like that and it was totally mind-blowing.

Susan: How did punk influence you in your early life, like as in your values and rebellion and things like that?

Sadie: I was a fuckin' dick in high school [laughs] just 'cause I felt like I was the only punk in school and I was like, "I'm the only one who gets it." You know, that whole thing. I obviously hated authority figures and was interested in political issues. More so, I don't know how much it informs me as much as I felt like a crazy, fucked up person with no idea what was going on. It's such a cliché, but it was the only thing that felt good or made sense. I sometimes still don't know why it's the only thing that feels good. [laughs] Something I've been thinking about recently is the androgyny of it and you get to alter your appearance a lot and wear really tight clothes and dye your hair and wear makeup and nail polish. I think when you're a kid—things are maybe starting to change a little bit now—but you don't really realize that being transgender is even an option, or even something that's a real thing that people do, or that people can be. And so you naturally do these other things in place of that. And I feel like that's kind of what punk was for me. Also it's, to a certain extent, this alternate dimension that you can change yourself in, and be yourself in, and explore yourself with, outside the constraints of what's expected of you.

Susan: How did you first start playing musical instruments?

Sadie: My mom tried to get me to play the piano and that didn't work. My brother played guitar and I started playing bass when I was thirteen or something, and he pretty much taught me everything. I then went to guitar and a little bit of drums, but mostly just my brother playing guitar and me being his little sibling that played bass along to his Iron Maiden solos and shit [laughs].

I Got a Good Song Out of It

Susan: On one of your songs, there's a line that says, "Mecca asked, 'Are you a boy or are you a girl?'" I said, "Girl, I'm a little bit of both." Was that an actual conversation you had, or where did that come from?

Sadie: That's from this song called "Dezlina." Jake and Vicky and I used to do volunteer childcare for this tenants' rights group in Boston called City Life. They had Tuesday meetings and they (Jake and Vicky) would do childcare for the children of the people at the meetings. We were taking care of kids between the ages of four and sixteen, all in this little room, and it was fuckin' awesome. The kids were so cool. We would watch movies or go to the park or play fuckin' weird games that they would make up. They would argue about shit.

There was this one girl who was super obsessed with One Direction and we would always try to get her into things besides One Direction. But there was this kid who was very clearly queer but didn't really know it, or knew it but was too young to really figure it out. And he had this alter ego that he would go into, and he would be like, "I'm a bad bitch!" and say all this shit about himself.

Sometimes I would go in there with a wig and makeup and stuff, and sometimes I wouldn't. And I think it was a little confusing to him. He would tell Jacob and Vicky that he wanted to talk to me, but whenever I was there he was really rude to me, and was all weird and wouldn't talk to me. And he obviously had a lot of curiosity about my gender.

There was also this girl who was really awesome. The kids would always be like, "Are you a boy or a girl?!" and I was like, "I'm a girl!" and they'd be like, "No, you're not!" I'd argue with them and say, "Yes, I am!" I'd keep saying I was and try to give it back to them and make them think about it. Explain to them that you can be whatever you want.

Yeah, so we were playing at the park one day and she was like, "Are you a boy or a girl?!" and I was like, "Well, I'm kind of both," you know, just trying to figure out how to explain that concept to a six- or seven-year-old. And we talked about it a little more. Then a week later the director of this place called Jake and they tried to get him to come to a meeting with her—without me—and he was obviously like, "Fuck that." And we agreed to go to this meeting together.

I was accused of blowing kisses at these teenage boys. Which obviously hadn't happened. It was very clearly this thing of these teenage boys didn't have any words around my gender, how to deal with me, and just kind of regurgitating all this shit about trans people or gay people being deceptive or predatory in some way. The other staff there, the older people, didn't question it at all and said all this shit to me like, "So and so told us that you said you were." They actually said this to me—that I was half man, half woman—which I started laughing at the meeting. It was so ridiculous. It just

made me sound like a mythical beast. But this woman said it with such a grave tone, like it was the most awful thing you could ever say to a child and they accused me; she was like, "You know, I just don't think it's appropriate for you to be sexual with these children," as if talking about that stuff is being sexual, you know?

So it was this whole thing and, anyway, we all stopped going to childcare. Jake and Vicky had been doing it for like five years up to that point and had to sever all those relationships with the kids. It's really hard. And they (City Life) wrote me some half-assed letter from the director, trying to smooth things over because I think they knew they fucked up, but I don't really feel there's a point to it. It's already kind of over for me. But, anyway, that's what that song's about. [laughs] It was definitely one of the most hurtful things that has happened to me, but I got a good song out of it. So fuck it.

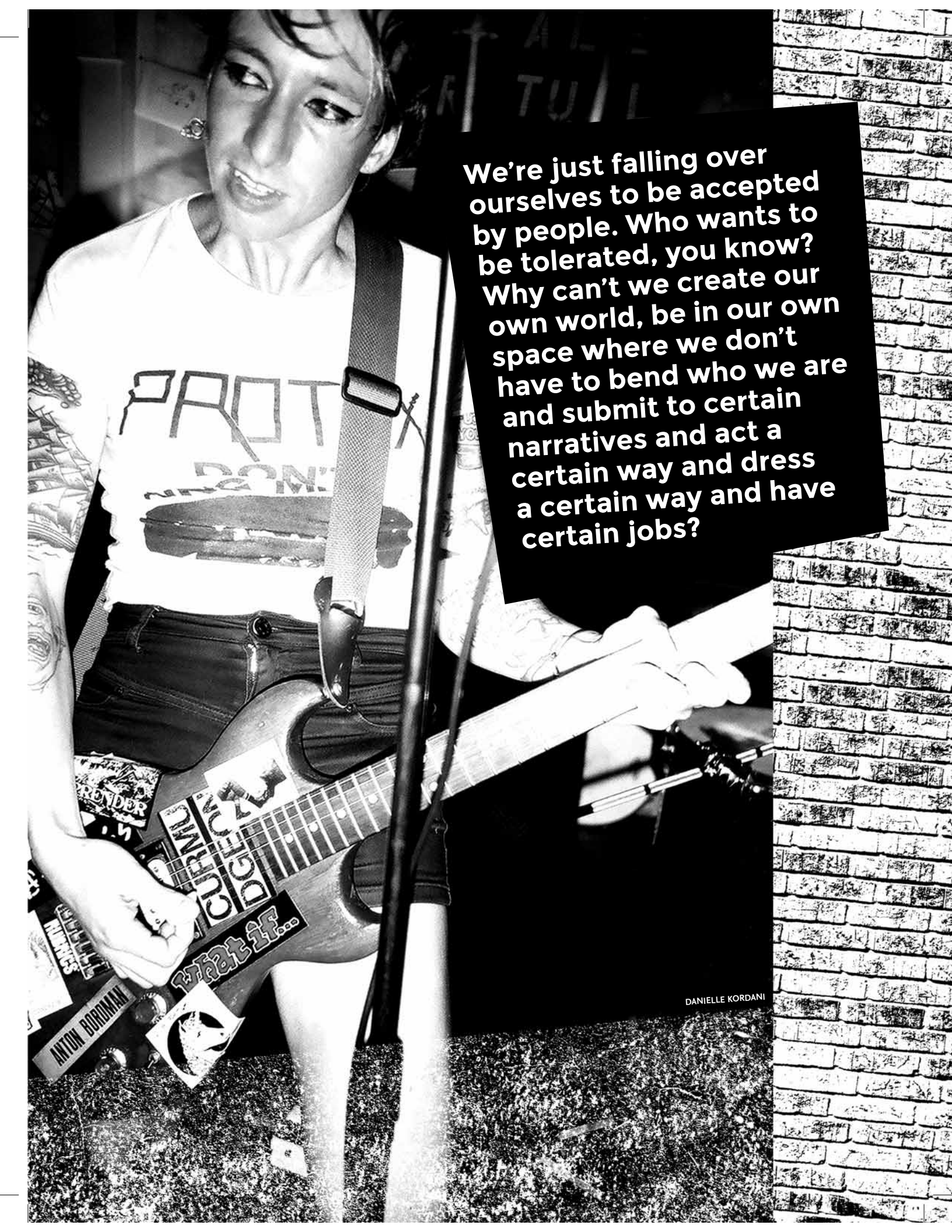
Susan: But with all of its troubles in Boston, I noticed that you did your best to try to create your own scene. For example, the Smash It Dead Fest.

Sadie: I would credit a lot of that to the band Parasol, which is Jake and Vicky's other band with Josh and Lily. They were one of the first queer punk bands that was doing anything that was active at all in Boston. Peeple Watchin' shortly followed. Then there was this band called Tomboy and a bunch of other bands.

Smash It Dead was a fest I helped start and worked on for the past four years. It's an annual two-day punk fest, with workshops and bands, that raises money for the Boston area rape crisis center. It took a couple years 'til we started to really get it right in terms of representation, but that has really helped foster more of a queer scene in Boston, bring queer bands to town, and let people network. I'm really self-deprecating so it's hard for me to say I did this thing that was good but I think we really did help change things there. I hope. Things are so much different than they were three years ago. Even just in general in the punk scene. Not even just like the queer punk scene; there's way more women in bands. Things are looking up, I think, in Boston.


Susan: Does Boston have a strong DIY punk culture in general?

Sadie: They always have. There's such a ridiculous history of punk and hardcore in Boston, and Boston house shows are such a thing—even though now in recent years cops have been cracking down a ton on house shows—and are totally in cahoots with the venues and shutting down so-called "illegitimate" shows or whatever. New houses pop up every month and there's always new places, new kids going off. You can't kill it. [laughs] There are so many awesome bands there right now like Saint Ripper, Leather Daddy, Sunshine Ward, and Discipline. Who Killed Spikey Jacket is awesome. Lots of awesome, rad bands. There's a lot of cool shit going on there.



**We're just falling over
ourselves to be accepted
by people. Who wants to
be tolerated, you know?
Why can't we create our
own world, be in our own
space where we don't
have to bend who we are
and submit to certain
narratives and act a
certain way and dress
a certain way and have
certain jobs?**

DANIELLE KORDANI



Someone once said
to me, "I was never in."
You're constantly
coming out all the time.

Assimilation and Erasure of People's Experiences

Susan: I gather you're a feminist

Sadie: Well, yeah. Yes.

Susan: So many women are reluctant to call themselves feminists. There's a lot of fighting between radical feminists and trans people.

Sadie: I don't believe in unity, necessarily. I definitely don't believe in tolerance. Radical feminists are almost more trans phobic than your average football fan. They're actively transphobic and transmisogynist. When I was first coming out, you stumble across that shit on the internet, and you're just like, "Ah!"

One of them was like, "pervert," "creep," everything that I feel is wrong and, "You're not a woman," and actually hate women and I'm trying to infiltrate women's space. It's just so bogus and not based on any kind of reality. It's super, super hurtful to trans women in that regard. Subsequently, all women.

It definitely sucks that a symptom of patriarchy is girl hate and girls getting into it with each other instead of taking it to people that deserve it. But on the same side of that, I think it's super important and valuable to have these kind of discussions within ourselves and it's really dangerous to give up the nuance of our identities to fly this female flag. I feel like that's how people get left behind historically. And that's assimilation and erasure of people's experiences and a symptom of Progress with a capital "P." It's really important to not fall into that, but I think it's way more complicated than that.

Susan: Trans people have been getting a lot of press in the mainstream media, but it seems that you're so busy creating your own world and scene. Does that mainstream pop culture even come across your radar or affect your daily life at all?

Sadie: It definitely does. Before, the only trans people we saw were serial killers and rapists and punchlines of jokes. And we still see this, but then we also see the trope of the hypermedicalized trans woman waiting to get genital reassignment surgery, or the reality show version of being transgender where it's this physical process where you start as one thing and become another thing. There's a lot of pressure to be authentic, which is tied up in physical transition and the male gaze—the cis gaze—according to some people's ideas of what it is to be transgender and what transitioning is.

We traded one set of tropes for another, and maybe it's a slight upgrade, but there are so many different kinds of queer people. There are more visible people, and it's affected me in that I don't get asked the same stupid questions all the time. The general populace's level of understanding about really, really basic 101 transgender shit is light years beyond what it was even like five years ago. I think that's definitely affected my life in a good way, but it's this tradeoff.

Also, I'm *not* like your average trans woman. I'm a punk and I'm a freak and that's just part of who I am. I don't want to be this stealth woman. I'm not ashamed of being

trans. I don't want to pass as a cis woman. I'm a trans woman and I'm fine with that. I like the way that I look and there's also things I don't like about my body, like any woman. But I also love my body and who I am and I'm super skeptical of the supposed benefits of conformity and all this shit with people being like, "Trans people need to be allowed in the military." Queer people should want to end the military, fight against the military, fight against marriage and marriage equality—all of these systems that ultimately oppress us, but now we're just down for inclusion.

And I think it's important to actively exclude ourselves from their world. At this point in LGBT history, we're just falling over ourselves to be accepted by people. Who wants to be tolerated, you know? I didn't think about wanting to be accepted. Why can't we create our own world, be in our own space where we don't have to bend who we are and submit to certain narratives and act a certain way and dress a certain way and have certain jobs? That's what queer punk is all about, trying to create even this tiny space where we can be free of a lot of constraints.

Susan: Mainstream culture sees the word trans as meaning transforming from one side of the binary to the other, rather than transcending the whole idea of gender altogether.

Sadie: I like gender. I'm not trying to transcend gender either, but I think that transition is a misnomer in that I'm not transitioning from male to female. I was told I was male by a doctor and by my parents and by society. If anything, I'm transitioning to a mindset of understanding who I am, and it's not that I was this different person before and now I'm this other person.

It's like, now I have the understanding and strength to realize who I am and claim who I am and reclaim my body and my identity and it's really more about stripping away masculinity that's been imposed on me, and stripping away other people's expectations of me. Stripping away all the things that people have told me that I am just to get to the core of who I actually am. So it's much less of adding things on to yourself to become someone else. It's really just taking away other people's fucked up reflections of who they want you to be.

Susan: Do you think punk has helped you in that way? Does it help you have a clearer sense of who you are?

Sadie: It showed me from a young age that I could think for myself and that there was always another side to things. It gave me a place where there were other freaks [laughs] to hang out with. But I think maybe the downside of it is that it can be—especially when you're younger and don't really know what's out there and just take what you can get—it can be a super-masculine, macho scene and space that can reinforce your own burial of your femininity, and transfemininity specifically.

But that said, the whole culture is misogynist to begin with, so it's a smaller version of that. And compared to mainstream culture, it's much, much less sexist and

misogynist even though that shit plays out everywhere. At least there's some wiggle room in punk, growing up as someone who is socialized at all. There are women in bands and people singing about sexism and you can wear whatever clothes you want. And it set the stage for a better understanding of feminism later in life, for me at least. It's a foundation for critical thought.

Susan: Now that you're in the process of coming out, and you're getting to know yourself better, what aspect of yourself that you had to keep down do you enjoy expressing the most?

Sadie: To go back to coming out, I think it's a tricky term. Not relevant to trans people the same way as gay people. Someone once said to me, "I was never in." You're constantly coming out all the time. I think that at least coming out to myself, that's a real thing, and I would say things I enjoy now would just be like, wearing skirts and certain clothes and doing my makeup and doing my hair or getting a fuckin' manicure or whatever, and feeling good about it and letting it make me feel good about myself rather than feeling ashamed and wrong about it, you know?

It's a Pretty Romantic Thing

Susan: What in life gives you joy?

Sadie: I view myself as negative. I think being negative is important. There's a lot to be negative about. I'm not posi in any way, but things that bring me joy? Friends and interpersonal relationships, sitting around listening to records all day and rediscovering old records, getting turned on to new bands, going to shows, watching my friends play music. I think playing music is the one thing that consistently brought me intense, good feelings in my life.

What else brings me joy? Fuck. It's been really nice in *Peeples Watchin'* a lot of times when trans people and younger trans women have told me how important the band is to them. That really makes me happy. Joy is such a crazy word. Joy is pretty rare in this world. I saw this band *Bricklayer* the other day and I moshed really hard. I think that brought me joy. *Region Rock* brings me joy. *Eric Nelson* bands bring me joy. *Boston punk* shows. *Olympia punk* is going to bring me joy, but I think *Boston punk* has brought me a lot of joy. I did a band called *Baja Blatz* that was this short-lived band over the summer that was such a fucking awesome experience. Other people in the band were so cool. Our singer, Jen, it was her first band and it was so awesome to see her go crazy and get really into it. That brought me a lot of joy. I don't know; the word joy makes me think of a yoga pamphlet or something.

Susan: Is this what you dreamed you'd be doing when you were ten years old?

Sadie: I was ten years old when I first heard *Green Day*. I remember being ten and really, really wanting to dye my hair and my mom was like, "You have to wait 'til you're thirteen!" [laughs] And I always wanted to play music, specifically punk or rock of some kind, and tour and put out records.

So, yeah. I think I'm living the dream. I was talking to my friend Jeff from *Sharkpact* about this the other day. How we get so down on ourselves, especially in the radical community or the punk community or the queer community. We're just hyper-critical and are always analyzing stuff we've said and done, and we tend to have really low self-esteem and sometimes you step back and go, "I've done so much crazy shit in twenty-eight years," that most people who just work nine to five and have a house and retire, they haven't even done that much stuff, you know?

I don't want to be counting money and property and stuff at the end of my life. I want to be counting experiences and friends [laughs]. And I think punks do a really good job living their lives fully, but they don't always give themselves credit for it. 'Cause it's not always pretty. It's wild how many people I know and friendships I have and relationships—really special things that have come out of just touring and finding other people that have that same connection to music and that feel fucked up inside and don't always know why. It's a pretty romantic thing.

Susan: What other ways do you think of conveying your experiences besides music?

Sadie: I started writing a mini-zine. It's a little primer for cis women from a trans woman. Things not to say or do to your trans women friends and here's why. I've also been super obsessed with cut-and-paste art and making flyers by hand. The feeling is similar to writing a song or playing music to me, this kind of weird meditative thing where you just kind of go with it. I never revise flyers or posters or anything. I just see what I come up with. I'm really into that visual punk aesthetic, high-contrast flyer making.

I've been told that I should write a book, like a novel, which is horribly daunting, but I think that I would like to write a book someday. I've been super inspired in the past couple of years by *Topside Press*, which is this publishing house out of New York. All the authors they've published are trans women. Like *Imogen Binnie*, who writes for *MRR* (*Maximum RocknRoll*). She wrote this incredible book called *Nevada* and *Casey Plett* wrote an incredible book of short stories. These are both books by trans women about trans women characters intended to be read by trans women, so seeing that that can be done and getting so much out of reading those books made me be like, "Hey, I could write a book." If I live long enough I'll probably write a book. [laughs] I always think I could just fucking die any day. I think you can maybe hear in my music sometimes the bleakness of some of the songs. I definitely have this weird preoccupation with thinking that I'm going to die. But, anyway, I don't want to be too dark [laughs].

Susan: I mean, I could tell that. There's jumping off bridges or pills and things like that. It is obvious. But on the other hand, the song "*Peeples Watchin'*" from your demo has this sense of playfulness to it.



Visit **GAINESVILLE**



FEST 14



LAGWAGON

DESAPARECIDOS

THE MENZINGERS

MUSTARD PLUG

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS

TEENAGE BOTTLE ROCKET

ME WITHOUT YOU

MODERN BASEBALL

BIG WIG

350+ BANDS

Riverboat Gamblers / Masked Intruder / The Hotelier / Chumped / The Sidekicks / Elway / Pianos Become the Teeth / Tim Barry / Defiance, Ohio / Mikey Erg / Chris Gethard (Comedy) / Somos / Pentimento / Iron Reagan / Night Birds / Restorations / Young Widows / Banner Pilot / Copyrights / PUP / Beach Slang / FOXING / Jeff Rosenstock / Drug Church / Signals Midwest / The City On Film (Full Band) / Crusades / Kepi Ghoulie / Tiltwheel / Sonic Avenues / Chris Farren / Annabel / Heartsounds / Timeshares / Prawn / Great Cynics (UK) / Old Flings / The Murderburgers (DE) / Banquets / Frameworks / We Are The Union / Spraynard / Crocodiles / Look Mexico / Blacklist Royals / Direct Hit / Arms Aloft

OCT 30 - NOV 1 * GAINESVILLE, FL

6131

Bands on Budget



MERCHLINE



CHRISSE SCELSI
ENTERTAINMENT AND NEW MEDIA LAW



***jakprints**

6DOLLARSHIRTS.COM



RAZORCAKE
SWEETWATER

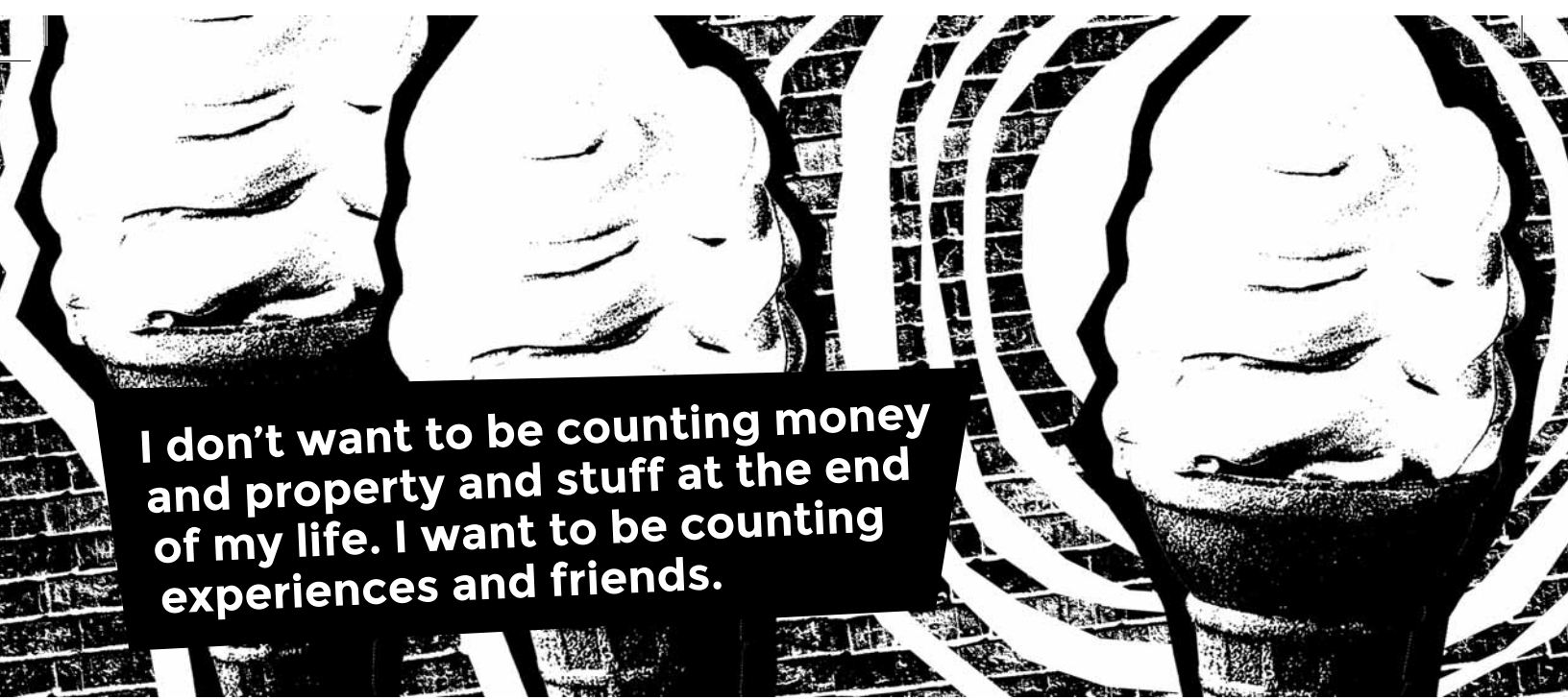
THEFESTFL.COM



ROCKET FUEL
PUNK - SKA - INDIE



RICE AND BREAD



I don't want to be counting money and property and stuff at the end of my life. I want to be counting experiences and friends.

Sadie: I know, and I love that. Sometimes I wish... I'm like, "Oh, we got really serious somewhere," and I don't want to lose that sense of playfulness. We're often playful at shows and we're definitely playful people. But somehow People Watchin' became this vessel for really intense shit, and I think it started on the tail end of the Credentials.

We were about to break up and I had these songs kicking around that were more riff oriented that never would have flown with the people in the Credentials. So it (People Watchin') started as this fun side project band that we didn't take seriously, where we could cut loose and be silly. When it then became my main outlet, I just dumped everything else into it. But, I always wanted to retain that playfulness.

I'm pretty obsessed with The Replacements. They're definitely my favorite band and I feel like bands get compared to them a lot and it's almost never accurate because most of the bands that get compared to them don't have that sense of playfulness that makes that band so special. How they could just have "I Will Dare" and "Sixteen Blue" on the same record as "Gary's Got a Boner," and it doesn't seem to matter. I *wish* I could be as playful as that all the time, but maybe I'm just a fuckin' sourpuss. We have a song on this split with Babe Quest from Minneapolis, called "Queers from Outer Space" that is a little bit playful.

Susan: Do you have any associations with the mainstream LGBTQ community at all?

Sadie: Honestly, I don't think so. I don't go to any of their events and they don't go to mine. And most mainstream HRC (Human Rights Campaign) and non-profits like that have historically pushed trans people to the side in order to put forward marriage equality and cis gay issues that are more palatable for the American public. Kind of throwing trans people under the bus, so I don't really fuck with that. I have some mainstream gay

friends. But gay norms, that's a real thing. It's norms, then there's gay norms.

Susan: The mainstream media, the trans people that they are focusing on are the rich ones, the famous ones. Is it a classist approach? What do you think is more important to focus on?

Sadie: Trans women are super lucky to have Laverne Cox and Janet Mock be the most vocal, getting the most mainstream media attention. They're both super intelligent, informed, articulate, pretty brilliant trans women of color from working class backgrounds. That's not what most LGBT public figures have been historically, so that's really cool. But there's still that narrative of, "I was three and I played with Barbies and then one day I realized I was a woman and I went to Thailand and got the surgery and now I'm this really different person." It's hard to be a trans woman. There's so much pressure to be that way.

It's almost like acceptance has made it harder because rather than just being this freak that nobody understands, they now think that they understand you and if you still don't fit into what their understanding is, then you're twice the freak that you were before. It's the same thing gay marriage did to gay people. It's like, "Oh, they're just like us. They want to get married and have kids," and now if you're a gay person who's really promiscuous and wants to have multiple partners, or wants to be polyamorous, you're shit on by mainstream gays because you're hurting their image.

Back in Boston we were at the thrift store one day. We found this VHS from 1990 or 1991 that was by some gay group about the onset of HIV and AIDS, and there was this cool, crazy preamble to it where this dude was talking to the camera about how marriage is this screwed up institution and gays have their own system and their own relationships. The idea of marriage equality didn't even enter into the picture at all and

it was so much more radical than that. If you look at videos from even the '70s and '80s, you see all these signs for gay power and gay liberation and everything was much more aggressive. Now it's just gay marriage and gay pride. But what does that even mean? What is LGBT pride when what it means to be LGBT now is just get married and join the military and be like straight people? We totally eviscerated our culture so that we can fit in. There's nothing to be proud of there.

Susan: Like when punk got picked up by the corporate media.

Sadie: There's definitely some similarities there.

Susan: What issues do you think are more urgent?

Sadie: The murders of trans women, specifically trans women of color, is an epidemic. That doesn't really get attention and that isn't prioritized at all. There's millions and millions of dollars spent campaigning for marriage equality and there's people dying in the streets all the time. There's tons of homeless queer youth and homeless queer elders too. HIV prevention, healthcare—healthcare that isn't predicated on you being fucking gay and married—but universal health care. All these things affect queer people way more fundamentally than marriage.

Susan: Job discrimination is another important one

Sadie: Absolutely. There's so many things and now it's become this catch-all where it's like, "Once you get married, then you can gain access to these privileges that other people have," but we should be fighting for everyone to have those privileges regardless of the structure of their family as sanctioned by the state.

GLOSSARY

Trans/Transgender: When a person's own gender identity does not match the gender assigned at birth.

A few points to remember when using this term:

- Trans/transgender is an adjective, not a noun. It is not correct to say that a person is "a transgender" or that people are "transgenders." The correct form is "transgender person" or "transgender people"; "transgender woman," which can be abbreviated to "trans woman"; "transgender man," which can be abbreviated to "trans man."

- Do not add "ed" to the end of the word. You would not say that a person is a "transgendered man" or a "transgendered woman."

More important points:

- Gender identity is not defined by sexual preference; do not conflate these two concepts.

- It is also incorrect to define a person by the genitals they have and/or whether gender reassignment surgery has occurred. It is never right to ask about this. This is why the term transsexual is no longer proper to use, because the discussion goes beyond the physical and sexual and has more to do with a person's self-identity.

- Transvestite or cross-dresser is also incorrect to use in this context because simply wearing the clothes of the gender opposite to the gender assigned at birth does not mean that one is choosing to live as a transgender person. This is also why drag queen or drag king is not appropriate here, because in that context, it is usually performance based.

- Never use the word "tranny." It is offensive.

Cis/Cisgender: When a person's own gender identity matches the gender assigned at birth.

This word is not a slur or an insult. It is simply an antonym to trans, used to describe someone who is not trans.

Transitioning: The process of aligning one's gender presentation with one's gender self-identification. This does not always involve gender reassignment surgery or hormone therapy. It might include informing one's friends, family, and workplace along with the change of legal documents.

Keep in mind that the process is different for all individuals and does not occur on a specific timeline, or as a specific sequence of actions.

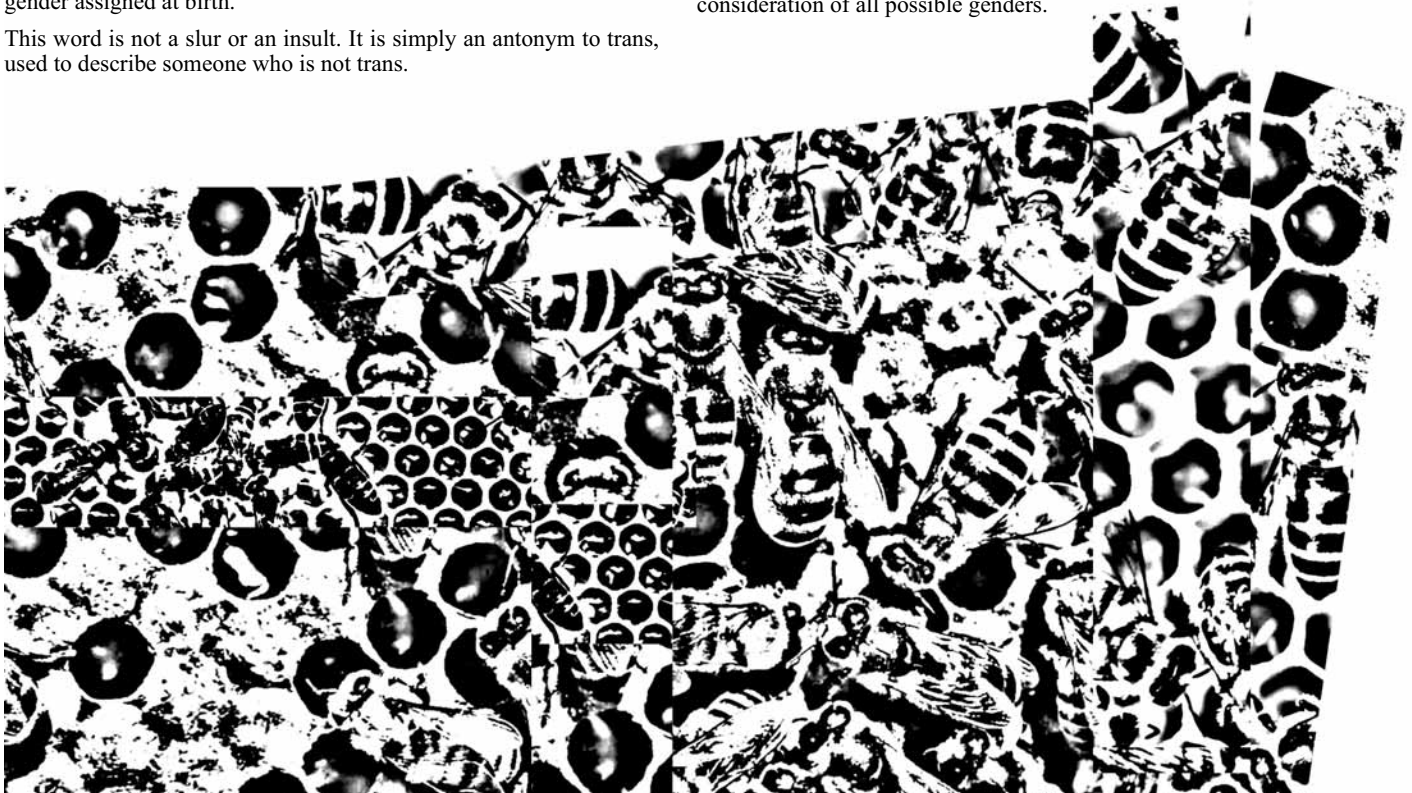
The term "sex change" is no longer acceptable.

Queer: Once a derogatory term, it has now been readopted as a form of self-identification, though some still feel uncomfortable with the use of the word. For those who do use it as a self-descriptor, it can encompass many different identities: gay, lesbian, transgender, bisexual, even heterosexual people who do not conform to cultural norms of monogamy. It can also be seen as a political statement, connoting non-identification with mainstream LGBT norms.

Genderqueer: When a person's gender identity does not fit the gender binary of the labels man or woman, whether identifying as two or more genders, without a gender, genderfluid (when gender presentation or pronoun can change depending on situation or mood), overlapping genders, etc. Sometimes gender neutral pronouns are preferred such as "they" or "them."

Non-binary: When a person's gender identity does not fit the gender binary of the labels man or woman. Non-binary is considered to be a less political term than "genderqueer" and is sometimes used by those who are uncomfortable with the word "queer," due to the fact that it was once a derogatory term.

Pan/pangender: When a person does not self-identify with either the female or male gender, but rather as all genders. Pangender is not the same as pansexual, because it concerns gender identity rather than sexual orientation. Some consider this term problematic because there are gender identities that are also cultural (for example the Native American Two-Spirit or the South Asian Indian hijra), so one cannot claim to be of all genders if they cannot rightfully claim to be of an ethnic gender as well; to do so is either appropriation or an incomplete consideration of all possible genders.



Dysphoria/Gender Dysphoria: The distress felt when one's own gender identity does not match the gender assigned at birth and/or one's physical characteristics.

As a medical diagnosis, it has replaced the term "gender identity disorder" to make clear that dysphoria is not itself a disorder or a dysfunction. Rather, it is the social stress, anxiety, and depression that may result and can be treated.

Presenting: The outward expression of gender through clothing, speech, behavior, appearance, etc.

Intersectionality: A term coined by law professor Kimberlé Crenshaw referring to the intersection of different social identities, including gender, race, class, and sexual orientation, that overlap to create multi-dimensional forms of disadvantage. For example, the experience of an Asian lesbian woman will be different from the experience of a heterosexual white woman in our society due to various social norms.

Tokenizing: Reducing a person to a symbol or representative of an entire social group, usually to give the appearance of diversity where it doesn't actually occur. A tokenized person is seen as different from the dominant group and expected to act in a way that reinforces their otherness and the norms of the dominant group.

Masculine of Center: A phrase created by B. Cole of the Brown Boi Project which describes a woman who does not identify entirely as a man, but does lean toward the masculine side of gender identity and presentation.

Regarding pronouns and pronoun usage:

Please respect a person's preferred pronoun. Using a pronoun different from the preferred pronoun shows disrespect for a person's identity. Do not complain that it is too difficult to remember what to use. If you make a mistake or if you are corrected, do not over-apologize. Just be aware and be sure to use the correct pronoun next time.

If you are not sure what pronoun to use, consider which gender the person identifies with or is presenting. However, that may not always suffice because some people may not relate to the gender binary and instead use a pronoun such as "they" or "them" as a singular pronoun, or a gender neutral pronoun such as "hir" or "ze." These are just a few examples and may not be the preferred pronouns of all transgender people.

If you are completely unsure and must ask, please do so in a polite way. Don't be awkward about it and don't have it be the first thing you say to a person as in, "Hi, nice to meet you. Which pronoun do you prefer?" Don't overcompensate. Let respect and good manners be your guides.

SUGGESTED READING

S. Bear Bergman, *The Nearest Exit May Be Behind You*

S. Bear Bergman, *Blood, Marriage, Wine, and Glitter*

Imogen Binnie, *Nevada*

Kate Bornstein, *A Queer and Pleasant Danger: A Memoir*

Jennifer Finney Boylan, *She's Not There: A Life in Two Genders*

Laura Erickson-Schroth, ed., *Trans Bodies, Trans Selves: A Resource for the Transgender Community*

J. Jack Halberstam, *Gaga Feminism: Sex, Gender, and the End of Normal*

J. Jack Halberstam, *The Queer Art of Failure*

Sybil Lamb, *I've Got a Timebomb*

Ursula K. LeGuin, *The Left Hand of Darkness*

Janet Mock, *Redefining Realness: My Path to Womanhood, Identity, Love and So Much More*

Dean Spade, *Normal Life: Administrative Violence, Critical Trans Politics, and the Limits of Law*

Joey L. Mogul, ed., *Queer (In)Justice: The Criminalization of LGBT People in the United States*

Casey Plett, *A Safe Girl to Love*

Nelly Richard, *Masculine/Feminine: Practices of Difference(s)*

Julia Serrano, *Excluded: Making Feminist and Queer Movements More Inclusive*

Julia Serrano, *Whipping Girl: A Transsexual Woman on Sexism and the Scapegoating of Femininity*

Eric A. Stanley, ed., *Captive Genders: Trans Embodiment and the Prison Industrial Complex*

Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore, ed., *Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity*

TOP FIVES

RAZORCAKE



Adam Bowers

- Beach Slang's cover of "Love My Way"
- Hurry, Self-titled
- Walleater, Self-titled
- Turnover, *Magnolia*
- Norm MacDonald podcasts

Art Ettinger

- The Traditionals, *Tried & True* CD
- Peripherique Est, *Ring Est* 12" EP
- Violent Femmes, *Happy New Year* 12" EP
- BOATS!, *Black and White* LP
- Pale Angels, *Imaginary People* LP

Andy Garcia

1. Strangers, demo CS
2. Lenguas Largas, *Come on In* CS
3. Blank Spell, demo CS
4. Stupid Life, *Ruff, Raw, Relaxed* CS
5. Red Dons and TV Smith, *A Vote for the Unknown* 7"

Chad Williams

Top 5 Contributions from David Jones and Heiko Schrepel, Two Friends and Bay Area Punks Who Left This Earth Recently, and Way Too Fucking Soon.

1. David (Enemy You) welcoming me into the Bay Area scene fifteen years ago and being the first really friendly face I'd see at shows after moving to SF from SoCal.
2. Heiko's (One Man Army / Re-Volts / United Blood) infectious

gold-toothed smile, reminding you that you're at a great fucking punk show, so enjoy yourself!

3. One Man Army, *Rumors and Headlines*: Their masterpiece with Heiko locking down the bass, not to mention his magnetic stage presence. A true punk.

4. Enemy You, *Stories Never Told*: Truly underrated band and record; David's songs and lyrics are important to a lot of people, including me.

5. Both Enemy You and One Man Army contributed amazing 7"s to the 2001 Fat Club series. "Kind Hearts" and "Victoria" are two incredible songs. David and Heiko, Rest In Peace.

Chris Mason

1. Sheer Mag, live and 7"
2. Hex Dispensers, live
3. G.L.O.S.S., demo and live
4. Broken Prayer, *Misanthropocentric AKA Droid's Blood* LP
5. Steel Chains, demo

Craven Rock

1. Making homemade kombucha
2. At The Gates and Converge at Showbox Theater
3. Hollow Earth Radio's Magma Fest with Pastel Ghost, Justin Medina, Golden Gardens, Nightspace, Silm, Sic Ill, LH 2020
4. Jet City Improv's short form show
5. *Killer of Sheep* (movie)

Designated Dale

- Top 5 Rock Docs*
1. *Looking For Johnny: The Legend of Johnny Thunders*

2. *Filmage: The Story of Descendents/ALL*
3. *Beware of Mr. Baker*
4. *End of the Century: The Story of the Ramones*
5. Lemmy: 49% *Motherfucker*, 51% *Son of a Bitch*

Daryl Gussin

- Badlands, *Dark Dreams* 7"
- Sivle Si Dog, *Concussion* CDEP
- Miscalculations, *A View for Glass Eyes* LP, tie with Pale Angels, *Imaginary People* LP, tie with Dark Ages, *Vapor* LP
- *Tear A Cognita #01: Salt Lake City, Utah*
- Bone Dust

Eric Baskauskas

- Torche, *Restarter* and live at The Empty Bottle, Chicago
- Swami John Reis And The Blind Shake, *Modern Surf Classics* and live at The Empty Bottle
- Gas Rag, *On the Beach* 7"
- Gay Kiss, *Preservation Measures*
- Broken Prayer, *Misanthropocentric AKA Droid's Blood*

Evan Wolff

- Tenement, new tour tape
- Day Creeper, "Central States"
- Screaming Females, "Rose Mountain"
- Nervosas, yet to come out new record
- Shellshag, yet to come out new record

George Rager

- Top 5 Things That Are Keeping Me Sane Right Now*
1. Daylight Robbery
 2. Bigfoot documentaries

3. New bike
4. Writing an album
5. Debunking right-wing media

Jennifer Federico

Top 5 Bike Songs

- Arrivals, "Simple Pleasures in America"
- Be Your Own Pet, "Bicycle Bicycle You Are My Bicycle"
- Queen, "Bicycle Race"
- This Bike is a Pipe Bomb, "Murder Bike"
- Zegota, "Bike Song"

Jimmy Alvarado's

Five Things I've Listened to in the Past 24 Hours

- Population, *Beyond the Pale* LP (great modern gloom)
- Death In June, *The Guilty Have No Pride* LP (dovetailed nicely with the preceding album)
- DiE, *Vexed* EP (wild U.K. hardcore; thanks, *Artcore* fanzine, for the heads up)
- The Last, "She Don't Know Why I'm Here" single (both the last truly phenomenal psych single and one of the best of the first L.A. punk singles, pre-1980)
- Coil, *The Ape of Naples* CD (the final album from a seminal industrial outfit)

John Mule

1. Zack Zack, *Wir Haben Zeit*
2. Mommy Long Legs, *Life Rips*
3. The return of Dodger baseball
4. Modern Action, "Where the Girls Are"
5. Randy Newman, "I Love L.A." (Opening day win!)

Juan Espinosa

- Wymyns Prysyn, *Head In a Vise* LP, tie with GG King, *Unending Darkness* LP
- TRTRKMMR, *Avec la Souillure Nous Entrons au Règne de la Terreur* LP, tie with Nudity, *Astronomicon* LP

David and Heiko, Rest In Peace.

- Various, *Hardcore Gimme Some More 7"*
- Who Killed Spikey Jacket?, live at Space Forty Two
- Treasure Fleet, Lenguas Largas, Underground Railroad To Candyland, and Audacity, live at Non Plus Ultra

Kayla Greet

1. *Anxious and Angry* podcast
2. Murmurs *Bound* record release show at Black Lodge
3. Low Culture, Needles/Pins, Dead Bars at The Narwhal
4. Hex Dispensers, Bad Future, Therman Shanks at Victory Lounge
5. My house becoming the Reagan Youth Hostel for a weekend

Kevin Dunn

1. The Bomb, *Axis of Awesome* EP
2. The Buzzcocks, *The Way* LP
3. Hysterese, Self-titled LP
4. Feral Trash, *Trashfiction* LP
5. *Deflowered: My Life in Pansy Division* by Jon Ginoli (book)

Kurt Morris

1. Miles Davis, *Milestones*
2. John Coltrane, *Giant Steps*
3. John Coltrane, *A Love Supreme*
4. Julie Doiron And The Wooden Stars, Self-titled
5. Cursive, *The Ugly Organ*

Mark Twistworthy

- Yes, I'm Leaving, *Slow Release* LP and live
- Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments, *Straight to Video* LP
- The Bomb, *Axis of Awesome 12"*
- Mean Jeans, *Singles* LP
- Torche, *Restarter* LP

Matt Werts

- The Coneheads, *LP1*
- Cate Le Bon, *Mug Museum*
- Kendrick Lamar, *To Pimp a Butterfly*
- Ricky Eat Acid, *Seeing Little Ghosts Everywhere*
- Various Artists, *You Can't Kill a Corpse!!*

Mike Frame

1. Descendents, *Filmage* (movie)
2. Sleater Kinney, *No Cities to Love* CD
3. Michelle Tea, *How to Grow Up* (book)
4. Promise, Self-titled LP reissue
5. Hot Knives, Self-titled LP reissue

Patrick Houdek

1. The Mons, *Untitled (In the Original It's Red)* LP
2. Off With Their Heads and PEARS, live at Brauerhouse, Lombard, IL
3. Melanie Ramsey and Donald Murphy wedding, Chicago, IL
4. Teenage Bottlerocket and PEARS, live at Aggie Theatre, Fort Collins, CO
5. Dethwarrant, *Dethwarrant II* LP

Paul Silver

1. Success, *Radio Recovery* LP
2. Lenguas Largas, URTC, robot (re)pair, John Denver's Last Flight, Detached Objects, Japanese Monsters at Yucca Tap Room Tempe, AZ
3. Caskitt, *This Machine Kills Sadness* LP
4. Masked Intruder, Success, Caskitt at Soda Bar, San Diego
5. Retox, Whores, Ghetto Blaster at The Casbah, San Diego

Rene Navarro

1. Bird Strike as an entity, a group of people—Bird Brothers and Sisters; different feathers sticking together.
2. Charles Bradley, *No Time for Dreaming* LP
3. Badlands, *Dark Dreams 7"*
4. Handski at The Wulf Den
5. Bone Dust in all his artistic endeavors.

Replay Dave

- Thunderclap, *The Moon Leads* LP
- Swami Jon Reis And The Blind Shake, *Modern Surf Classics* LP
- The Bomb, *Axis of Awesome 12"*
- Torche, *Restarter* LP
- War On Women, Self-titled LP

Rev. Nørh

- The Sonics, *This Is the Sonics* LP
- Barreracudas, *Promises, Promises 45*
- Fashionism, *Smash the State (with Your Face)* 45
- Urinals, *Next Year at Marienbad* CD
- Last Sons Of Krypton, *Teenage Trash* LP

Rich Cocksedge

- La Urss, *Maravillas del Mundo* LP
- Boss Tuneage's remastered reissues by Doctor Bison and The Jones
- War On Women, Self-titled LP
- Live performances by Stiff Little Fingers and Pears
- Jim Ruland's book, *Forest of Fortune*

Sal Lucci

1. El Barrio, *Bad Boogaloo* CD
2. Hierophants 7"
3. Vatican Dagger 7"
4. John Wesley Coleman, "I Feel Like a Sad Clown" b/w "I Found a Home" 7"
5. Stevens 7"

Sean Arenas

- Fellow Project, *Basic Axemanship 10"*
- The Coltranes, *The Cat of Nine Tails 7"*
- War On Women, Self-titled LP
- *The Last Pogo Jumps Again* DVD
- Colleen Green, *I Want to Grow Up* CD

Sean Koepenick

- Best Lesser-Known Naked Raygun-Related Side Projects*
- 1. Arsenal
- 2. Pailhead
- 3. DV8
- 4. The Tarts
- 5. Condor

Stephen Hart

- New Faith No More songs
- The written works of James Baldwin
- Miles Davis, *Big Fun*
- The Iconoclast playing again
- Swans, *To Be Kind*

Susan de Place

1. N.W.A.
2. Wu-Tang Clan
3. Notorious B.I.G.
4. Salt-N-Pepa
5. Gucci Mane

Toby Tober

- Top 5 Movies I Have Recently Enjoyed*
- 1. *Code Black*
- 2. *A Girl Walks Home Alone at Night*
- 3. *Mommy*
- 4. *Wild Tales*
- 5. *Hits*

Todd Taylor

- Tenement, *Bruised Music, Volume One* LP
- Badlands, *Dark Dreams 7"*
- *Dragon's Breath* by MariNaomi (book) tie *This Is Not a Camera* by Jim Ruland (zine)
- The Creeps, *Eulogies* LP
- Angry and Anxious podcast
- *Tear A Cognita #01: Salt Lake City, Utah*

Tommy Vandervort

1. Meatwave, *Brother* LP
2. Off With Their Heads, PEARS, The Timmy's, at The Firehouse, Normal, IL
3. The Brokedowns, Canadian Rifle, Meatwave, at The Beat Kitchen, Chicago, IL
4. Powertrip at The Beat Kitchen, Chicago, IL
5. Poison Idea at The Empty Bottle, Chicago, IL

Tricia Ramos

- *It Follows* soundtrack by Disasterpeace
- *Bad Feminist* by Roxane Gay
- Badlands show at SGRAFFITO Gallery, Oakland, CA
- Disneyland trip for my birthday
- *Cactus Haiku* zine by Adrian Chi

Ty Stranglehold

- Top 5 Skate Rock Bands That Aren't the Big Boys:*
- 1. The Faction
- 2. Drunk Injuns
- 3. JFA
- 4. Night Birds
- 5. Wallrides



AGATHOCLES / MPG:**...and the Loser Is...: Split: 7"**

I had to laugh when I found I had an Agathocles record to review. After all, they are the grindcore—err, sorry, *mincecore*—band known for being astoundingly horrible, yet, confoundingly prolific. I've occasionally been the last one to move out of a punk house and ended up with a bunch of abandoned seven-inches. There was often an Agathocles in there. Each of those have about ten tracks on them. If you've done punk for long enough, you might find it hard *not* to have an Agathocles record in your record collection somewhere. Which is where I'm at right now. Well-played, Agathocles. Joke's on me. MPG play grindcore (slower than mincecore), shrieking and growling and blast-beating their way through six indistinguishable songs starting with "Magic Johnson's got the Good AIDS." —Craven Rock (Rigid)

ALI BARBARE**AND THE GRINDS: Scann: LP**

For the sheer audacity of sounding like a mix of The Reds' scrappy melodic drive, 30 Foot Fall's pop punk sensibilities, and Minor Threat's iconic intros, Ali Barbare And The Grinds should be lauded as visionaries—or madmen. I doubt if it was the clear intention of the band to come across in that way but the results of its labors are highly effective. The fourteen tracks hurtle along, hitting all of those references points on many occasions, and, to top it off, the vocals add a wonderful touch of deranged to proceedings. This record is outstanding. —Rich Cocksedge (Crapoulet, cool@crapoulet.fr, crapoulet.fr)

ALUMINUM KNOT EYE:**Northern Secrets: CDEP**

Boy, oh boy. Opening tune takes my hand and leads me to a slide show of the times I've fallen in love in my life and I slow dance with the memories. I can't understand the lyrics, but I'm happy the name of the second jam is called "Mapping Her Contours," and not "Homicidal Lubricant." I say jam, and it's jammy, but not lame. Upon further inquiry, it turns out they are MIDWESTERN! Specifically Haunchyville, WI, pronounced "Honkyville," I'm sure. My first listen, I was in the garage, building shit, ripping and chopping, drilling and sanding. I listened to it five times in a row, appreciating it more with each spin. This is a perfect soundtrack for the creative process. —Jackie Rusted (Self-released, aluminumknoteye.com)

APOCALYPSE MEOW /**TODD CONGELLIERE: Split: 7"**

With Midwestern vibes and feel-bad hooks, Apocalypse Meow performs punk in the tradition of Environmental Youth Crunch, Sicko, and Carrie Nations. The songs are welcoming and familiar, like your cat or dog nipping at your toes. "Awkward Boy" is the highlight. Flip the record; Todd Congelliere is the ringleader behind Toys That Kill, F.Y.P., Underground Railroad To Candyland,

RECORD REVIEWS



"This split is like when your best friend becomes your lover. Sometimes you get really lucky and don't have to choose one or the other, you get both."

—Kayla Greet

LOW CULTURE / IRON CHIC: Split: 7" EP

and Recess Records, yet somehow, Todd finds time to put out solo releases regularly. His songs are stripped-down and homemade, with enough warm reverb to fill the space between your ears. "Dead ELian" thumps like an URTC B side, and "My Candidate" is gleeful and tongue-in-cheek carnival pop. Together, both songs are under four minutes, so be prepared to repeatedly restart your record player. This is the perfect 7" for those seeking to be musically covered by a dryer-fresh blanket—so cozy. —Sean Arenas (Rad Girlfriend)

AZOTOBACTER: Self-titled: 7"

Incredibly heavy political punk from Vancouver Island. I don't listen to a lot of this style (for lack of a better term "crusty") punk, but I really get into this. I think it's probably because it doesn't stray too far into metal, and being from the same part of the world that I am, they are talking about issues that I understand and have to deal with. I can't wait to see them play live again. —Ty Stranglehold (Azotobacter, azotopunk@gmail.com)

BAD FUTURE: Golden Age: LP

The fact is that we live in a time where pretty much any band in the world is listenable at the click of a button. The internet changed the way we discover music. Gone are the days of just stumbling on a band and being blown away. Almost. Bad Future is from Seattle. I had never heard of them until I found out they would be opening for the Hex Dispensers on their Washington stop. I hadn't heard a single note of their music until they played, and when they did I was impressed enough to buy this record. Upon listening to it I was blown away. I haven't stopped listening to it for weeks now. I remember this feeling

from the pre-Bandcamp or Youtube days. No hype or anyone telling me I need to check this out, just hearing it and getting chills. The record has everything that clicks for me. Winding bass parts, quick drum fills thrown in everywhere, weird feedback squeals, simultaneous meticulous hooks and disjointed madness. I can't get enough. —Ty Stranglehold (Bad Future, ourbadfuture.com)

BADLANDS: Dark Dreams: 7"

Adrian Chi currently known as the drum basher in Spokenest, illustrator of *Bite the Cactus*, and formerly of L.A.'s beloved God Equals Genocide, has taken a moment to slow things down and project through music her more laid back/mellow nature in the form of Badlands. The amps have been turned down and the mood is much more somber than most of Adrian's previous projects, but her gift of genius songwriting is stronger than ever. "Dark" is a folky punk number that perpetually builds momentum as the song progresses. "Dreams" is slightly more upbeat and integrates some nice arpeggio guitar strumming while Adrian's voice echoes in the background like a ghost happily singing in a desert prairie. Lyrical themes include the day-to-day struggles of life but with an overall positive message encouraging us to not succumb to our own fears and hold those close to us even closer. Just like on previous Badlands recordings, Adrian is the sole songwriter and musical performer, but I've recently learned that she now has a full live backing band, including current members of Bird Strike and Wreck Of The Zephyr. Can't recommend this record enough. —Juan Espinosa (Porchcore, no address listed)

BAND IN HEAVEN, THE:**The Boys of Summer of Sam: 7"**

Really liked their last HoZac single and this one is right along the same lines. The title track is the more driving of the two here, a heady mix of psychedelic flourishes, shoegaze howl, and straight rockin'. The flip, "I Know You Know," is considerably more mellow, almost dreamy in its woozy delivery. Me like. —Jimmy Alvarado (HoZac)

BIG DICK: Disappointment: LP

Taking a cue from Nomeansno—the band that appears to have inspired their namesake—Big Dick presents the bass guitar front and center, which only appears to be unconventional if you're some sort of guitar gestapo. Big Dick also seems to share a trait with the also great and guitar-less Street Eaters; that is writing thoroughly enjoyable and anthemic punk songs with unpretentious complexity. You'll marvel at the deft musicianship but will still feel inclined to happily jump up and down in a room full of sweaty, fun-loving punks. Don't let the album title fool you: this album is anything but a disappointment. —Juan Espinosa (Dirt Cult)

BIG SUZE: You Guys Suck and It's Too Loud: Cassette

Hitting "play" on this cassette is like jumping into a pit of rabid Wolverines that have been starved for weeks. Or fighting lions in the Roman coliseum with no weapons. Or entering a dark room full of ninjas who think you killed their family. Whatever the metaphor, I was not ready for this. It's aggressive as fuck and dirty and angry and chaotic. But that kind of controlled chaos. There are a few sludgy breakdowns where you can catch your breath, and try to regroup for the fight, but you better do it fast. As soon as you think you might be ready, they take the same sludgy tempo and just start adding more beats and notes in there. Your heart never has a chance to slow down; they thrust right back into the high speed intensity just when you thought you could let your guard down. They don't even let you relax in between songs. There's not a break in sound until the end of the tape. Those short lulls I mentioned earlier are transitions into the next track and I wouldn't be surprised if each side was recorded as one long continuous take. Lead by vocals that make you imagine burst blood vessels and strained cords, they are also backed up by a set of vocals that are slightly less intense. This band totally rules and should only be played as loud as possible. —Kayla Greet (Drug Party)

BLACK VOLVO:**Once We All Were Wolves: CD**

Debut album from this three piece of Amsterdammers. A rowdy crew, I'd imagine. Seventeen songs that have been lovingly polished to metallic punk shine. You want infectious call and responses, looking for some new battle cries? Currently, my battles consist of picking up kids from school and getting the motivation to mop the

MISCHIEF BREW



← **NEW!** from **Fistolo Records...**

- ★ **Mischief Brew**
"O, Pennsylvlucky!" cassette/digital download
- ★ **Kettle Rebellion**
"s/t" LP (re-issued!!)
- ★ **Absinthe Rose**
"The More That We Learn..." LP/CD
- ★ **Franz Nicolay**
"Major General" LP

AND MORE @ www.fistolo.com

merch also available from **INTERPUNK...
EBULLITION... CD BABY... BANDCAMP... etc.**

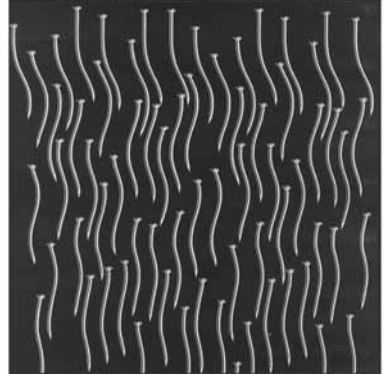
THE BLIND SHAKE "FLY RIGHT"



DIRTY FENCES "FULL TRAMP"



USELESS EATERS "SINGLES: 2011-2014"



↑ **SLOVENLY LONG**

→ **WWW.SLOVENLY.COM**

← **SLOVENLY SHORT** ↓



THE RAYDIOS "BRAND NEW KID"

The PENETRATORS



THE PENETRATORS "STHOG"



LOW POINT DRAINS "OUT OF COKE"

floor; no matter your personal struggle, these fellas have just the shot in the ass you need to divide and conquer! I have to mention the album art as well—crazy-looking, stylized animal characters throughout and a sneaky fox anus to boot—done by the band's own bass player, Jaap Baard. Check out the animation he did for their video "Steady Face." It's rad! —Jackie Rusted (Round Dog / TNS)

BLOSSUM HILL: *Illustrate Your Grub*: EP
What a trip; I put this record on in the house and the missus asked if this was Green Day. Not the "in the charts on major labels" Green Day, but the "1000 Hours, 39: Smooth Green Day," the soundtrack to summer Green Day, the staying up all night in the attic with Jono drinking cheap cider Green Day, the stealing milk and doing LSD with the band Green Day. You want innovation? Get into experimental jazz. Reliving a sound or a feeling can be as vital as reinventing noise. This band from Finland brought back memories and feelings I thought long forgotten. It sounds exactly like the very best Green Day records. I've been known to be offhand and cynical, and so I should be, I've spent a ton of days on this earth ingesting shit. I love this. Unapologetic to all. Constant rotation; remembering being nineteen. —Tim Brooks (Hold On)

BOATS!: *Black and White*: LP
I can honestly say that Modern Action Records has never steered me wrong.

I've bought records from many bands blindly just because MAR put them out. It always works out, and I am pleased to announce that the winning streak continues. Boats! are so good. The label has a signature sound and these guys fit right in. Upbeat pogo-rock songs that bring to mind many of the other bands on the label (Briefs and Sharp Objects come to mind first) but still managing to have their own thing going on. If you're not down with the program, you better get there. Your ear holes with thank you. —Ty Stranglehold (Modern Action)

BOMB, THE: *Axis of Awesome*: 12" EP
A six-song, one-sided record from this Chicago outfit. All cylinders are locked and loaded here, with everyone involved playing/singing at the top of their game. I even like their version of a Dwarves song, which comes as a shock to my system! The vinyl sold out like a second round of flapjacks at a pancake breakfast. Hopefully, they will do a repress for those who are just getting the news. I wish that the band decides to play out for this one, bolstered by the positive response. Only the gods can help us with that honest plea now. —Sean Koepnick (No Idea)

BP FALLON: *Live in Texas*: CD
BP Fallon is an Irish storyteller and author with a varied and expansive career behind him, having worked with many legends of the rock music industry in various difference capacities since the '70s. With this release, he

leads a band, putting the focus on his rambling stories placed over the top of mostly acoustic guitar. It's pleasant in the kind of way that I bet my parents would like it. —Mark Twistworthy (Sautex, sautext.com)

BREAK ANCHOR / LAWSKOF: *169 Miles*: Split: 7"
Apparently 169 miles is the distance between Detroit, MI and Cleveland, OH, but honestly, the distance could be a bike ride seeing how nice these bands go together on this split. Both bands serve up one original and one cover. Break Anchor produces a competent, mid-tempo sound that reminds me of Dave Smalley era Dag Nasty, which seems fitting as their cover is of Dag's "Under Your Influence." Lawskof seems to be still honing their sound—nothing too memorable, yet filled with enough promise that I will keep an open eye for future releases, for sure. —Garrett Barnwell (Underground Communique, undergroundcomm.org)

BROKEN GOLD: *Residency at Hundo Beach*: CDEP
Broken Gold features current and former members of The Riverboat Gamblers, however, the layered guitars and stacked pedals are the focal point; they swoop and shimmer then burn out into a wall of fuzz. Ian MacDougall's voice is reserved and sometimes lost in the mix, which helps to pronounce the sedated melodies and rich textures. Imagine The Replacements and Hüsker Dü informed by post-hardcore.

"Let Go" dabbles in Weakerthans moodiness, but with no lyrics included I'm unsure as to if MacDougall is writing poetry like John K. Samson. "Shoulder" is a smidge too sentimental and grandiose, but "Dirty Vodka" is proof that Broken Gold knows how to crush. Just listening to the guitars build a wall of sound brick by brick is enough. —Sean Arenas (End Sounds)

BRUISERS, THE: *Gates of Hell*: 7"
Stale, bland, and boring sounds leave me expressionless and emotionless. I'd rather bang my head against a wall than listen to this. I want this record to stop so badly, I would chop off my own arm for it to end. Recycled garbage of "punk" and "oi" bands I've heard a thousand times, over and over, disguised under the name of The Bruisers, packaged and neatly pressed into grooves that play over nine minutes of absolute hell—and no, not the fun hell everyone dreams of with satan, fellow queers and weirds, with an endless flow booze we all like to imagine. After the first track, I become numb, and the feeling of extreme nihilism washes over me whilst trying to listen to this; believe in nothing, feel...nothing. Static in my brain, desperately searching for a channel to connect to, but, alas, only disdain and disinterest. —Genevieve Armstrong (Chapter 11)

CAFFIENDS / WOLF-FACE: Split: 7"
Caffiends play party punk. I'm not talking about those kinds of parties with wine and cheese plates, where

AVAILABLE NOW:
PAGERIPPER
12" EP



1859RECORDS.STORENVY.COM
1859RECORDS@GMAIL.COM

AVAILABLE NOW:
NO///SE
LOWER BERTH
12" LP



1859RECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM
1859RECORDS.WORDPRESS.COM

BOILERMAN






BACK CATALOG DOWNLOADS
FLAC or MP3 • FULL ART • (CC BY 4.0)
PAY WHAT YOU WANT at 86DREC.COM

Mailorder: Boilerman 10" (\$11ppd.), Fellow Project CD (\$8ppd.), Utter Failure 12" (\$14ppd.). Info: Prices include US shipping. International and wholesale orders get in touch at wells@86drec.com. Stores contact hcdistro.com. **Boilerman tour:** US and Canada June 6-23 including Ottawa Explosion Weekend. Online: Free Music Archive, Bandcamp, Spotify, iTunes, etc.







ALL AGES RECORDS
LONDON'S ONLY INDEPENDENT
PUNK & HARDCORE RECORD STORE

OPEN EVERYDAY 11:30AM - 6:30PM
27A PRATT STREET, CAMDEN, LONDON NW1 0BG, UK
TEL. (+44) 207 267 0303

www.allagesrecords.com
shop@allagesrecords.com

people have “important conversations.” I’m not talking about adult parties. I’m talking about caffeine-fueled, let’s tip the furniture over and play music so loud that there’s not even a chance to embarrass ourselves by saying dumb shit parties. On the flipside, Wolf-Face takes a much more serious approach to punk rock by dropping a bunch of songs about werewolves! —MP Johnson (Mooster)

CELA NR 3: *Stilonka*: LP

I might be getting the information wrong on this record (all text on the record is in Polish and I’m doing research on sites translated, often clumsily, into English), but from what I can gather Cela Nr 3 were mid-’80s punks from Poland. Starting out under the name Memory Loss, they were detained after a scuffle on a train ride and named themselves after their jail cell, possibly in an attempt to hide their identities. *Stilonka*—a collection of demo recordings from 1985—is a catchy, dark, odd, affecting mix of buzzing minimalist punk and driving post-punk melancholy, influenced by the Ramones and early British punks but filtered through harsh, thin guitars and Eastern Bloc amps and what I can only imagine were grey skies and cool, boxy cars. When I was listening, I kept picturing an alternate *Rock ‘N’ Roll High School* starring Iceage but still set at the end of the ‘70s. Or maybe a cross between *Rock ‘N’ Roll High School* and *Over the Edge?* The soundtrack’s already done, we just need the film. —Matt Werts (Pasazer, pasazer.pl)

CEMETERY: Self-titled: LP

Death rock/goth-inspired punk rock which potentially could join the ranks of current stalwarts such as Catholic Spit, Rakta, and Anasazi but isn’t quite there yet. Perhaps it was a wee bit ambitious to press these songs to wax as they all come from demos: demos that could use some kinks worked out. If and when things improve, I can see the ghost of Rozz Williams giving Cemetery his approval. —Juan Espinosa (Mass Media, massmediarecords.com)

CHACHI ON ACID: *You Communicate a Sense of Harmony to Others*: CD

Let’s recap: Chachi On Acid is a legendary band from Southern Ontario that you’ve probably never heard of. They’ve been kicking their snotty, punk anthems out for almost twenty years now, I imagine. This here disc is the digital version of their first record (?), recorded in 1998. This whole thing reeks of punk in Canada many years back. It’s a real time capsule, and it’s great—don’t forget that part. I mean, provided you have a sense of humor. —Steve Adamyk (BHJ, chachionacid.bandcamp.com)

CHICKEN CHAIN:

***Birth of the Googus*: 12” LP**

Ridiculously good. Creepy thrash sludge hardcore punk out of Baltimore. Sounds like early ‘80s Urinals, with a bit of sped-up Flipper, and a whole lotta Lumpy And The Dumpers. It’s not meant to be taken seriously, so get your head out of your ass, embrace that

shit-eating grin, and thrash. Disgusting hilarious zine insert that will both gross you the fuck out and tickle your funny bone (the dirty one). —Camylle Reynolds (Snot Releases)

CITY SAINTS: *Go and Die*: CD

It is pretty impressive that this band started in 2012 and already has two full length CDs as well as this twelve-song “non-album cuts” compilation. Those are some hard-working, blue collar skinheads. The music is pretty “cut and paste” oi punk. There are lots of singalongs and an acoustic Cock Sparrer cover thrown in... All in all, it’s enjoyable but doesn’t have that “crack a beer and hit the streets with my friends” feeling that I get from a lot of these bands. —Ty Stranglehold (Spirit Of The Streets)

CJ RAMONE: *Understand Me?: 7” EP*

With all original Ramones dead, CJ has successfully carried The Ramones’ sound steadily, and vividly, through Side A. The sound coming through to me is pop perfection, crisp, raw, and only brings feelings of nostalgia; intense, true, and pure happiness washes over me. I can’t help but play this over and over again, wishing it would never end. Side B is Black Flag’s infamous *Rise Above*, originally written by Greg Ginn, sung by both CJ and former Black Flag member, Dez Cadena. One of the absolute best, if not the best, covers of any Black Flag song I’ve ever heard (though I’m sure having a former member helps). This is

an absolutely perfect 7” and stays true to the Ramones’ name.—Genevieve Armstrong (Fat Wreck Chords)

CLASSHOLE: Self-titled: LP

Cool anti-cop artwork houses this debut LP from this dynamite hardcore band from New Orleans. Tempos range from mid to fast, with lyrics covering personal topics more than overt political ones, despite the nifty packaging. Don’t worry, though. There’s at least one blistering anti-pig track included. Only five hundred of these were pressed and will surely be gone soon, so definitely seek it out while you can. Influences range from early hardcore to later powerviolence, with not a single dud song to speak of. Plus, how can you not love a band named Classhole? Highly recommended. —Art Ettinger (Terror Cult, classhole.bandcamp.com)

COLTRANES, THE:

The Cat of Nine Tails: 7”

If you can get past (or embrace) the Dr. Frank-N-Furter-sings-Poison-Idea vibe of opener “This Is a Whole New Look for Me,” then you might become infected by the deranged, fuck-all ragers that dwell inside this red vinyl. Tonally, I’m reminded of NASA Space Universe and Rainbow Person. “Distant” is a diarrhea of mid tempo buttrock sutured with jangly hardcore, however, Walt Cassidy howls sympathetically, “I will live on vacant sands / Where I hope to feel weight again.” Later, during “Seven Shades of Shit,” he shouts cryptically over spastic crashes and

WITHOUT DORKROCKCORKROD YOUR RECORD COLLECTION IS ESSENTIALLY MEANINGLESS.



THE ERGS! DORKROCKCORKROD 10th Anniversary!

The three-song suite of “Most Violent Rap Group,” “Pray For Rain,” and “Saturday Night Crap-O-Rama” may be one of the best triple plays in all of rock music, let alone pop-punk.

— The A.V. Club

New vinyl master!

Don Giovanni Records

furious chord changes: "It's to be loved / To believe or it's not to be loved." The Coltranes are almost heartfelt and always unpredictable, while Archie Fitzgerald's artwork depicts colorful, masturbating aliens; this juxtaposition of puerility and memorable sonic freak-scapes ensures that these heathens conjure titillating tunes. Is this the sound of postmodernity or not giving a fuck? Is there a difference? —Sean Arenas (SPHC)

DAMN BROADS: *Guilty as Charged*: CD

Up the fucking punx! This female three-piece from Torrington, CT brings it for sure. I read somewhere that these three got together with the aide of a Craigslist posting. Man, Damn Broads hit the jackpot when they found each other. The album art really hits the nail on the head as well, thanks to bass player, Michelle. Fast and precise, grab some B's—braces, bullet belts, and brews—and hold on tight. These chicks totally rip. Rock hard, party harder, grab a pal under each arm, and get ready for the gang vocals. Oi!Oi!Oi! —Jackie Rusted (Vicious Mistress, viciousmistressrecords.bandcamp.com)

DAVIDIANS: *Night Terrors*: 7"

A heady mix of oddball hardcore—I'm hearing bits of Die Kreuzen and Saccharine Trust in there—and the fringier, noisier side of post-punk, resulting in two tunes that are alternately arty and aggressive. I know there are ties to Double Negative and

Safe Words, and there are definitely traces of those bands in evidence here, but they keep the thrashin' and the overt gloomin' more or less at bay, opting instead for an off-kilter, restrained-yet-still-noisy assault likely to appeal to both camps. Good, good stuff. —Jimmy Alvarado (Sorry State)

DEZERTER: *Ile Procent Duszy?*: LP

Originally released in 1994. I vaguely remember this coming out, as Dezerter were on my radar due to my association with *Maximum Rockroll*, who released some Dezerter material stateside. Unlike a lot of stuff that was being passed off as punk from that time period, Dezerter were definitely punk, not emo, not "pop punk," not crust, not jock metal. Punk. They didn't sound like anyone else, either, in an era where bands were formed to sound as much like other bands as possible (think of all the Born Against, Nation Of Ulysses, NOFX, and Fugazi clone bands from the time; check your local cut out bin for proof). The songs are mainly mid-tempo, often catchy, and they experiment with reggae in the song "Ostatnia Dub." They vary the tempos and moods, making for an interesting listen the whole way through. This was the work of a band that spent time thinking about their music and how they wanted to present it. My favorite track on here is "Dezerter." The tempo is more aggressive, varied, and it's a more powerful song as a result. Plus, it stands head and shoulder above the rest due to how much variation they

have in the song. It's more raw and primal. "Underz w Polityke (Strike the Politics)" is a tense cooker as well. The steady beat with the snarled vocals over the top is a winner. —M.Avr (Pasazer)

DOGHOUSE SWINE: *Fearless*: CD

Dirty, bluesy punk'n'roll. No bueno. Ridiculously cheesy songwriting with all of those old street punk hooks that got boring the second time you heard them. "Melody" that barely shifts notes: verse to chorus to verse then, inevitably, an incredibly predictable guitar solo. The musicianship isn't bad, but I'm completely uninterested in listening to a weaker, less intense version of Zeke. Grade: D. —Bryan Static (Manta Ray)

DOMESTICS: *Routine and Ritual*: CD

A doozy of a full length from the band that impressed with their *G.D.P. EP* a few issues back. Same drill here—well above-average U.K. hardcore with intelligent, topical lyrics delivered with righteous ferocity in lengths shorter than many other bands' song intros. They get the blood pumping from go and don't let up until they decide you've had enough, and by then all you wanna do is start the pummeling all over again, bleedin' ears be damned. —Jimmy Alvarado (TNS)

DRUNK-DIAL: *Self-titled*: 7"

Oakland-based, Bay Area-sounding, pop punk that's heavily influenced by American Steel and Jawbreaker. Like American Steel, they're gritty enough

so I can appreciate them for the rock they bring, in spite of my general hatred of pop punk. As someone who is experiencing depression more often than not, I'm critical of the self-pitying and defeatist lyrics in Drunk-Dial's songs. It's not to say I don't, at times, relate or think an artist should repress how they feel. I just have more respect for fighting upstream against that flow of thought—even if it's in your own head—rather than giving into it... to be an arrow and a longing for Superman. Whatever... this was a good record. —Craven Rock (Fuck Your Life, fylrecords@yahoo.com)

DWARVES, THE: *Gentleman Blag*: 7" EP

The Dwarves have supplied me with centuries of glee; their best seven-inches, however, tend to be A-Side showcases for Blag's deceptively excellent pop chops—*Anybody Out There* and *Everybody's Girl* (sic) coming immediately to mind. This four-song EP ((two unreleased, two from *The Dwarves Invented Rock & Roll*)) lacks that sort of "hit single" mentality, and is just basically four ragers—all decent, nothing exceptional—and therefore tastes like a vaguely unsatisfying random slice of a Dwarves album. Aw, what the hell, we all know the "best seven-incher" is the thing between Blag's legs on the back cover! BEST SONG: "Kings of the World" BEST SONG TITLE: "Gentleman Blag" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: No matter

ALMOST READY
OUT NOW!

ATLANTIC THRILLS
S/T LP/CD/CS

LIVEFASTDIE
Hit Stains LP

REAL NUMBERS
What Was & What Is
CD/CS

NOBUNNY
Love Visions LP/CD/CS

COMING SOON:
BUMMERS EVE - S/T LP/CD
RAVI SHAVI - S/T LP/CD

www.almostreadyrecords.com

A.D.D. RECORDS
NEW RELEASES - NEW WEBSITE - ADDRECS.COM - SHITS TIGHT

WESTERN SETTINGS
"YES IT IS" LP
12 songs
limited to 500
split tone vinyl

PRETTY BOY THORSON
"LOUD & UGLY" LP
10 songs
limited to 500
mixed color

PRINCE "SELF TITLED" 7"
THE CHANTEY HOOK "UNDERGROUND" 45
DUDE JAMS "HOW TO BECOME A FAMOUS RECORDING ARTIST" LP
MADISON BLOODBATH & WORTHWHILE WAY SPLIT 10"

COMING SOON
THE SLOW DEATH & THE RAGING NATHANS SPLIT 7"

ADDRECS.COM

**Out Now On
BETWEEN THE DAYS RECORDS**

Lansbury - "Everything Went Static" LP

One If By Land - "In the Fire of My Youth" LP

Remainders - "Fine Exits" 7" On the Cinder - "Caustic" 7"

Remainders/Barons - Split 7"

Playoff Beard/The Frantic Heart of It - Split CD

Coming Soon:

Bike Tuff - "Into Shore" LP

Latecomer - "S/T EP" 1 Sided LP

Playoff Beard 7"

betweenthedays.storenvy.com
betweenthedaysrecords.bandcamp.com

**BETWEEN THE
DAYS RECORDS**

how you slice it, it comes up penis.
—Rev. Nørb (Fat, fatwreck.com)

DYING ELK HERD, THE:
For Real This Time: CD

Passable power pop with some lengthy, well-crafted lyrics. The problem rests mostly in how the saccharine vocals are so up front in the mix, and the guitars are just a little too clean; it just seems to rob the band of any power they may otherwise have had. It's just all so *cute*. And while many of the lyrics do tackle overconsumption, dissatisfaction, and restlessness with some clarity, "Don't Let the Riverbeast Get You" has to be one of the corniest songs I've ever heard. Maybe the Groovie Ghoulies or the Fiendz are a good starting point here, but, ultimately, these guys are just way too cute-sounding and lacking in venom to really make any kind of lasting impact. —Keith Rosson (Dying Elk Herd)

DYSTOPIAN SOCIETY: Cages: 12" LP

A band aptly named for their dark post-punk, anarcho punk, death rock sound. They sound like a Euro New Flesh—and similar to labelmates Moral Hex and Vacui—so heads up. It's lovely and incredibly dark with high-pitched, atonal vocals and songs ranging from minimal, almost primal, bass melodies to straight-up dance punk. Solid LP. —Camille Reynolds (Mass Media)

ENGLAND'S GLORY: City of Fun: 7"

Wanna have some fun? Invite that one friend of yours who likes to fancy

themselves *thee definitive* Velvet Underground fan, offer them a seat near the stereo and a nice mildly intoxicating beverage, quietly put this on the hi-fi in the background, and watch as their eyes slowly saucer up with the realization that you have somehow gotten your hands on some Velvets obscurity that they have heretofore not heard. Let them stew in their obvious inferiority before gently breaking the news to them that what they're hearing is, in fact, not an outtake by Mo and the boys, but rather a single culled from recordings made in 1971 by an obscure band that went nowhere and would likely have remained "lost" if not for the fact that some of its members went on to form the Only Ones and be responsible for a classic of the early punk/new wave era, "Another Girl, Another Planet." Their initial shock is warranted, however, 'cause the two tunes hear bear an uncanny resemblance to the Velvets' later output, and feature a singer who's a dead ringer for Lou Reed. The tunes are top-notch and hold up surprisingly well considering the forty-four years that have passed since they were recorded. Your pal might ask for your copy, but make them get their own. Better tell them to hurry, too, 'cause there're only six hundred of these puppies floating around out there. —Jimmy Alvarado (HoZac, hozacrecords.com)

EX-BOYFRIENDS, THE: Disease: LP

When I pulled this record out of my review stack, Iron Chic was the first thing I thought of, and with good

reason. The album art was done by Jason Lubrano, vocalist of Iron Chic, and harkens back to the style of *The Constant One*. Cover art and pop punk are where the similarities between the two end, though. The Ex-Boyfriends are a hodge-podge mix of many different pop punk elements and the songs on this release all have their own character. There's Screeching Weasel-style guitar solos, MXPX-style vocals, snare-heavy punk drums, and a gritty bass. Songs are not surprisingly about girls and relationships and drinking. Like if Dillinger Four started out on Tooth And Nail, without the churchy stuff. Or if NOFX tried to be on Mutant Pop Records. It's got a lot of cool elements from some of the best bands in the pop punk genre, which, for most of the record works pretty well. There are a couple tracks I don't enjoy, like "The Store," which has some distracting keyboard parts and tends to drag on. But the very next song, "Are There Any Punks Out There," is awesome. High tempo drums rush though melodic vocals; backed by all-out shouts and quick-fire, rumbly bass lines. I think this is pretty all right. Don't know if this is the kind of record I'd buy for myself, but I think it'd make a great gift. Ex-Boyfriends, as much as they suck (like, the guys you used to date, not this band) are worth checking out. —Kayla Greet (Rad Girlfriend)

FASHIONISM: Smash the State

(With Your Face): 7" EP

The A side is a super-duper bubblegum glam hit that sounds like Chapman/

Chinn crossed with U.K. power pop circa 1979, and is pretty clearly Jeff from the Tranzmitors singing. The flip is a less buzzworthy number plus a cover from '80s *Rocky Horror Picture Show* follow-up *Shock Treatment*, which I admit I had to google, despite once using the picture from the movie poster in a collage for my fanzine about thirty years ago. Obtain this item and keep yourself on the right side of the manifesto! BEST SONG: "Smash the State (With Your Face)" BEST SONG TITLE: Duh, same. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Observe closely and you will see that one of the black stripes on the image of the girl on the cover is reflex blue instead of black. —Rev. Nørb (Hosehead, hoseheadrecords.ca)

FELLOW PROJECT:

Basic Axemanship: 10" EP

Fellow Project encapsulates everything I enjoy about post-hardcore (dark, brooding tones, complex arrangements, thumping bass, a balance between frenzy and calm). What's pleasantly absent is overindulgence or meandering interludes. It's easier to grasp these East Coast folks within binary oppositions: technical without devolving into incomprehensible mathematics, skillful but not flashy, and noisy without puncturing your eardrums. The frantic interplay in "Brutal Woods" pivots into a spacious melody reminiscent of Archers Of Loaf. "Sweet Release" opens with a serene Slint-like riff that skillfully

SPECIAL DUTIES
NEW RECORDS OUT NOW!

EST. 1977

DISTRIBUTED BY
independent
LABEL DISTRIBUTION

LOST CAT
WWW.LOSTCATRECORDS.ORG

DINGUS "WHO CARES" LP
INDONESIAN JUNK "CRIMES" 45
MEGAFRITZ "IADA" TAPE/CD

TONS AND TONS AND TONS MORE
FREE STUFF WITH EVERY ORDER.

SMOKE UP
KIDDO'S

escalates into a conclusion worthy of its name. In "Hidebound" and "Get Stormy," the female singer is a respite from the gruff masculine angst and assists in crescendos and contributes harmonies throughout. Thankfully, there's no screamo epicness à la Planos Become The Teeth or explicitly pining hearts, rather Fellow Project walks a razor-thin tightrope with impeccable balance, delivering six songs of heavy punk sans indigestion. Highly recommended. —Sean Arenas (Dead Broke, deadbrokerecords.com)

FIRST BASE:

You've Got a Hold on Me: 7"

It's always nice when you get something for review that you were planning on picking up anyway. I have been hearing rumblings about this power pop band from Toronto for a few years and have been meaning to pick up a record. Cover art on the single is clearly a reference to legendary Belfast band Rudi and that is as good a comparison as any. Towing that line between wimpy/power pop and tip toeing up to punk occasionally, First Base are simply a world class power pop band. Now, I gotta get that LP that came out a while back. —Mike Frame (Hosehead)

FLAMINGO 50: *Tear It Up: LP*

Flamingo 50 is one of those bands that I've heard about for years and it was something I always meant to check out but never did. Holy cow, this stuff is great! Strong female vocals

from Louise Hanman, with a twinge of her Northern England accent. She busts out some fantastic power pop guitar melodies with the occasional sweet solo. The bass bubbles along with the roll of Hanman's voice and keeps a dancey beat throughout the whole record. It's prevalent in all the right ways. Drummer Morgan Brown kills it with the fills and knows just when to back off and showcase their introspective lyrics. There are backup vocals on a few tracks and they add so much volume to this band. One of the last tracks on this record is "Wrong Time Wrong Place" and it is a wonderfully powerful breakup song from the perspective of having to get out of a relationship for the betterment of yourself. The verses have such an undulating flow and never waver. I found myself shouting lines like, "I've tried so hard and got nowhere / Stuck in a rut but I could care / As long I keep close to me," by the second spin. *Tear It Up* was originally released back in good ol' 2006 but was only just pressed on vinyl in 2013. Limited to six hundred copies, it's worth picking up, and quickly. —Kayla Greet (Drunken Sailor / Rad Girlfriend)

FUTURE CRIMES: *Self-titled: 7" EP*

"I'm about to make straight people really uncomfortable," blares through my speakers before deep, gruff vocals and a fast-paced beat to follow kick in, this is highly recommended for fans of Reagan Youth, The Dicks, and Jerry's Kids. Punk, queer, horny, and angry,

North Carolina's Future Crimes are taking it the fuck back. This EP is solid, steadily passionate, and true to not only to queercore, but to punk. This EP is dirty, rough, and tough, so drop your needle on the grooves, smash some bottles, and get fuckin' nasty with it. —Genevieve Armstrong (No Profit, noprofitrecords.com)

GEOFF WESTEN: *I'm Not Crazy: CD*

When I first pressed play, I immediately heard a modern day The Cure or Depeche Mode. Nothing about the low budget packaging screamed new wave, so it was a pleasant surprise. I quickly scanned through the first few seconds of each track and everything was great: a voice reminiscent of Mark Mothersbaugh and dance-worthy beats. Things got iffy once the album played in full. While it was off to a good start, the lack of variety within each song coupled with the unnecessary length of them steers *I'm Not Crazy* into a snooze fest. Cuts like "Work Work" are everything I've ever wanted in synth pop—"I work 6-5, my mind is not alive"—sang over layers and layers of keyboards. But the ultra-cheesy ballad "Love Has Let You Down" easily crosses into the trying-too-hard-to-be-Tears-for-Fears territory. I'm calling it a wash. There is one thing of which I'm certain: if it was 1985 and John Cusack's latest movie needed a soundtrack, this would be a strong contender. —Nicole Madden (Disturbing Music, disturbingmusic.com)

GIFT SHOP GIRLS:

Aloha, Paradise: 7" EP

As we all know, the best format for a hardcore record is an eight-or-ten-song ((nine is right out)) 7"; and, thirty years ago, this is what that would have been ((although nobody was really making eight-song 7" hardcore records any more thirty years ago, because everyone wanted to make albums and be metal, but whatever)). However, I recently saw an ad for some purported "hardcore" label, which boldly trumpeted "THIS IS HARDCORE" over a group of photos of their releases, followed by "THIS IS BULLSHIT" above photos of the records we used to call "hardcore" thirty or thirty-five years ago, when we were inventing the genre ((you're fucking welcome)) but apparently screwing it all up for everybody. With this new HC/BS revelation in place, I guess this record isn't really an eight-song hardcore 7" in the eyes of whomever currently controls that word, it's an eight-song "bullshit" 7". WELL PARDON US ALL TO FUCKING PIECES, WON'T YOU? It sounds decent enough to me; seems like a logical successor to the *We Can't Help It If We're from Florida* crowd. Carry on. BEST SONG: *Songs are bullshit!* BEST SONG TITLE: *Song titles are bullshit!* FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Fantastic amazing trivia facts are also bullshit, but it should be noted that the word "straight" in the song title "Straight and Narrow" is missing an "a" on the back cover. —Rev. Norb (Passion On Plastic, passiononplastic.com)

BLAH!!



The Stovebolts
Over the Limit LP
OUT NOW!

The second album (1st LP) featuring some of Hattiesburg MS's greatest rock n roll practitioners. The Stovebolts!



Martin Savage Gang 7"
(ex. The Blacks)
Sweden



Wild Emotions 7"
All girls garage rock n roll from Jackson, MS

Also still available:
Eunuchs *Jangle About Girls & Shift*
Eunuchs/NDOF *Split 7"*
Eunuchs *Revved Up LP*
Atomic Brains *Chains 7"*
Overnight Lows *Cones & Rots 7"*

Distributed by
CTD Ltd.
www.ctdltd.com

blahlrecs@gmail.com
facebook.com/blahlrecords
soundcloud.com/blahlrecs

www.blahlrecs.com

FOLKTALE RECORDS

SIMON JOYNER / L. EUGENE METHE
(SPLIT 7")

BOUQUET - IN A DREAM
(10")

HUMAN BEHAVIOR - BETHPHAGE
(LP)

WHITMAN - RESTORING DARKNESS
(LP/CD)


JOHN THILL - GREATEST HITS
VOL. II (LP)

ROGO JET - S/T
(7")

GOWNS - DANGERS OF INTIMACY
(LP)

FORMER GHOSTS / WHITMAN
(SPLIT 7")

+ LOTS
MORE AT
FOLKTALE
RECORDS
.COM




OUT NOW ON VOD AND DVD!

CHICAGO FILM FESTIVAL SYDNEY UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL PORTOBELLO FILM FESTIVAL 2013 NEW ORLEANS FILM FESTIVAL

"It's like a mash up between reality television and a surrealist film... It's pretty damn inspiring"
- Southern Glossary

S H A D O W Z O M B I E



A FILM BY JORGE TORRES-TORRES

WEBRINKvision

GRAND ROSES: Built on Schemes: CD

Here's something you don't come across every day: indie rock from Sweden. They have a sound that packs a punky wallop but refrains from failing to that genre's staid conventions, dramatic without going too over the top, and melodic without resorting to pop clichés. They manage here to evoke the best of the genre's 1980s glory days without sounding like a tribute band encased in amber. Impressive. —Jimmy Alvarado (Noisolution, noisolution.de)

GRANNIES, THE: Ballsier: CD

Wigs, strippy leggings, moon boots? Man, these dudes make positively hideous-looking ladies. Once I forget the wild attire sported by the band and get the CD going, I hear bass-heavy rock'n'roll with some bluesy riffage and/or noodling. An obvious nod to Motörhead called "Corner of Fuck and You." There's a Slaughter And The Dogs cover and a Beastie Boys cover. Then for no reason there is a remix of the Motörhead-sounding number by Ben Addison. He's some acid jazz musician who makes the sound—like that bit with the cheesy instrumental song with the equally cheesy graphics at the beginning of a movie that tells you to shut your cell phone off—not unenjoyable though. And, finally, one more remix by some dude named Matt Flores, who probably loves the Flaming Lips. He remixes a tune by the name "GlitterShitter," that he turns into some weird ambient-trans-house-electro thing. All in all, I was left scratching

my head, but it's clear, *Ballsier* is a solid homage to sex, drugs, and a dude's junk. If you have a tiny mulleted rocker dude inside of you who would trade his left nut to high five his own dick just once... The Grannies are for you, and him. —Jackie Rusted (Saustex, saustex.com)

GURR: Self-titled: Cassette

Gurr are an all-female band from Berlin, Germany. This tape kicks ass. Extra points awarded for the cover: the iconic image of Olympic figure skater turned leg-busting, shot-calling, cheater Tonya Harding, crying to the judges over her broken shoelace, her leg raised up above her waist, with "Gurr" written on a place that doesn't often see the light of day. —John Mule (Drug Party, drugparty.storenvy.com)

HARD LEFT: We Are Hard Left: 12" LP

Hard Left's debut LP has the same self-described "utopian oi" sound as previous EP releases, with their signature street punk/hard mod sound with the pop sensibilities of The Jam. Songs with sweet melodic hooks, like "Hard Left Rules Ok," "Stay True," and "Holiday" are standouts. It's got the gruff Johnny Rotten style vocals that you'd expect with street punk, but the melodic, upbeat guitar sets the tone, with bass that runs, skips, and bounces along with '60s pop drumming. Hard Left has strong political proletarian theme—but its void of the darkness which usually comes along with a strong leftist message—and the lyrics

are delivered with extreme optimism. It should be noted that members of Black Tambourine, Lunch Box, and Boyracer make up Hard Left, which may in itself pique some interest if you are familiar with those indie pop bands. —Camillye Reynolds (Future Perfect)

HIEROPHANTS:**"I Don't Mind" b/w "The 16th": 7"**

What is it about the Southern Hemisphere? Why are Aussies and their neighbors so good at post-punk and jangly garage stuff? Is it because they never overdo it; the guitars and drums propulsive but never aggressive? Is it because they know organ is something you should add to every song? Should we all work towards eventually living in a place where it is summer in December? Hierophants are convincing, good-time party people on side A and convincing, gloomy realists on side B. I just read an interview with one of the band members and he said that mohawks, studs, and tardiness are the most unpunk things ever. Sold. —Matt Werts (Goner)

HOLY SHIT: Old Hat: 7"

As one of the fastest and best releases I've heard in a minute, this 7" gives me complete and utter faith in punk rock again and upholds the notion that Milwaukee bands rule everything around us. Guitars frequently switch from spurting into manic strokes and rotating into break down as vocals. The vocals are reminiscent of Dez Cadena and bark through to me between the

manic feelings this record brings. Raw, rich with anger, and rich with feeling. I am once again left with wanting more: more songs, more records, more shows, more anger, more passion. I can't stress enough how much this makes me feel, and how purely fun it is. I am truly in love with this record. —Genevieve Armstrong (Vinyl Smash, vinylsmash.com / Cat Trash, cattrashrecords.com / Dirty Hippy Barn)

HOWARDIAN:**Land of the Low Tides: Cassette**

Howardian is the solo project of Japanther's other half, Ian Vanek, out of Olympia, WA. Super fuzzed-out guitar and a drum machine. It's gritty and dirty garage rock. One of the lines in the first track is: "You can't fuck with a child of reggae." I really don't know what that means but I'm not willing to find out. Sound clips are littered throughout the album to break up the tracks. The last track is a collage of looped sound clips over some lo-fi drumming that I'm really not into. "Chunking" on Side A has real pretty guitar work that reminds me of early Cure. However, that song and "Marble Meshes" right before it, are both instrumental. Whereas the first one feels like it drags on way too long, the closing track more than makes up for the monotony of "Marble Meshes." The record is a great effort, full of experimental weirdness that bands like Japanther are aces at, but I'm personally not sold on it yet. Might take a few more listens before



THE MONS
12 SONG LP OUT NOW
GET IT ONLINE
THEMONS.BIGCARTEL.COM
YOU'RE WELCOME

it grows on me. If you're into bizzaro, synthy art rock, this is your jam. But while I was once really into *Don't Trust Anyone Over 30*, that adage applies to me now, so I guess you're on your own here. —Kayla Greet (Bufu, bufurecords.com)

HUNG UPS, THE: *Love Sick*: CD

This is solid offering of stripped-down, no-frills punk rock and it gets my stamp of approval for that. Musically, The Hung Ups remind me of a slower-tempo Teenage Bottlerocket sewn together with '90s East Bay stuff. Songs about punk rock and punk rock girls and sociopaths—can't go wrong with that, usually. Good harmonies, too, but sometimes they get a bit lost in the mix. I guess I must really like this record, because I don't have that much to say, which is a good thing in my world. The Hung Ups have been worth my time, to be sure. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Pizza Girl)

HUNNY: "(Leave Me Alone or) Suck It" b/w "Felix Tone": 7"

Pretty bitchin' couple of tracks from these L.A. locals. Any record that forces me to re-examine what speed I have my turntable set to is already good in my book. In addition to that, I was certain it was warped as that, I was certain it was warped as that. Looking closely, the record itself was not warped, only the music on it. Extra points for swirly, poop-brown vinyl. —Garrett Barnwell (Laptop Smashing Party, laptopsmashingparty.bigcartel.com)

INSTIGATORS:

Nobody Listens Anymore: LP

The English band Instigators came to my attention in a huge way when the crucial *Cleanse the Bacteria* compilation came out in 1985. It was like a new world of smack-you-upside-the-head brand of super catchy politico punk. Once I was finally able to get the LP a year or two later, I played it to death (no really, my copy is beat to hell from over play). This thirtieth-anniversary Ruin Nation re-release contains the original LP as well as the *Blood Is on Your Hands* EP. Closely connected to the Subhumans (both bands records were on Bluurg) with a somewhat similar sound, albeit less quirky and more straight-ahead powerful U.K. punk. Lyrically, these guys had an extremely heavy anti-vivisection angle, which dates the lyrics somewhat, but make it an excellent representation of what was going on in the anarcho punk scene thirty years ago. I hadn't played this record in probably fifteen years and I'm stoked how well it holds the test of time. —Mark Twistworthy (Ruin Nation, ruinnation.org)

INSTIGATORS:

The Blood Is on Your Hands: LP

The Instigators appear to have had the unfortunate luck of being a punk band during the '80s in England when their peers inadvertently cast quite the shadow over them. Periodically, they're on the same musical map as Subhumans, Flux of Pink Indians, Conflict, and other politically minded/

aware punk bands. This record collects their *The Blood Is on Your Hands* 7", as well as some compilation tracks and demo recordings, which appear to have the sharpest teeth in the lot. Sadly, the Instigators were never cut out to enjoy the same success and accolades as the above mentioned bands due to only moderately impressive songwriting. A fun listen, but nothing to trade your Crass records over. —Juan Espinosa (Ruin Nation, ruinnation.org / Skuld Releases, skuldreleases.de)

INSULTS, THE: *Stiff Love*: 7" EP

Is there room in your world for the second-best ode to fellatio of the *Killed By Death* era? Is there room in your mouth? VILE TEENAGE MOSQUITOES ON A CUM-FUELED RAMPAGE!!! I guess this is what people mean when they say "it is what it is." *It totally is!* BEST SONG AND SONG TITLE: "Stiff Love." FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: LP of unreleased Insults coming! Alert Jackie Mason! —Rev. Norb (Last Laugh)

JACKALS: *Violence Is...*: EP

The market town of Norwich England has never been the hotbed of hardcore (Deviated Instinct excepted), but Jackals are trying to put that town on the map. Remorseless hardcore bringing to mind the glory years of U.K. hardcore (that's the early '90s if you didn't already know), when bands like Suffer, Urko, and Health Hazard ruled that mean little island. For the

new kids on the block, think Integrity mixed with some of the new wave of British hardcore like the Flex or Arms Race. If that means nothing, then think in-your-face political hardcore with dual vocals that hit like a brick to the mouth. Boss. —Tim Brooks (Hardware, hardware-records.com)

JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN: "I Feel Like a Sad Clown" b/w "I Found a Home": 7" and "Radio" b/w "Aliens": 7"

I don't know how close these two records were released, but I got them at the same time, so they flow together in my mind, and probably always will. The moods of John Wesley Coleman are many, and on these records he seems to feel a bit out there. "I Feel Like a Sad Clown" is probably closest to his fleshed-out, full-band Goner records, and excites me most because of the lines about "clown shoes." Ten years or so ago, some friends and I used the phrase "clown shoes" to describe anything super silly or ridiculous. I thought one of us came up with the phrase, then I overheard a complete stranger use it, in a different state even! So, Mr. Coleman, whatchoo talkin' bout? The Spacecase 7" (their second JWC release) is dayglo orange, and has a more solo, home-fi feel, although it is recorded with a full band. "Aliens" gives me Roky Erickson vibes. If you like JWC, you probably already own this. Or maybe you gave up because he's über-prolific and you're overwhelmed. Don't miss out on this, I says. —Sal Lucci (Spacecase, spacecaserecords.com / Windian)

campfireisland

We're not selling anything. We just like punk as much as you do.



now in Seattle WA

punk, post-punk & hardcore

HALO OF FLIES

OUT NOW:

CLOUD RAT qliphoth LP
LIFES/SUFFERING MIND split 7"
SVFFER lies we live LP
KHMER Nubes Que Anuncian Tormenta LP
PROTESTANT in thy name LP
USNEA / RUINS split 7"
SUFFERING MIND/GPP split 7"
AMBER/LOCKTENDER split 7"

comin soon:
PRIMITIVE MAN/NORTHLESS split LP
TOTEM SKIN LP, ANOPHELI LP, more

--wisconsin makes good punk--
 --rhythm chicken makes good soup--

--DISTRIBUTED BY EBULLITION, REVELATION, DEATHWISH, ROBOTIC EMPIRE, and more--

HUGE DISTRO AT THE WEBSITE.
halooffliesrecords.com

DISTROS, STORES, AND LABELS
 GET IN TOUCH FOR WHOLESALE
 AND TRADES

halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com

**SUPPORT DIY. PUT YOUR MONEY
 WHERE YOUR FUCKING MOUTH IS.**

Lefty Lucy Phantom Breaker 1993-1996

(featuring members of Selby Tigers)

"I was leery to put this on...but this one pulls off something pretty cool."
 —Razorcake

"Fast, raunchy, noisy, loud punk rock type stuff."
 —Flipside

CALLING ALL INCOGNITOS!

Limited edition 22 track picture disc!

Includes both EPs, an unreleased album, & more - with download!

\$15 plus shipping
 phantombreaker.bandcamp.com

mpls ltd 39
 www.mpls1td.com

JONES, THE: *Gravity Blues*: LP/CD

This is the remastered version of an album first released in 2000. Most notable for including personnel from Leatherface and HDQ, the original had some belting songs and excellent guitar work. However, I always felt that it came across as somewhat lifeless, resulting in it languishing away in a corner of my collection. Thankfully, that is not the case here as the ten tracks have been given a new lease on life through a much more clear and energetic production, which is really pleasing to hear. The other bonus is that it doesn't sound dated in any way with the songs standing the test of time. The CD boasts additional tracks from Fatty Jones and Stokoe, both bands sharing key members with The Jones to round off an excellent reissue. —Rich Cocksedge (Boss Tuneage, bosstuneage.com)

KAPPA CHOW: "Jump" b/w "Something Better to Do": 7"

Wow! This one's a gem. The closest thing I can compare New Brunswick's Kappa Chow to is Black Angels, if they were less pretentious, had a sense of humor, and liked having a good time. The first track, "Jump," has a woman lifting lyrics from David Lee Roth. Yeah, you know the ones: "go ahead and jump." "You're always telling me what to do / thinking I would do anything for you / I'll tell you that just ain't true," she says, demanding that this figurative David Lee Roth "(take) a few steps back." These words

are sung, not shouted—and sung beautifully—setting a firm boundary with an unquestionable confidence over a melodic, psychedelic groove with clanging yet shimmering guitar riffs and a lilting, high-toned sax that I'm still not convinced isn't a flute. The flipside has male vocals in the forefront with the rest of the band backing him up. It's not a deep song—a lamentation over being stood up for Chinese food at seven—but it rocks in the same vein as Side A. The songs work well together to create an atmosphere and a vibe, but are distinct and memorable on their own. Still into the psych-garage revival? Fucking sick to death of the psych-garage revival? Doesn't matter. Everybody wins with this. Some of these kids are doing their own thing. —Craven Rock (Kiss The Void, jchamandy@hotmail.com)

KYLE KINANE / THE SLOW DEATH: Split: 7"

Rad Girlfriend Records is right: this may be the "Weirdest 7" ever." The A side features punk rock comedian Kyle Kinane doing seven minutes on rescuing a skunk with its head stuck in a mayonnaise jar. With his trademark gravelly rumble, he deconstructs his own ridiculousness, while endearing himself to those with a soft spot for adorable "animals" in distress. Recorded in Omaha, NE, the track also features a live audience who cannot contain their glee at Kinane's Grizzly Man wannabe misadventures. The B side plays much quicker, as

Minneapolis punks The Slow Death fly through delightfully messy, harmonica-soaked covers of (Young) Pioneers' "We Ain't Even Married" and "Fuck the Labor Pool" without pausing for a breath in between. The package is rounded out by Mitch Clem and Joe Dunn's simple, iconic artwork, making this piss-colored split a truly marvelous oddity. —Kelley O'Death (Rad Girlfriend, radgirlfriendrecords@gmail.com, radgirlfriendrecords.com / Silver Sprocket, mailorder@silversprocket.net, silversprocket.net)

LOAD: *Drunken Warrior Chief*: LP

1991. My eleventh grade. The grooves of this full length collection are chock-full to the brim with Vision Street Wear, Armory shows, underage drinking, and circle pits. The metallic k.o. of Florida's humidity coupled with bored rage. When you're from Miami, the only way to go (geographically) is up, right? I remember Load toured, what seemed, quite heavily through the South, and while Florida does not actually count as a southern state, this LP carries a dank punk/crossover weight, coupled with southern cable TV-wrestling humor. The LP is a loving memorial to Load's singer Bobby (who passed in 2012), culling tracks from EPs, compilations, and two unreleased songs on heavy black vinyl. Crucial release for memory lane and fantastic snapshot or starting point for the interested. —Matt Seward (Rat Town, rattownrecords.com)

LOST TRIBE: *Solace*: LP

Bring on the post-punk, bring on the death rock, bring on the goth rock. These guys remind me of some of the bands killing in the Northwest right now, like Bellicose Minds, The Estranged, Spectres, Arctic Flowers, and Countdown To Armageddon. The songs have a good drive to them, with moody bass lines and tight mid-tempo post-punk drums. I like how tough these songs sound but not in a macho way, in a rock'n'roll sort of way. The layering is nice, with some saxophones added in there. They don't overdo it with the keyboards, so the songs breathe nicely. Fans of a lot of the older bands like Killing Joke, Christian Death, and Sisters of Mercy will easily fall in love with this record. I'm always happy to hear new bands making really great dark music like this. Nice work, Lost Tribe. Nice work, Mass Media! —Ryan Nichols (Mass Media, cameron@massmediadistro.com)

LOUDER: Self-titled: LP

A ten count of Japanese snot-punk, smartly filtered through both a) a garage, and b) 1977. Solid work and excellent packaging. A little too nuanced to be hurtling into pure garage territory, but the ferocity's there. I don't know enough about Sorry State to know if they're stepping outside of their wheelhouse with this one, but Louder could've fit in just as well on No Front Teeth or Deadbeat, if that helps. Personally, I'm reminded

WARM NEEDLES
"INCONSOLABLE" LP




12" OUT NOW ON TOUR VAN RECORDS
WWW.TOURVANRECORDS.STORENVY.COM

RELEASED INTERNATIONALLY BY:
 EAGER BEAVER RECORDS (JP)
 DIFFERENT KITCHEN RECORDS (GB)
 HECTIC SOCIETY RECORDS (DE)
 CHISEL RECORDS (CA)

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "KILL ALL REDNECK PRICKS"

HERE TO BE HEARD



THE STORY OF SLITS

STARDOLAND RECORDS PRESENTS WILLIAMS MANIFESTO AND WILLIAMS BARLEY W/ ALBERTINE AND UP TESSA POLLITT PALOMA ROMERO "HERE TO BE HEARD: THE STORY OF THE SLITS"

"THE SLITS" BY BEN VON WILLIAMS "WILLIAMS BARLEY" BY BROOKE BARLEY MICHAEL FRENO AND MILLER "HERE" BY WILLIAMS BARLEY

CAST: JENNIFER BRACANT "W" WILLIAMS BARLEY "W" WILLIAMS BARLEY

Starliner MM **COMING 2015** www.slitsdoc.com

greatly of the Stitches 8 x 12", which isn't a bad thing at all. —Keith Rosson (Sorry State)

LOW BOW / DINGED UP: Split: 7"

Mixed bands meet mixed emotions for me on this release. Low Bow's powerful start enraptures me, speaks to me, and even thrills me. Single Mothers meets Les Savy Fav (circa *Let's Be Friends*), this record starts to grow on me, grow to be a part of me, embracing every second to come. I am captured, held hostage in Low Bow's Side A. After a few listens, I free myself from Side A and venture to Side B, Dinged Up. Significantly slower than Low Bow's side, Side B seems deeper, more meaningful, full of power, but it's all a goddamn illusion. Song 1, "Big Red," captivates me, then leaves me disappointed with the follow up, "Made of Grief." As much as I loved, and even embraced the previous three tracks, I cannot see this getting much rotation on my record player. I wish I could throw Side B song two in the garbage forever, and live in a perfect world where this record includes everything but *that*. —Genevieve Armstrong (Genjing, genjingrecords.com / Wallride, wallriderecords.com, ridethewalls@gmail.com)

LOW CULTURE / IRON CHIC: Split: 7" EP

This split is like when your best friend becomes your lover. Sometimes you get really lucky and don't have to choose one or the other, you get both.

In 2013, these bands released two of my favorite records of the year—*Screens* and *The Constant One*, respectively. So, getting new tracks from these two on the same release is like magic. Two tracks appear from each group, but in a format I've never seen before: each side has one from each band. What I took for creative, and mold-breaking, is more of a logical decision, as Iron Chic's songs are at least twice as long as Low Culture's. At first, it's a little jarring to have a quick switch between the two. Iron Chic bursts through the speakers with a fast-paced melodic ballad, and, after a few minutes of punk rock lullaby, Low Culture breaks that relaxing calm with bright guitar work that really shines through. Once you get to Side B, this formula is more familiar, and the closing songs are a lot stronger. "Subhumanoid Meltdown" is so classically Iron Chic with their signature roller-coaster cadence, insightfully poetic lyrics, gritty bass, and drums flailing. Low Culture finishes it out with a singalong track about wanting to drink beer and listen to records with a friend, rather than be alone. This is a split I can totally get behind. —Kayla Greet (Dirt Cult, dirtcultrecords.com / Dead Broke, deadbrokerecords.com)

MAKO1972: Cannonball Lecture: 7"

Big hole purple vinyl 45 from this Denver band, who play '90s Touch And Go-inspired stuff that I would not like, no matter how well done it is. It is solid and well played Fugazi meets Shellac

type of music that fans of those bands would likely love. Never been my thing in any way, but you could certainly do a lot worse than this. —Mike Frame (Snappy Little Numbers)

MASQUERADE:

Blood Is the New Black: 12" LP

Helsinki band Masquerade is an interesting mix of genres. They somehow gel early Banshees, post-punk Arctic Flowers, the dark psychedelic goth of Rakta, and melodic '90s alternative a la Jane's Addiction "Three Days" into a perfect tincture. All quiet, all storm. Heavy bass, dark winding melodies, and Siouxsie vocals have a haunting effect. Trippy ending of choir echoes of drummer boy add to the overall euro darkness. —Camylle Reynolds (Mass Media)

MAXIES, THE:

Greenland Is Melting: LP

Erroneously viewed as a joke/gimmick band by their detractors, Orange County's Maxies have been forging on with their fun, pop punk/power pop antics. Until now, their debut album was only available on CD. This vinyl reissue is long overdue. Purporting to be from Greenland, they sing about love, dancing, snow, and, of course, Greenland. Just because they wear costumes and have a sense of humor doesn't mean that they can't write good songs. It's been almost a decade since they started their shenanigans, but there's still freshness to their joyful goofiness. The breakdown into Cheap

Trick's "Surrender" in the title track is pure genius. The kids are melting for the Maxies for good reason. —Art Ettinger (It's Alive)


MCRACKINS / NUCLEAR SANTA CLAUST: Split: 7"

I was surprised to see that McRackins have been putting stuff out again since 2009 or so. I hadn't heard anything from the solid pop punk band since about '98 and did not expect a reunion of such a weird '90s novelty band. Glad to report that the songwriting is still top notch and that the dress up aspect still takes second place to good songs. On the flip is the oddly named Nuclear Santa Claust, who sound a whole lot like the Spits. Pretty solid split and I now find myself hoping for a new McRackins full length. It's nice when a couple eggs and a dog can write some great songs and still be kicking around twenty years later. —Mike Frame (Don Giovanni)

MIDWIVES: Self-titled: 7" EP

Recording this EP on a 4-track or a boombox leaned up against a wall would have been a smart move. As it is, the full, clear production casts an unflattering light, either on what the songs lack or on the fact that Midwives never go beyond a lukewarm idea of dark, jaded, Midwest punk. Reminds me of the post-screamo bands of the early 2000s—all the disaffection and weird chords without any of the actual mania. —Matt Werts (Direct Current, directcurrentrecords.com)

OUT NOW ON
LET'S PRETEND RECORDS



DRILLING FOR BLASTING
"HOW TO PLAY GUITAR"
7 INCH SINGLE
(TWO PIECE MATH PUNK FROM
CHICAGO IL WITH MEMBERS
OF FOURTH ROTOR,
97 SHIKI, AND
AMBITION MISSION)

LET'S PRETEND RECORDS
P.O. BOX 1663
BLOOMINGTON, IN 47402
LETSPRETTENDRECORDS.COM

OUT NOW ON
NO FRONT TEETH RECORDS

THE RETURN OF LONDON'S
SNOTTIEST KBD SCUMFUCS...

DISCO
LEPERS

"OPEN SORES" 7" OUT NOW



NOFRONTTEETH.NET

Debut LP from Canadian Static-Punkers
...mixing equal parts 70's basement punk,
early 80's hardcore and trashy 90's garage.



Line Traps

2nd press (of 200) available soon...

Email or Paypal to:
screentestprinting@gmail.com

\$18 Post Paid in USA
\$20 Post Paid in Europe and Canada
All payments in US dollars please.

LAZ/ORG

https://linetraps.bandcamp.com

MIDWIVES: Self-titled: LP

Was a might concerned at the beginning of the "The Tourist" opener, 'cause it sounded like they were gonna make a foolhardy stab at the Black Flag brass ring, but they wisely backed off the precipice. There is definitely some Flag influence in evidence, especially when they slow things down to a crawl and let the guitars howl, but they try to find their own footing rather than ape, resulting in some fine noisemongering that varies between punchy mid-tempo rockers with some interesting rhythmic changes, dirgy indulgences, and full-on thrashing. The songs are short, taut, and cathartic without being melodramatic. Thumbs up. —Jimmy Alvarado (Direct Current, directcurrentrecords.com)

MIKE HUDSON AND THE PAGANS: *Hollywood High*: LP

A new Pagans album? This took me more by surprise than when The Real Kids dropped their latest record in late 2014. As far as I know, Mike Hudson is The Pagans, but why is this "Mike Hudson And..."? I did some internet research and found some interviews with Hudson (mid-to-late 2014, when this album was coming out) and it looks like Hudson had not just the blessings of—but the insistence of—his former band mates to use The Pagans moniker. Classy touch from a guy who doesn't come across in the best light in his own memoir (*Diary of a Punk*.) These interviews also reveal that Hudson had been writing songs for a country-styled album, which may account

for the slow to mid-tempo feel, and possibly the unnecessarily long "Fame Where." Hudson's voice has held up remarkably. One would think his punk bark-snarl would have permanently damaged it in his younger days. The backing band is solid, with great guitar tone. The recordings are better quality than The Pagans' early releases, due simply to the band having access to better recording equipment. The sound of *Hollywood High* evokes the late '90s rock'n'roll punk bands that were likely influenced by The Pagans. I will always love The Pagans, and when I think of what punk rock *should* sound like, I think of The Pagans (Crime being a close second.) My only real complaint is that the cover is pixilated. The image evokes what Hudson is shooting for, but the way the photo looks when enlarged to LP cover size makes the artwork look blown-out. Bonus points to the band and label for selling the LP (plus download) for remarkably cheap through their Bandcamp page. —Sal Lucci (Ruin Discos, ruindiscos.com)

MISCALCULATIONS:

A View for Glass Eyes: LP

Fronted by No Front Teeth Records honcho Marco Palumbo-Rodriguez; if you're familiar with the label you know the territory. Top-notch, snarling, snotty punk with a heavy late '70s influence. But this isn't a throwback sound. *A View for Glass Eyes* definitely appeals to fans of current bands like Hurula, Blank Pages, or Red Dons, but with a much punker,

classic, serrated sound. Dangerous, menacing, ready for anything. Killer stuff. —Daryl (Rock Star)

MISSING MONUMENTS:

Too Many People: 7"

The poppy, catchy, fun, and upbeat *everything* of this EP has got my toes tingling, heart racing, skin crawling, body swaying, and head bobbing. Guitars twinkle between riffs and solos, a steady drumbeat repeats itself, and vocals reminiscent of Joey Ramone (circa *Rocket to Russia*) blare through my speakers. For fans of The Spits, Ramones, and Exploding Hearts. I cannot stress enough how absolutely taken I am with this release, and want to desperately urge every single person I come across to listen to this immediately. Hailing from New Orleans, LA, this foursome, featuring King Louie (of Persuaders, Royal Pendletons), slaughter and revive power pop; slaughter and revive *me*, everything I know, everything I *thought* I knew. My brain feels melted, my senses heightened, my body moving, blood flowing. The sudden end of this EP has me on my knees, pleading for more, but alas, I will just have to spin it again, and again, and again, until my record needle wears thin and betrays me. —Genevieve Armstrong (Ghost Highway, ghosthighwayrecordings@gmail.com / Blondes Must Die, blondesmustdierecords.com, blondesmustdie@gmail.com / KOTJ, kotjrecords.bandcamp.com)

MYSTERY DATE: *New Noir*: LP

Finally, a full-length of clean-channel skinny tie mod punk from these kids. In a world up to its eyeballs in overproduction, autotune, and ideas battered into faceless, interchangeable commodities, a recording of a band basically plugging in and playing pop songs is a bit refreshing. They deliver their tunes straight ahead, with the nasal, vaguely Elvis Costello-ish vocals laying back a bit, and letting the instruments do a lot of the heavy lifting of pushing the hooks forward. The two singles I'd previously come across were faboo and promised what this album delivers. Kudos to 'em. —Jimmy Alvarado (Piñata, pinatarecords.blogspot.com)

NAPALM DEATH:

Apex Predator – Easy Meat: CD/LP

Until recently, my interactions with Napalm Death had been fairly limited. I own *Scum*, their debut album known for inspiring many a grindcore band. I've seen the band perform live, but hadn't gotten into their more recent work. I'm glad I finally got off my ass and did so. *Apex Predator – Easy Meat* is a brutal forty minutes that shows that the British act is more than just a grindcore band. The album starts out with the Swans-like title track before rolling into their more well-known fast grindcore. The fourth track, "How the Years Condemn," is, without a doubt, one of the best songs I've heard in many years. The thrash guitar riffs combine with lead singer Barney Greenway's growls

MRR RADIO ON THE AIR!

An hour-long weekly radio show, airing on these stations worldwide...

KZUM 89.3 FM, Lincoln, NE • Sundays at midnight
Airing MRR Radio in Lincoln for over 30 years!!!

Radio Bronka 104.5 FM Barcelona, Spain
Thursdays 11:30am & Fridays 9pm

CJSF 90.1 FM, Burnaby, BC, Canada • Tues 5am
Free Radio Santa Cruz 101.3 FM • Thursdays 1pm

WGR 91.3 FM, Port Huron, MI • Fridays 11pm

CKDU 88.1 FM, Halifax, NS, Canada • Tues 3am

UMFM (CJUM) 101.5 FM, Winnipeg, MB, Canada
Wednesday 2–3am (Tuesday night)

CIUT 89.5 FM, Toronto • Mondays 2am
Also on **KCSB 91.9 FM, Santa Barbara, CA** and **WCSB 89.3 FM, Cleveland, OH**

A new show every Sunday at...
radio.maximumrocknroll.com

ASTRO-RAT SAYS LISTEN TO
Maximum Rock and Roll

Yeah, it's a fuckin' podcast too!

We have a censored version for radio!
For more info go to
radio.maximumrocknroll.com/stations

Astro-Rat © Winston Smith, 1977

PETER WALKEE RECORDS

OUT NOW!
GAS CHAMBER
KAISOS WILL ERASE
CASSETTE: 60 MINUTES OF COMPLETE AUDITORY DESTRUCTION

HERO DISHONEST
KAIKKI HAJOOA 7"
NEW 5 SONG 7"
EAST COAST TOUR LATE APRIL 2014

STILL FRESH

RESIST CONTROL - CESSATION LP
EX MEMBERS RUNNING FOR COVER, GAS CHAMBER, JBA
17 BLUDGEONING TRACKS

MIKE GENT THE RAPID SHAVE LP
(THE FOURTH SOLO LP FROM GUITARIST OF THE FIGGS)

SOKEA PISTE - VALIKASI LP
MALLWALKERS - SHAKE THE RUST OFF LP

HERO DISHONEST - ALLE LUJAA LP
BRAND NEW RECORD FROM LONG RUNNING FINNISH PUNKS

SOKEA PISTE - AJATUS KARKAA 12" LP
DEBUT US PRESSING OF THIS FANTASTIC FINNISH PUNK LP

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON UPCOMING RELEASES
PRICING, MAIL ORDER AND SHIPPING
CHECK OUT:

WWW.PETERWALKEERECORDS.COM

of the song title, as the music takes on a big hardcore influence. Nothing on here is as rough as anything they originally did on *Scum*, rather, there's a great mix of hardcore, punk riffs, grindcore, and metal. There are even moments when Greenway comes close to singing—amazing, I know. Still, the material is generally fast, heavy, and fierce. If you are into hardcore, grindcore, or metal, this will be right up your alley. As a band that's been around for over thirty years now, *Apex Predator* is further proof that life doesn't end when band members turn forty. It can remain just as intense and angry as ever. —Kurt Morris (Century Media)

NEW GODS: *What Did I Say?: 7" EP*

First song feels like a fuzzed-out take on early Fugazi. The remaining three tunes take a driving and dissonant approach more in line with what was making the rounds in the '90s. Not bad, all told. —Jimmy Alvarado (Painter Man)

NEW REGRETS: *Self-titled: 7" EP*

Ladies, gentleman, and folks who do not abide to the gender binary: Dayton, Ohio strikes yet *again* with another great band, New Regrets. With a distorted and slightly gruff sound, backed with a steadily fast pace from start to finish, this is nothing but straight-to-the-point punk rock. Negative Approach meets Fear, packed with deep, cutthroat, and growling vocals. I can say with confidence that this record fucking delivers. The cherry on top? Perfection held in a 7",

neatly topped with badass artwork on the original, and an alternative cover on limited pressings for red vinyl. —Genevieve Armstrong (Clearview)

NO FRAUD: *Revolt! – 1984 Demos: LP*

No Fraud were/are a hardcore band from Venice, Florida. Though they've apparently been around for quite a spell and penned quite a few releases, I freely admit that my only exposure to them prior to this was their 1985 debut EP, which was a blistering, glorious slab of spastic thrash. That sound is all over the tracks here, recorded in a "party like" atmosphere, according to the included brief liner notes. The tunes zip right on by nice 'n' tight, only occasionally slowing down before zipping off on another tear. Why this stuff wasn't issued back then is a question for the ages. I know record distribution was tight back then, but this shit is so fuggin' great it would've easily burned a path through the tape trader circuit in short order. One can only be glad it's making the rounds now, and a little sad, I guess, that so much of its lyrical content remains painfully relevant thirty-one years later. Crucial listening most definitely found here. —Jimmy Alvarado (Six Weeks)

NOFX & FRIENDS:

Home Street Home: Original Songs from the Shit Musical: CD/LP

An admission that may exclude me from some punk circles: I like musicals. I like *Les Misérables*, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Godspell*, and *Phantom of*

the Opera, and have seen a number of others in my life. Don't get me wrong: I don't own soundtracks or go see them every month, but the mixture of music and acting can really pack an emotional punch. (Yes, I cry during *Les Misérables*. Fuck you.) There's a good chance I might be the foremost expert of musicals amongst the *Razorcake* writers. That being said, it seems fitting that I was the one sent to review a copy of the Fat Mike-penned musical, *Home Street Home*. Yeah, Green Day did the "punk musical" first, but from what I've read and watched and listened to, *Home Street Home* is much different. There's talk about cutting, drugs, BDSM, and prostitution. It's the story of street punks trying to figure out how to make it on the streets. The music is done by a bunch of different people, including members of NOFX, Descendents, Alkaline Trio, Dropkick Murphys, No Use For A Name, and so many more. Obviously, the vocals are done by the cast, with a distinguished mix of women and men whose voices complement one another (and one who sounds like a young Tim from Rancid). Obviously, if I had already seen *Home Street Home*, I'd probably think a lot differently about these songs. As it stands, these eighteen tracks are what Fat Mike calls "demos" for the musical. There are actually twenty-eight songs in the musical and everything is subject to change over time (until there's an official "cast" album). So this is what you get for now. A lot of the songs have the typical NOFX sense of humor

in the lyrics, but there's more wit than normal, which is probably due in part to the fact that one of the other people behind the musical is Jeff Marx, who worked on *Avenue Q*. The music has a wide range of instruments including banjo, piano, ukulele, vibraphone, and the standard rock lineup. It's catchy and fun, and serves a wide range of styles. After listening to this, I have to admit that I'm surprised. I really didn't think Fat Mike could pull off something so mature and accessible to so many people beyond the typical NOFX fan. But this is pretty solid stuff that, like any good musical, can pack an emotional punch. I'd definitely check out the musical if it comes to where I live. —Kurt Morris (Fat)

NOTHING BAND:

True Refrigerator: Cassette

Annoying, discordant home recordings of a guy whining over pan-banging and flute-fluting and out-of-tune guitar plinking. The most insufferable, indulgent turd I've listened to in some time. NOT EVERYTHING NEEDS TO BE RELEASED, right? Goddamn. I mean, I'm no tastemaker, but sheesh, this cassette's giving home recordings a bad name. I'm sure there are avenues in which genius such as this can *finally* be recognized, but *Razorcake*—and my speakers—are almost assuredly not it. —Keith Rosson (24/7)

NOTS: *We Are Nots: LP*

Not quite sure why these kids get lumped in with the garage crowd,

PROFANE EXISTENCE

MAIL-ORDER!



Not Law and Order

MAKING PUNK A THREAT AGAIN

PROFANE EXISTENCE is a DIY punk rock collective run by unpaid volunteers. All money that comes into PROFANE EXISTENCE gets funneled back into the punk scene through various projects. For more info on the causes that we support and the bands that we work with please visit our webpage

www.profaneexistence.com



'cause, outside of a raw production, I ain't hearing that. No, what's currently being directly uploaded to my brain is more akin to some rather aggressively delivered post-punk—primal drumming, simple yet effective structures, chanted monotone vocals, cutting guitar work, and a synth wielded more for noise than melody. The repetitiveness of the proceedings do feel in need of a marked shift in tactics after a while, but ain't no denying they're onto something muy interesting and I can't wait to hear where they take it, or where it takes them. —Jimmy Alvarado (Goner)

NOVEL: *Discrete Noise*: Cassette

Gothy, warbly post-punk with an occasional melodic bent that comes out as a sort of demented surf pop. Stuff as weird as that sounds often falls victim to its own quirkiness, but the various noises of *Discrete Noise* actually work to effect this atmospheric paranoia that seeps in and settles over the whole tape. This band lays the reverb on thick over muttering vocals and jangly, dissonant guitar, a lot like Foster Body's brand of ominous post-hardcore. I can't imagine listening to this on anything but cassette, except maybe live in a warehouse with all the lights turned off. —Indiana Laub (Shake!, records@experienceshake.com, experienceshake.com)

NUCLEAR SANTA CLAUST:

Je Ne Sais Claust: LP

Is this a new Spits record? Because all I'm hearing is Sean Wood's

trademark Cro-Magnon grunt and Ramones downpicking, except the mix on the vocals renders them into an indecipherable bark. In fact, until I read the lyric sheet, I wasn't positive if they were singing in English! However, the lyrics are a redeeming quality. "One tour in Iraq / You'll never want me back" is tragically succinct, and the trio is sometimes cleverly satirical: "I got an expired MTA card / I got no plans to go real far / I got a girl, doesn't wanna talk to me / Modern problems." Nuclear Santa Claust's gonzo edge and paranoid insights time warp these songs out of throwback territory and into relevancy, but the same ol', same ol' music leaves me unsatisfied. —Sean Arenas (Don Giovanni, dongiovannirecords.com)

NÜ-KLĒ-ƏR BLAST SUTAN:

Prophetic Visions: LP

Prophetic Visions is an inventive, awesome blend of crust with experimental, ambient noise. Shockingly accessible given the high-end complexity of the mix, records like this are proof positive that underground hardcore breeds unique talent. The female vocals are fierce and in-your-face, with ultra-fast tempos pushing things along. Fascinating on all levels, I am not sure what's going on half the time as far as what instruments are doing what, but the end result kicks ass! —Art Ettinger (SPHC)

ON THE CINDER: *Caustic*: 7"

The two songs on the first side are pretty solid nineties-influenced

hardcore. I hear a lot of Avail. The third song on the second side gets a little bit too metal with all the corny guitar licks—not enough for me not to dis it—except to say it's the weakest of the three, musically. It's unfortunate because, lyrically, it's pretty spot-on—a song about a mother and her child trying to escape an abusive slimeball. I don't know the inspiration for this song, but I respect the band taking a chance, using storytelling in lyricism. It sounds a little too clean for me, but melodic hardcore usually is. Still pretty damn good. I'll probably hold on to this one for a while. —Craven Rock (Between The Days)

OPPOSITION RISING:

Aftermathematics LP + Get off Your Ass Get off Your Knees EP: CD

A CD reissue of their *Get off Your Ass Get off Your Knees EP* and *Aftermathematics LP*, released 2013 and 2011, respectively. Truth be told, "angry political punk" is as dicey these days as most of the other cubbyholes that fall under the "punk" banner, so, naturally, I was a bit skeptical when approaching this. True to form, a lot of the expected subject matter—class war, religion, war, and other examples of how fucked up society is in the twenty-first century and calls to revolt against it all—is in evidence, but instead of lading out more of the insipid, watered-down U.S. variant of "street punk" that seems all the rage among the perfectly coiffed and Manic Panic-colored parrot punk contingent, they back up specific

gripes with some tasty (mostly) mid-tempo punk/hardcore delivered with enough verve that those of us who find ourselves a bit more cynical might be swayed to believe they actually mean what they're saying. I know that might come off as a backhanded compliment, but believe me it's not. Too often anymore "fuck the system" is more a punk conceit than conviction, and while I can't profess to know these cats or where their heads are at, the tunes here are put across in such a way as to come off more the latter, which makes all the difference, even when they divert off in an occasional reggae direction. —Jimmy Alvarado (Profane Existence / Opposition)

PISS TEST: *Self-titled*: 7"

Here is Portland, Oregon's *Piss Test's* second self-titled 7". I reviewed the first one in these very pages and it quickly became one of my go-to singles. This one is no different. More seething anger and snotty humor up front while the rhythm section gets you grooving before you even realize it. This band is a prime example of why those "punk rock died years ago" types can go fuck themselves. If you don't already have all of *Piss Test's* records (there is a killer LP as well), you best get on it! —Ty Stranglehold (Taken By Surprise)

POPULATION: *Beyond the Pale*: LP

I really dug their first EP on HoZac a good while back, which was some prime Joy Division worship in its own

ORGANIZE AND ARISE

COMMUNITY-NETWORK-RESPECT

Available summer 2015




united in darkness

Split 7" e.p.

Minneapolis and Portland unite to bring songs of rage and protest

Visit our online store at organizeandarise.bigcartel.com
online forums at www.organizeandarise.org
warplaguepunx.bandcamp.com

RAD GIRLFRIEND RECORDS

RGF-046 B-SIDES 4 WAY SPLIT
BROKEDOWNS/BOILERMAN/BRICKFIGHT/BOXSLEDDER

RGF-045 PRETTY PRETTY
"TALKIN' TO THE WALLS" EP

RGF-044 PRETTY BOY THORSON & LIL' HAPPINESS
"I AIN'T YOUR MAN" B/W "YOU'RE JUST A FOOL"

RGF-043 THE RAGING NATHANS
"LOSING IT" LP

UP NEXT

THE FUR COATS
"SHORT BRAIN" EP

THE RAGING NATHANS/THE SLOW DEATH
SPLIT 7"

WESTERN SETTINGS
"YES IT IS" LP

APOCALYPSE MEOW
"THE END IS NIGH" LP

THE SOVIETTES
"RARITIES" LP

JOHN COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP
"ARMAGEDDON PARTY" EP

THE RIDICULOUSES
"THIS IS A PUNK BAND"

OTHER RGF RELEASES AND 100'S OF DISTRO TITLES
WWW.RADGIRLFRIENDRECORDS.COM
DROP US A LINE: 2981 MEADOW PARK DR. DAYTON, OH 45440



LOAD
DRUNKEN WARRIOR CHIEF

Miami, Florida Punk Legends
Various Songs from 1991-2001
New LP Out Now!
14 Songs Limited Color Vinyl
Download Code Included!

Retail Store Now Open!

RAT TOWN RECORDS
1195 Mayport Road
Atlantic Beach, FL 32233
USA (904) 372-0289
Label/Mailorder/Distro

www.rattownrecords.com
P.O. Box 50803 Jax Beach, FL 32240 USA
info@rattownrecords.com

right. Haven't heard anything from 'em since, so just how marked the leap forward here is a bit of a surprise. Echoes of that early influence are still very much apparent, but they've upped the gloom exponentially and added some other interesting bits—a little bit of very early Sisters Of Mercy here, and more than a little early Death In June there, all of it steeped in a nice sheen of 4AD ambience—to round the sound out quite nicely. While not as sonically aggressive as some of the retro-nouveau death rock outfits making the rounds in recent years, they more than make up for it in the way the sheer oppressiveness of the overall mood is counterbalanced by loping bass lines, alternating dancey and quasi-tribal drumming, and ethereal synth lines. The results are superb, handily standing toe-to-toe with the heavy hitters of the much ballyhooed first post-punk/goth go-round. —Jimmy Alvarado (Mass Media, massmediarecords.com)

PROTECTOR'S:

Soul and Fire Is All We Ever Need: LP
Recently, I was struck low by a virus which had as one nasty side effect—me not wanting to listen to music for the best part of a week. These indie rockers from the North of England provided me with the perfect way to recover and regain that important part of my life. At first I was barely aware of what I was listening to, but as my health improved so the tracks seemed to blossom into fully formed pieces of beauty. The album kept pace with my recovery,

gradually opening itself up, displaying its charms in a piecemeal fashion. Suddenly, it was like seeing a beautiful flower blooming for the first time as I was able to acknowledge and enjoy the melodies, well-crafted songs and the delicious harmonies that were on offer—I was healed. —Rich Cocksedge (Bombed Out, bombedout.com)

PUBLIC ASSAULT: *No Way Out: 7"*

This band is from working class Lake County, a shithole that starts with Gary, Indiana and sprawls out cancerously into places like Hammond, which Public Assault calls home. It's an ugly violent, dog eat dog, crime-ridden rustbelt hell, the kind of place where friends of mine played a show afterward to leave in a high-speed chase running from Nazi skinheads only to get their van t-boned in an intersection by someone in another high-speed chase with one perp trying to kill the other in a drug deal gone wrong. The runner that hit them died. His car and their van went up in flames. I lived in a nearby town called Lowell when I was a teenager and, honestly, think it has lot to do with why I'm still fucked up. But you don't need to know this when you put on *No Way Out*; to feel their music comes from a dark place. It's pure rage and survival they put into these four songs. Nothing new here, simply Minor Threat, Void, Agnostic Front-style hardcore but with such uncut anger and vitriol that it stands with the best of them. The lead singer shouts, spitting his frustration at "ignorance and violence fascism

and racism and brutality." He does so crudely and artlessly but with so much fervor with the band backing equally fast, dirty, and desperate. Get this to remember why you like hardcore and you'll quickly forget hardcore not worth remembering. —Craven Rock (Foreign Legion, ourwayoflife.storenv.com)

RAD COMPANY: *"Friends like These" b/w "Dress You Up": 7"*

Part of Juke Box's singles subscription series and apparently already "Out of Stock." Like all the singles in the series, an original A side and a cover song on the flip. "Friends Like These" is a piercing piece of thrash pop that will win you over first spin and have you dropping the needle again and again (which is actually the annoying part of only getting one song on one side, but I suppose justifiable considering the juke box format). The Madonna song is humorous and adequate, but let's be honest... you don't often come back to the cover song. Good thing the A side slays. Worth picking up if you can find it. Sexy see-through snot green vinyl. —Matt Seward (Juke Box, jukebox-records.com)

RAGING NATHANS: *Losing It: LP*

Pop punk as a descriptor has either become passe or carries too many potentially negative connotations. Bands with releases of this caliber, that transcend those former shackles, will be said to bring the *boom jangle*. Heavy-driving low end holding down

fuzz-filled bratty pop hooks coupled with bumbar party lyrics about relationships and altered states. When three of the best and most consistent record labels are coming together to release your three-piece from Dayton, OH's first full-length, you know you're on to something. *Losing It*, a handful of cold ones, and a tubin' trip to the river will provide a nice respite from this summer's heat. —Matt Seward (Rad Girlfriend / Dead Broke / Recess)

RANDOM PRICE: *My Kidnap Money: CD*


Releases like this one really frustrate me. On one hand, you have a batch of decent, melodic, mid-tempo punk only to be impaired by not being played by a full band. On the other hand, you have a batch of songs that tend to circle a theme—love, loss, and relationships; again due to basically being a two-person band. Trust me guys, a bassist and someone else to help write and sing would really make this baby shine. —Garrett Barnwell (Unable, unablerecords.com)

REALLY RED:


Teaching You the Fear: LP

If you pay attention to any of my music ramblings (both in print and in person), I will inevitably express my love for punk rock from Texas. Being from Canada, it took a long time for me to hear a lot of the amazing bands from the '80s from the Lone Star State, but every time I did I fell in love with them. Really Red was among the best. This is the first of a three volume reissue

REALITY IS A CULT



NUCLEAR HELLFROST - Bestial Grinding Carnage FLEXI
4 tracks of grinding blackened thrash punk including a WARSORE cover. DIY as fuck. Kvlt as fuck.



WARPATH - Fuck You, I'm Queer: Complete Discography LP
Complete remastered discography (19 tracks) on colored vinyl. Pissed as fuck queercore grind/crust punx in the vein of DOOM and AUS-ROTTEN. Comes with 28 page zine-style lyric booklet.

READ BOOKS, HATE COPS, SMASH THE STATE
<http://www.realityisacult.com>

Three new releases from Rerun Records.

The sounds of Milwaukee, WI.

➔ AMA-DOTS-s/t LP

Bombastic/experimental post punk from Milwaukee. Includes their sole 7", "lost" EP from legendary Chicago producer, Iain Burgess and unreleased demos plus live material from 1979-1983. Pressed on gold vinyl.

➔ THE ONES-7" + CD set

Blazing Punk n' Roll from Milwaukee 1978-1980! The set includes a remastered vinyl reissue of their ultra-rare 45 from 1980 plus an 18 track CD collection that includes the single plus unreleased studio, rehearsal and live recordings. Comes with two buttons, as well!

➔ Lubricants-Activated Energy 7"

A deluxe, remastered vinyl reissue of this classic Milwaukee Punk 45 from 1980!



...plus other high quality reissues and archival releases of '70s-'80s Punk and other lowbrow Rock from St. Louis and beyond!
M.O.T.O., Screamin' Mee-Mees, VOM, Welders, Max Load and more!
We also carry Punk, HC and indie reissues from other labels plus a whole buncha used items! Sign up for our newsletter at the website!

Rerun Records ...and our St. Louis only label
BDR RECORDS
Info and Orders: RerunRecordsSTL.com

LEGENDARY DIVORCE



MAKE ME EP
A NOISY GRUNGE-POP FIGHT YOU CAN DANCE TO

FEATURING VOCALIST/GUITARIST ITARYA LEO AND MEMBERS OF THE STARTING LINE, LADDER DEVILS, AND THE MINOR TIMES

STREAM THE MUSIC - WATCH THE VIDEO
SNATCH UP THE MERCH
WWW.REPTILIANRECORDS.COM

of the Houston band's discography, featuring their debut album *Teaching You the Fear*. Simply amazing and intense, Really Red came out of a more interesting art-damaged corner of punk rock (much like fellow Texans Big Boys and Dicks). When they played hardcore, it was relentless and pitch perfect, but they would turn around and lay down something arty and different at the drop of a dime without losing any of the anger or urgency. It's a tough trick, but Really Red really nailed it on this record that put them in a league with the likes of Minutemen and Nomeansno in my mind. I, for one, am incredibly excited about these reissues. Everyone should own this record and now they can. —Ty Stranglehold (Alternative Tentacles)

REALLY RED: *The Complete Collection 1979-1985*: 2 x CD

I've said it before, but it bears repeating yet again: I dunno what the fuck they were putting in the barbecue sauce in Texas at the dawn of the 1980s, but some seriously amazing stuff came outta that state's punk scene roughly from the tail end of the '70s through the '80s—Big Boys, Dicks, D.R.I., Offenders, Kamikaze Refrigerators, Dot Vaeth Group, Cargo Cult, The Hates, M.D.C., Culturcide, Scratch Acid, Butthole Surfers, The Nervebreakers... suffice to say that only scratches at a list that is long and wildly varied. Also sitting in that pantheon is Houston's Really Red, a name that one doesn't come across

quite as often these days as maybe some of the others named might, but one no less important or jaw-dropping awesome were they, and at the time they were rightly well regarded in the greater scene back then. What they brought to the table—and is in full evidence throughout this collection of their recorded output—was a sound that kept a toe on the punk/hardcore template while lurching in every which direction: thrashing with the best of 'em on second, meting out some choice punk tunes the next, adding some psychedelic art-damaged hardcore the next, and going off on an almost industrial excursion the next, lurching rhythms, howling vocals, and pummeled guitars in tow. Collected here is pretty much everything one could hope for: the crucial *Teaching You the Fear* LP, the über-rare *Rest in Pain* LP, all their singles/EP tracks, comp tracks, and some unreleased gems, plus a booklet with lyrics and a version of an interview with vocalist U-Ron that I remember being included in David Ensminger's indispensable tome, *Left of the Dial: Conversations with Punk Icons*. In addition to being two discs-worth of challenging and wildly creative music, the collection is yet another testament to just how wildly creative some bands remained even within the rapidly tightening "rules" hardcore's adherents insisted on shackling themselves with as time went on. Boiled down to three words: THIS IS ESSENTIAL. —Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

RED DONS & TV SMITH: *A Vote for the Unknown: 7"*

This was an unexpected treasure in the review pile. I never thought to myself, "I wonder what it would sound like if TV Smith did vocals on a couple of Red Dons songs," but now that I am hearing it, it seems very natural. Dark and moody in the best way possible; it's a match made in post-punk heaven. —Ty Stranglehold (Deranged)

RED MASS: *White Nights: 7"*

The title track starts out with a guitar lead brazenly appropriated from the Buzzcocks' "Boredom" welded onto the promise of something twisted and weird before instead veering into a nice punky ditty with darker edges than appear at first blush. The flip, "Animal," is the more traditionally "punk" of the two, with a bit more stomp to it and a structure that would have all the '77-punk dweebs soiling their leather pants if the guitars were more Marshall crunch than Fender slash. —Jimmy Alvarado (Zaxxon)

REMAINDERS / BARONS: *Split: 7"*

Charmed by the bear devouring a sub sandwich on the front, and the giant sub sandwich devouring a tiny bear on the back—artwork compliments of Righteous Indignation, better known as Jason Lubrano of Iron Chic—I was sold on this Pittsburgh-born 7" split before even listening to the tracks. "Band of humans," Reminders, slam through catchy, riffy punk rippers—"You're Living a Lie? I'm Living Like

20!" and "Standstill" on Side A—both bolstered by minimal production that suggests the immediacy and emotional investment of a basement show. Side B features Barons taking a more tempered, anthemic approach on "Tradition" and "Lessons," with fist-pumping choruses, swinging breakdowns, and well-paced crescendos that make you quiver with antici... pation. —Kelley O'Death (Between The Days, betweenthedayrecords@gmail.com, betweenthedaystoreenvy.com)

REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN / BOOTSCRAPER: *The Bear and the Tiger: CD*

Bootscraper is from Leeds and is a folk punk band, as opposed to Manchester's Revenge Of The Psychotronic Man, known for fast-paced melodic hardcore. The joke here is that each band covers songs of the other, which works better than expected. Reminiscent of the famous Born Against / Screeching Weasel split from the 1990s, it's refreshing to see bands this disparate pay tribute to one another. Also available on vinyl with a download card, TNS Records did a class act with the presentation here. —Art Ettinger (TNS, tnsrecords.co.uk)

RIFLE DIET: *No Solace: 12" EP*

Pummeling, relentless, heavy-as-hell crust from Minneapolis. Most of it is fast, but they mix up the speeds, making for some truly epic moments. There's an unbelievably gallivanting part at the end of the second song where

RVIVR
bicker and breathe 12inch

wo//oo
lower berth 12inch

CAVES
leaving 12inch

high dive
europe 12inch

down and outs
lifeline 12inch

CAVES
betterment 12inch

www.yoyorecords.de
coming soon: more tours, more records

DEBUT LP OUT NOW
WHITEMURDER.COM

WHITE MURDER

DEBUT LP OUT NOW
WHITEMURDER.COM

GREAT CYNICS
I FEEL WEIRD LP / CD

PALE ANGELS
IMAGINARY PEOPLE LP / CD

PERSONAL BEST
ARNOS VALE LP

TWISTED
UTOPIA LP

THE FAIRWEATHER BAND
12"

CAVES
LEAVING LP / CD

DOE
FIRST FOUR LP

FUTURE
SAM RUSSO - GREYHOUND DREAMS LP

BANGERS
BIRD LP

ABOVE THEM
LP

SPECIALIST SUBJECT RECORDS
WWW.SPECIALISTSUBJECTRECORDS.CO.UK

the vocals change from being screamed to being yelled. "Break down the walls of this box / Break down the walls like this, break them down with you fist / Break down the walls of this box / Kick them out at the root, kick them out with your boots." It continues on for a couple more lines, getting better and better. Not just crust fans, but fans of any hardcore subgenre need to check that track out. Solid. —Daryl (Profane Existence / Blood Of The Young)

RITUAL CONTROL: *Inoculation: EP*

Certainly heavy and pummeling. Though these folks have been around for a while, this is my first time listening. Pretty much what I expected from a band that features someone from Artimus Pyle: one super massive wall of sound, abrasive guitar, ungodly bass sound, thrashing percussion, and a vocalist who's screaming from the gut. All good elements, and this does have its moments. The riffs are good, the drumming is solid as hell, and there's a lot of power in the music. However, even after six or more listens, there's nothing that really stands out, or stays in my mind after the record is over, other than the fact that this is heavy. I'm pretty sure live this slays, but on record it's just okay, and not something I'd listen to again down the road. —M.Avg (Sabotage, info@sabotagerecords.net)

RULETA RUSA: *Me Dan Asco: 7"*

Instructions: Put record on turntable. Drop needle. Curl fingers into fist. Raise fist overhead. Pound fist in air.

Jump around. Sing along. Get sweaty. This is the kind of riffy, impassioned, anthemic punk rock that makes 7" records seem too short. —MP Johnson (Modern Action)

RUSSEL STREET BOMBINGS:

Self-titled: LP

Abstract, psychedelic post-punk damage situated in the land of Gong, Thee Homosexuals, Rat Columns, and Swell Maps. Truthfully, this is too good and too smart to be easily categorized and filed away. So, just ignore that opening line. Think of that as a way of luring you into their world; one where usual song structures are thrown out and replaced by trance-inducing droning, strumming, and rhythmic time keeping that's effective and unobtrusive. This is the kind of music you stop all else and just listen to. There's a lot going on, and it's all worth making the time for and getting familiar with. I think the whole year-end best-of lists are shit, but if I was to ever keep one, this record would be in the upper portion, and possibly at the tippy top. Treat yourself right and get this. —M.Avg (Smart Guy, smartguyrecords.com)

RUTABEGA, THE: *Shiny Destination: 7"*

The two songs on this seven inch both clock in at exactly 2:38, but couldn't be more different from one another. The title track is a fun, fast romper with great drumming that propels the song along. With the yelling backing female vocals on the chorus, it reminds me of RVIVR. The b-side, "Ladder," is

an unused track from The Rutabega's last full-length, *Brother, The Lights Don't Work*. I can hear how it would've fit in with those songs, as it's more of a somber, indie rock tune. I like the excitement and energy of "Shiny Destination," but the reflective tone on "Ladder" gets me every time. Both are winners for entirely different reasons, but it's a great example of the diversity of The Rutabega's sound. Whatever way this Indiana duo goes in the future, I can't wait to hear it. —Kurt Morris (Triple Eye Industries)

SAINTE-CATHERINES, THE:

The Art of Arrogance: LP

I'm of the opinion that this band got better with age. I think *Fire Works*, their last full-length, was hands down the best thing they ever did, and it still gets regular listens around here. *The Art of Arrogance*, their third full-length, is ten years old now. It's getting the reissue treatment here, and while it's not my favorite SC record, it's being repressed for a good reason: *Arrogance* offers an almost different picture entirely of the band than *Fire Works* and, in between, *Dancing for Decadence*. With *Arrogance*, they were a band still couched somewhere between emo, hardcore, and the musical angularities of stuff like Hot Water Music. The sense of fatigue and world-weariness so prevalent in their later shit is filled instead with an abject fury here: "While living this dream, I become my own fucking nightmare / I never believed in this bloody lie. Head first in what I hate

about life." It's a furious, thoughtful, jarring record that more than holds up a decade later and manages to have its toes in a few different genres without ever seeming scattered or diluted. Fierce, seething, whip-smart, and probably the last record they did that fully eschewed melody for barbs. —Keith Rosson (Anchorless)

SANHOSE: *Japanese: CD*

Co-released with Snuffy Smiles, so you've got a good idea of what you're getting into: this is pop punk stuff for sure. Yet unlike label (and country) mates like Pear Of The West and Minority Blues Band, Kyoto's Sanhose seem more gritty, less concerned with melody. Pretty slim packaging, so I have no idea how wise songs like "Pour Oil" and "Tape Me" might be, though they do manage to punch out a cover of "Attitude" by the Misfits. Solid work from this three piece, if not terribly memorable. —Keith Rosson (Sanhose)

SAVAGE AMUSED: *Mind Cure: LP*

Savage Amused was a Pittsburgh thrash band that originally released the titular demo in 1985. While their sound had its share of the obligatory fast 'n' angry mind frame pumped in, there's a distinct sense of melody infused that doesn't so much translate into a poppiness as it does lending a level of catchiness amidst the sturm und drang. It's also interesting to hear a marked level of complexity in the structures, rhythms, and approaches utilized from one song to the next—

SOLID MFG

VINYL PRESSING & PRINT SHOP

Solid Mfg. is the easiest place on the web for bands and record labels to manufacture vinyl records and custom print printed parts.

VINYL PRESSING:

- 250 unit minimum on 7", 10", and 12" packages
- Over 30 color vinyl choices, plus options for splatter, haze, 180gm, and more
- Shipping or pickup from Brooklyn, NY
- Free overrun, no hidden costs.

PRINT SHOP:

- LP Jackets, 7" Folders, Gatefolds, and more.
- Free overrun and shipping to one US location.
- Custom options for stock, finish, folds, more.



Our **Solidbot webapp** automates stuff like building a custom quote, uploading art and audio files, and checking production status, all to move projects through production as quickly and easily as possible.

🌐 **SOLIDMFG.CO**
✉ **WELLS@SOLIDMFG.CO**
🐦 **@SOLIDMFG**
☎ **(631) 487-7513**



SCENE POINT BLANK

punk, hardcore & indie webzine

established 2003.



www.scenepointblank.com

interviews, news, record reviews,
in-depth features & guest columns.

🐦 @scenepointblank

free
radio
.ORG

they ain't just content to take a ride on the thrash-o-rama railroad right through to the end. The recording's, well, demo quality raw, but remarkably clear for something three decades old. As with other releases on this label, the packaging is also a hoot, with a large poster crammed with liner notes and pics, plus a download card with the full album and a live set from around the same time. —Jimmy Alvarado (Mind Cure)

SELF-EVIDENT: *The Traveler*: CD

This latest full-length from Minneapolis's Self-Evident is eight songs that stretch from 2004 to 2015. There are two new songs, four recorded from 2004 to 2009, and two covers (Bear Claw and Traindodge, both bands that have played with Self-Evident). I can understand wanting to record songs by friends, but it would've been interesting to hear Self-Evident try out songs by bands more different than them. I don't know what other artists Self-Evident is into, but taking a hardcore or punk song and playing it in their own style would've been pretty great. The four older songs I could take or leave. There is still the same melodic math rock sound, but nothing about them strikes me as urgent and inspiring as the material from Self-Evident's last album, *We Built a Fortress on Short Notice*. By contrast, the new songs, "A New Way" and "House" display the range the band is capable of. There's some edgy aggression and more introspective, somber tones. While I

can only really recommend this for fans of the band, it does make me excited to hear what they'll be coming up with next. —Kurt Morris (Doubleplusgood)

SHADOWHOUSE: *Hand in Hand*: LP

Shadowhouse describe themselves as "post-punk/goth" from Portland, Oregon. I don't get around to those genres too often but, for the most part, appreciate what is going on here. Reverby guitar riffs, big drum sounds, synthesizers, and a deep, booming voice. Every piece sounds like it was recorded in a different section of a spooky cave on the Oregon coast. If you're tired of your favorite '80s singers acting like assholes or paying two hundred dollars to see some cover act at an embarrassing convention, try this LP out. It'll get the job done. —John Mule (Mass Media)

SHALLOW CUTS: *Storm Watch*: 7" EP

On the surface, San Diego/Minneapolis trio Shallow Cuts don't sound terribly dissimilar from their pop punk brethren, but there's something lurking in their melodies, song structures, and chord progressions that lingers in the ether between the two genres. The cheery guitar line on Side A's "The Mission" feels more like The Cure than Alkaline Trio, while recalling both. When placing "89 Suzuki" on a mixtape, it could play just as well next to Billy Joel as The Lawrence Arms. Side B's "SLC" feels like a brighter Gaslight Anthem with lyrics by John Cougar Mellencamp, but it

possesses a purity all its own. Final track, "Calamine" boasts an intro and breakdown that scream for a place in the life-affirming climax of a twee indie film, and finds ways to integrate subtle, refreshing key changes and vocal runs throughout. Its title, lyrics, album art, and marbled grey vinyl may seem foreboding, but *Storm Watch* is like an injection of serotonin and nostalgia straight into your brain. —Kelley O'Death (No Idea)

SHAMS, THE: *One and All*: CD

The Shams play straight-up rock'n'roll that isn't quite punk, not quite bar rock, but too edgy-sounding to be pop. The tunes sound like the smell of lilacs in a horse paddock—there's something seamy and fundamental under your feet, but up top things are fresh and light. Thus works the earthy, rumbling bass with The Shams' clean, bright guitars. And tambourines and fiddles! Love me some fiddles! Through it all, The Shams just sound so damn Irish (partly because they quite clearly are), but it's not simply the sum total of Emerald Isle accents on the record and those lovely fiddles. It's like this record wants to be classified as "Celtic pub rock" or crammed into some other overused pigeon hole, but it simultaneously defies such easy classification. It's like a drunken night of multi-Guinness at the pub with a rollicking fistfight—it could have been anywhere, but it just happened to be at the Irish joint, so that becomes the overarching context for the

memory, even though it would make for a great story regardless of the setting. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Shams Music Productions)

SICK THOUGHTS: *Beat on Beat*: 7"

Holy shit, how many records has this guy put out in the last year or so? I know I can't keep up, no matter how hard I try. If you missed my review of the 10" a couple of issues ago, Sick Thoughts is frapped-out, lo-fi punk rock destruction. I think I get a little bit of brain damage every time I listen to this band, but that ain't stopping me. Time to dummy up and flip the record again! —Ty Stranglehold (Goner)

SIR LORD VON RAVEN: *The Age of Machines*: LP

I was worried the name of this band was trying too hard, but the songs back up my knee-jerk reaction to the moniker. This is a double LP and the songs remain catchy. There are jumpy elements of early glam mixed with '60s pop. The beats are framed with great keyboard and bass lines. It's tight and poppy without losing the rock'n'roll train wreck. There are even interspersed sax solos. This album has the gait of *Diamond Dogs*—era Bowie and early T.Rex but keeps its own voice nicely. The cracks that appear when you're faking it are not here. Good songwriting and solid presentation all around. —Billups Allen (Guitars And Bongos, guitarsandbongos.com)

REAL. VEGAS. PUNK.

SQUIDHAT RECORDS

BECAUSE MUSIC DOESN'T HAVE TO SUCK

DOWNLOAD OUR FREE 25 SONG SAMPLER AT:
SQUIDHAT.COM



ontherealrecords.storenvy.com

SIXBREWANTHA:

Intravenously Commodified: LP

Savage and pulverizing grindcore utilizing the brute force of current heavyweights such as Insect Warfare and Quattro Stagioni while worshipping at the altars of Discordance Axis, Asterisk, and Phobia. There's a slight touch of metalcore detected in the strategically placed heavy breakdowns. Fear not, however. This record is strictly for grind freaks and moshers with a refined palate and definitely not for the trend ears who would rather listen to whatever Bridge 9 is trying to pass for hardcore these days as they wait for a barber's chair to free up to get a fade haircut. —Juan Espinosa (To Live A Lie / SPHC)

SKEMÄTA: Self-titled: LP

Gotta admit, my initial gut response to this was, "Oh, for fuck's sake. First we have a global scourge of a billion bands basing careers on pretending to be Discharge, now we're gonna have a wave of American bands pretending to be Scandinavian bands pretending to be Discharge?!" It's an easy dismissal to make, 'cause facts bein' what they is, this is conceptually little more than a wholesale mooching of Wolfpack, Totalitär, and Skitsystem with all the bluster, guttural vocals, and metal flourishes of those bands in full evidence. What makes me refrain from tossing this out the nearest window in disgust is, wonder of wonders, *they fucking pull it off*. In fucking spades, no less. This is just as scathing, tight, and

immediate as some of the best stuff the Scandinavian wing of Cal-worshippers has put across in recent decades. No faint praise, that. It may not be all that original, but it is definitely a monster. —Jimmy Alvarado (Sorry State)

SLOW DEATH, THE: No Heaven: LP

More than what it is, it may be easier to describe what this record isn't. It's not sterile, it's not sober, it's not experimental, and it's not sorry. Midwestern basement punk leaning towards straight-up, earnest guitar rock. This record is a chained up mutt in a dirt yard barking its ass off about how fucked up its situation is. Pretty much all the humanoids in hearing distance find it all quite obnoxious, but to the fellow canines, it's a bark they can relate to. No graduate student is ever gonna write their dissertation on The Slow Death, and that's kinda what I like about 'em. —Daryl (Rad Girlfriend)

SLOW WALKER: Self-titled: LP

The cover of this album had an assuredly accidental psychological effect on me. It's cheap looking, to the point of appearing classic. The band is framed in a wavy circle, cheaply printed in black and white, with a wavy circle photo of trees on the other side. The label is blank with "Side One" and "Side Two" written in ballpoint pen. I'm sure the band probably just wanted to save some money, but they should be commended on how to create a good-looking record on a budget. This album is a grungy offering with hints

of '60s beats with fuzzy bass seeping in on the first side. "Desperation" has a slow-fuzz walking bass line into a catchy chorus. In the grunge to '60s range, it's a bit all over the place, but in an interesting way. There are loads of catchy choruses. There's a bit of ether in the production, particularly in the vocals, similar to what I hear from a lot of San Francisco bands doing the pseudo-retro thing. All these elements are rolled together tightly into an interesting album. It's got good songwriting and an appropriate amount of production, whatever I mean by that. It's solid and not immediately identifiable in a way I like. There's a lot to like about it. I'm definitely going to listen to it again instead of going on a tirade about how bands are spending too much money on expensive vinyl pressing and how I feel unpunk for continuing to support vinyl releases because of a ridiculous and childish hobby I've held on to for too long. What did I say? It's a good record. —Billups Allen (Stale Heat, slowwalker. bandcamp.com)

SOLUTIONS: Life of Joy: 12" LP

Solutions had a short-lived existence, this being their only release. Sorry folks, I guess it's better to leave them wanting more, eh? Solutions are straight white-knuckle, brutal pov violence. From slow, sludgy, mud-dragging bass to a hot fettered d-beat froth and atonal guttural screams, it's pure rage. Gas Chamber, which they share former members of, and Condition

instantly come to mind when I listened to this LP. Only 300 copies. —Camyille Reynolds (Iron Lung)

SOMERSET THROWER:

Falling Swingers: 7" EP

I was excited at first to hear a band that kind of sounded like Lotion (underrated '90s indie rockers from Manhattan). As the record went on, I realized these guys are closer to Sunny Day Real Estate, or some cousin to The Get Up Kids. The lyrics are vague sensitive male clichés, the singer staring at a woman's face and describing a sad ocean or a sidewalk (I'm paraphrasing). They're either throwing back to an era that needs to be left alone or they don't know how dated this sounds. I can't decide. —Matt Werts (Dead Broke)

SPELLS: "Jet Set"

b/w "¡A Huevo!": Cassette

"¡A Huevo!" is as close as you can get to aping Rocket From The Crypt without lifting the leads from Speedo's fingers or snatching his swaggering voice right out of his throat. The song is cheeky and rambunctious, but sadly, "Jet Set" slips into the deep end of cloying power pop and winds up swimming with The Maxies. For about four and half minutes of music, I recommend roughly half of it. —Sean Arenas (Snappy Little Numbers, snappylittlenumbers.blogspot.com)

SPELLS: At Sea: 7" EP

Let me just throw this out there: Spells are incredible. Reviewing this

RUBBER FACTORY



THE REBEL SPELL

new album produced by Jesse Gander
from Rebel Time / Not Yer Buddy
Harvest King / Rubber Factory

DOGS
Dirty Fuckin' Rock from
Toronto to Schomberg.
Rubber Factory alumni.
Debut three song 7"
dogsto.bandcamp
from Rubber Factory / Team Japanidan



UNSAINE ASYLUM



H.D.Q.

The first release by
Sunderland's legendary
HDQ since 1990 feat. Dickie
and Skruft from Leatherface.
"Hand Me Downs" b/w "Toronto"
from Boss Tunage / Unsaine Asylum

40 HELLS
"...I Spy's melodic output,
coupled with a Pegboy-
esque groove and latter
era Articles of Faith. Dark,
smart, passionate and well
delivered" (Razorcake)
Unsaine Asylum / Rubber Factory



NEW RECORDS OUT NOW:

SKEMÄTA
LOUDER
DAVIDIANS
OBLIVIONATION
GAY KISS
DARK AGES

OUT SOON:

BROKEN PRAYER
NO LOVE

SORRY
STATE
RECORDS



www.squareonecoffee.com

FREE SHIPPING WITH CODE:

"RAZORCAKE"

on all orders over \$20

@SQ1crew

SMALL BATCH
ROASTED IN
LANCASTER PA

record was a pleasant surprise. In all likelihood—unless this band explodes (hopefully)—I may have never heard this release. Extremely well packaged, four-track EP by this Denver quartet. Three hundred copies of this sucker exist, which seems low to me, but what do I know? The quality of the songs is remarkably high. The production's dead-on for Spells' sound (huge) and the tracks themselves are catchy. In a nutshell, it sounds like veteran band's record, rather than a new group (which, apparently, they more or less are). Great Rocket From The Crypt style-tunes, with a nod to Dillinger Four here and there, while sticking close to the rock to a traditional rock band formula. I'm impressed. Mastered by the one and only Daniel "Hajji" Husayn. —Steve Adamyk (Snappy Little Numbers, snappylittlenumbers.blogspot.com)

STABBED IN BACK / PAYOFF: Split: 7" Well looky here; a surprisingly potent split from New Mexico's Stabbed In Back and SoCal's Payoff. The SIB cuts feel a little more raucous and aggressive (sounds like this James Hall guy would fit right in at Razorcake HQ) than Payoff's, but that isn't meant to take anything away from them. In fact, the Payoff cuts probably demonstrate a little more range than SIB's, largely due to the dual girl/guy vocals. Payoff features some ex-members of The Bombpops and their overall sound doesn't stray too far from that now-defunct outfit. Honestly, this hasn't left my turntable

in days. Maybe that means something? —Garrett Barnwell (Rad Girlfriend)

STALE PHISH: Rock N Roll Revert: LP

This is what it's all about: skateboarding and punk rock. The two go hand in hand. Stale Phish only write skate punk songs, with song titles like, "Shred Sled," "Gators Song," and "While You Skated Street (I Skated Pool with Your Mom)." All the songs are really tight and have an old school punk rock feel. If you like bands like the Faction, Aggression, or the old BYO comps, do yourself a favor and check these fellas out. Rip it! —Ryan Nichols (Not Like You, notlikeyouzine@gmail.com)

STAPLES IN CARPET:

"One of the Same" b/w "In Secret": 7" This Seattle trio's translucent green 7" is stunningly beautiful, and its cover—which stylizes the most iconic image from 1978's *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*—made this horror nerd do a happy, little jig. The single itself, "One of the Same," features the kind of straightforward, gain-drenched guitar work, simple but precise drumming, and angry white guy vocals that will resonate with fans of '90s hardcore, then throws in a chuggy, slow-building breakdown to lock down the band's metal cred. The B side, "In Secret," blends Staples In Carpet's punk and metal influences more seamlessly, utilizing the minor chords and disorienting fuzz of an old school horror punk song without

compromising their thesis of being pissed the fuck off. —Kelley O'Death (Totally Brainless)

STAY CLEAN JOLENE: Self-titled: CD

These dudes from Manchester, England, sound so much like an up-tempo version of Gaslight Anthem that I had to check if there were any ties between those bands. To my knowledge, no ties exist, and the more I think about it, the basis for my comparison is the hoarse vocals and the melodic power of the music. All in all, Stay Clean Jolene offer a filling plate of twenty-first century punk, and one that I'm liking more and more with each listen: the melodies are fast and tight, the vocals have a raw intensity and sincerity that I really dig, and the harmonies that start making themselves known upon further play really sew it up and sell the whole thing for me. Let me bookend this review with a better comparison: Stay Clean Jolene sound like a cleaner, less metal-y version of Venera. Good stuff. —The Lord Kveldulfr (Just Say No to Government Music / Bombed Out)

STUPORHERO: Clams?: LP

I do love surprises. From the strangely spelled name to the bizarre album title and cover art, to the rock-star-mocking-but-not-humorous photographs on their website, I rolled my eyes so hard that I could feel them hit the back of my skull. Then the music came on and I got happy. Really fucking happy. It's poppy surf-punk, done well. Really

fucking well. This is a band that doesn't have to be silly to be good but I can't imagine that anyone would convince them of that. I just like the music. I really like this music. —John Mule (Basement Tape)

SUMMER CANNIBALS:

Show Us Your Mind: LP

A proper full-length's worth of female-fronted pop rock with ample Big Muff leads and solos. The vocal delivery shifts between soothing, dreaminess, and varying levels of aggression, yet never too aggressive. The album might start to feel monotonous, but that's probably just your punk-addled brain. Listen to the whole thing; the tempo changes at the end make for a particularly strong finish. And lock groove/secret song stuff is pretty fun too, even if somewhat confusing. —Daryl (New Moss, newmossrecords.com)

SUNSHINE STATE: Pour: CD

It's going to take this band a few releases before every other review isn't obligated to mention drummer Warren Oakes' history in Against Me!, so let's just get it out there. And *Pour* should be received warmly by Against Me! diehards who haven't minded the band's metamorphosis from ear-shredding folk punk toward mid-tempo Replacements-style rock, because there's plenty of that on this debut. But the seasoned punks of Sunshine State have plenty of other influences they don't mind showing.

out now:

Influence: A Tribute to Big Boys

Angry Snowmans

Rations

The Hoosegow

coming sometime:

Ditch Patrol

AK-47

Subtle Pills



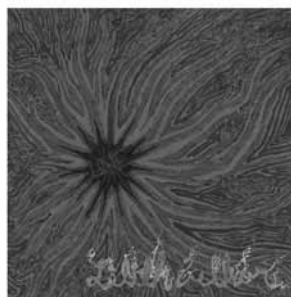
stiffhombre.ca



black rainbow lp
black rainbow



Rats Rest 7"
hedonite



lone lp
lilith velkor



shellshonic shag-o-vision
tv show

starcleaner records
www.starcleaner.com

Some familiarity with the DIY behemoth that is the Gainesville punk scene is a decent jumping-off point, but frontman Troy Perlman's style is less marble-mouthed and gruff-beardy-guy-oriented than the classic orgcore stereotype. This has more in common with the thoughtful, songwriter-centric pop punk of Jawbreaker and J Church. It seems like this list of ingredients adds up to a whole lot of nostalgia, which isn't totally inaccurate, but this is a band that does manage to put its own spin on it for something pretty new and interesting. —Indiana Laub (No Idea, noidearecords.com)

SWINGIN' UTTERS / MODERN ACTION: Split: 7"

In one corner, the champion, the Bay Area's hard-hitting favorite, the legendary Swingin' Utters. In the other corner, the scrappy challenger, Modern Action who, if I were to judge from this split single alone, get a surprise knockout to shock the judges and make the bookies skip town. Modern Action's 2010 release, *Molotov Solution*, got good reviews from Razorcake, so I'm not surprised at how much I dig this release. —John Mule (Modern Action, modernactionrecords.com)

TELEVISIONARIES, THE: Self-titled: LP
Surf rock is a tricky genre. There's some good stuff here and there, but, for the most part, this stuff tends to suck. Really, how many Ventures albums are solid the whole way through? Unless you're Man... Or Astroman?,

then chances are you aren't all that. Televisionaries make me miss bands like the aforementioned Man... Or Astroman?, as well as Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet, which I can here influence of in this band. However, Televisionaries lack charisma, drive, and all other things that make for an interesting band. This just sounds like a band dialing it in. —M.Avr (Reel Time, reeltimecordss.bigcartel.com)

TENEMENT:

Bruised Music, Volume One: LP

A collection of previously released songs from these Wisconsin rabble-rousers! I have been patiently waiting for this, and I was not disappointed. Raw riffs, catchy song titles, and all that you would normally expect from this power trio. The one-two punch of "Sitcom Moms" and "Spaghetti Midwestern" is formidable, but the quality control stays in the red until the last note. The harmonies seem to be a bit tighter on this platter and the drums are a bit more in your face. Besides, any band that has a song called "Icepick" is worth checking out, don't you think? —Sean Koepenick (Toxic Pop / Grave Mistake)

THAALS: Castle Claremont: Cassette

This album starts and ends with soundclips from Daleks, so Whovians should be pleased just with that. The band makes rock'n'roll for teenage space aliens. Song titles range from "Bingo Dabbing," to "Patty Hearst," to "Black Mold." Vocals are really

blown-out with effects and distortion, so the band comes off very garagey. It makes lyrics fairly indiscernible and with no lyrics printed, it's anybody's best guess. But that kinda helps add to the sci-fi, out-of-this-world sound that Thaals have going on. They can get pretty thrashy on some of the songs. For the most part, this is a fast record with echo-y vocals and dirty bass. I'd love to hear them with a keyboard player. Would be a great companion to any campy alien movie or Halloween party. Don't get me wrong, though, I'd bump this any day of the year. —Kayla Greet (Drug Party)

THASHERS, THE: *Robot Invaders from the Death Galaxy: LP*

A lot went into this LP... double-printed jacket (outside and in), printed sleeve, glossy lyric insert, and vinyl sticker. Packaging ain't cheap. Strip away the excessive graphic trappings and you're left with adeptly played interstellar attack robot surf rock (from Canada). However, *Robot Invaders*... is all over the map. Cosmic artwork, X Files, or mob themed band pics, and lyrics that do nothing to connect the themes equals a shtick that don't stick. One song did have the singer sounding like the Horny Mormons, so that's a plus. —Matt Seward (transistor66)

THIRTY SIX STRATEGIES:

Strategy Three: LP/CD

Strategies Thirty Six might contain a number of stalwarts from the U.K. hardcore scene but this isn't tough guy

music, as there is a relaxed and melodic outlook that sits at its core. With new vocalist Marie Vockins firmly settled front and center, she frequently acts as a siren distracting me from all else that is going on with her wonderfully gritty and soulful voice. Then suddenly I'm snapped back from my reverie by the rest of the band rocking out in way that makes me think of Hammerbox, given the guitar work and agile rhythm section. Great stuff. —Rich Cocksedge (Boss Tuneage, bosstuneage.com)

TIGHT BROS / RAD COMPANY: Split: 7"

Strange that a name as dumb as Tight Bros would be used more than once, though I guess this band is from now and not way back and all. It's the first I have heard them. They sound a lot like the Marked Men—kinda fast and ragged pop punk. Rad Company are on the other side of the record and hail from Bob Pollard land, Dayton, OH. Similar kinda ragged pop punk sound but more anthemic in the delivery and a little faster. This seems like the kinda record that the average Razorcake reader would absolutely love, especially the do-it-together ethic of having seven labels involved in the pressing. —Mike Frame (No Breaks)

TIGHT BROS: Self-titled: LP

Tight Bros are not from way back when, they are from now. If the Ramones were a '59 Cadillac then Tight Bros are a fucking Tesla. (Yeah, I don't know shit about cars.) Tight Bros have produced one of the finest

OUT NOW:

Plow United / THE HEADIES



Plow United//The Headies
split 7"

coming soon:

Mineral Girls "Cozy Body" CS
Sea of Storms "Dead Weight" 12" LP



Still Available: Totally Slow, Late Bloomer, Alright, Old Flings, and more

www.selfawarerecords.com



CREATIONISTS

full length LP

"HOLY WISDOM"

available now!!!!

Only \$13 including Pay Pal
fees and shipping (US ONLY)

For more information,
please contact
supersecretrecords@hotmail.com
especially orders from abroad

super secret records
www.supersecretrecords.com

HOUND



OUT OF TIME

PHILLY PUNK / HARD ROCK
CD / LP / DIGITAL DOWNLOAD
NOVEMBER 28TH

tour and shows around that time

trophy wife
all the sides

3rd FULL-LENGTH FROM THIS PHILLY PUNK DUO
CD AVAILABLE NOW

2015 = MORE FOD REISSUES + NEW FOD 7"s
+ TONS OF OTHER COOL STUFF!!!
buy stuff from our website so we can make more stuff!

SRArecords.com



ILDistro.com

pop punk products on the market in this here first half of the 2010s. The speed is relentless. Starting out at a double-time speed that most pogo-ers would strain a muscle and only relenting when you find yourself at the one or two songs that require head banging instead. As a three-piece they sound so full. The intricacies of the vocals weaving in and out is complex without seeming heady and pretentious. This is the kind of record that makes me confused why everyone in the world doesn't listen to pop punk. It follows the pop rulebook, makes it dirty and noisy with complex, but accessible, melodies. It's a hard spot on the musical landscape to find, but the Tight Bros. have a great home here. I'll be the first to admit that I've been a champion of this band for a long time. I remember actually paying for MP3s of this record because the vinyl wasn't available yet. The excitement on my face when I saw this disc was obvious. If you've been wondering where all the good pop punk is lately, it's here. It's the Tight Bros. And you're a fool for not seeing it. (I am also going to use my once yearly "Go buy this fucking now" power by saying you *have* to buy Good Shade's self-titled LP. (Which shares a member or two.) I'm not super educated.) Grade (for this and Good Shade's LP, why not?): A. —Bryan Static (Let's Pretend / Rad Girlfriend)

TIMMY'S ORGANISM: Singles Collection & Unreleased Tracks: 2 x LP
Freaked-out undulations, bedroom psychedelia, and sonic demons are

unleashed on this twenty-three song collection. Tim Lampinen ("Timmy Vulgar"), of Clone Defects and Human Eye, rants and raves like a man possessed by a kaleidoscopic wah pedal; with each stomp the insanity is intravenously ramped to eleven. The songs range from cacophonous rackets ("Waste Time") to playful instrumentals ("Building the Friendship Part II") and rock'n'roll parodies ("I'm a Nice Guy Now"). Some tunes are genuinely moving and heart-wrenching such as "Sadness Walks" and "Vacuum Up My Shattered Heart," which sound like Daniel Johnston tripped out on LSD. Your enjoyment of Timmy's Organism depends on whether you find early Flaming Lips to be indulgent, art rock nonsense or tame experiments in pop. If you fit into the latter group, Timmy's Organism is here to concuss your brain with madness waves. I imagine, live, Timmy must induce spontaneous combustion. —Sean Arenas (HoZac)

TRTRKMMR: Avec La Souillure Nous Entrons Au Règne De La Terreur: LP

This LP is the solo black noise recording project of ex-Otesanek singer, Brad Dumville. Recorded in Wisconsin during the fall and winter months of 2010 through 2014. The title translates to "with the idea of defilement we enter the realm of terror"—because that's what it says on the cover of the beautifully printed and laid out eighteen-page, 5.5" x 8.5" insert. The music and sound

captured is as bleak as smoke-filled skies on snow-worn landscapes. Anguished and barren. Percussion is supplied by fractured vinyl records. The atmosphere is consuming. Doomed indeed. This release also features a stamped image of a wolf's head which has been inked in human blood. Hand numbered out of 500. —Daryl (Iron Lung)

TWO HOUSES: Disappointer: 7" EP

Self-described as "triumphant sad bastard music," Two Houses has perfected the contemporary Chicago punk sound. Reminiscent of The Broadways or early Lawrence Arms, these four songs perfectly capture big city living for punk kids in their mid-twenties. Do yourself a favor, though. Give this EP a whirl and then catch their live show. It's brilliant. —Nicole Madden (Rad Girlfriend, radgirlfriendrecords.storenvy.com / Let's Pretend, letspretendrecords.com)

UK SUBS: Yellow Leader: CD

The Subs are just one letter away from completing their twenty-six albums of the alphabet! If medals were given for commitment to the cause, Charlie Harper would have the Purple Heart. How many punk rockers do you know who are still knocking out records at the age of seventy? Seventy. That's right. I'm a huge fan of the late '70s Subs with hits like "Stranglehold" and "Warhead." How does the twenty-sixth album fare? Not half bad, actually, and still a head and shoulders above

most of the swill that passes for punk these days. No wheel reinventing, just got some uptempo '77-style punk. Mandatory? No. Worthy? Yes. —Tim Brooks (Captain Oi)

UPRISING, THE: Screaming from the Inside: 7"

So these are considered long slept on tracks from the band's 1986 demo re-released on a seven-inch. It's fast old school British hardcore that owes a lot to bands like Subhumans and T.S.O.L. It's a good, honest hardcore record that I wish came with a lyric sheet, or if not, something to define it a little more, because right now all I hear is another hardcore band to remind of how rigid and unadventurous hardcore could be in that era, yet it's done well. I feel bad judging so harshly what's essentially a good record, a classic record to some, but it takes a lot of effort to find something memorable in it and leaves me feeling like a poser for not keeping my interest. It's hard to tell whether it's dated or if I just have all I need of this sort of old school hardcore. —Craven Rock (Not Like You, notlikeyourecords.com)

URINALS: Next Year at Marienbad: CD

I bought the third ((and best)) Urinals 7", with "Sex" and "Go Away Girl" ((fairly logical couplet, that)), when it came out circa 1980 or '81, its crazy fucking thunderous raw basement smashing was a revelation—an absolute overload of VOLUME and

WELCOME TO
BAD HOTEL
THE DEBUT ALBUM FROM
EX'S WITH BENEFITS

"They've set the bar very high for Seattle's album of the year!"
- Northwest Music Scene

"It's ripping stuff."
- Mark Arm, Mudhoney

WWW.EXSWITHBENEFITS.COM
FACEBOOK/EXSWITHBENEFITS

POUNDRING and the types of acoustical traits that drive "real" sound engineers to the bughouse. The next song I heard was "She's a Drone," off the *Life Is Ugly So Why Not Kill Yourself* compilation, which kept the minimalist frenzy going, but sounded like it was being tapped out on Quaker Oats® containers, thus was still cool, but in a much different manner. They then changed their name to 100 Flowers, got artier, and lost my interest, although I did like their early song "Salmonella" okay. They apparently put out an album as the Urinals in 2003 which I managed to ignore entirely, which brings us up to the immediate now. I think this record is pretty cool—it doesn't sound like a basement full of metal garbage cans being kicked around by pelicans, or some homeless nut banging on oatmeal containers—it all sounds pretty "normal," give or take—but all the songs are good, reasonably memorable, and generally to the point. The range of bands of which I am reminded during the course of this album ranges from the somewhat logical ((Gun Club, Guided By Voices)) to the unexpected ((Reducers, They Might Be Giants, Jason and the Fricking Scorchers??)), but it's all sort of knit together logically, in one big happy urinal. This album will not save your soul, but it will add a fresh urinal cake to the pee-sodden porcelain of your existence! BEST SONG: "Close Our Eyes" BEST SONG TITLE: "This Song Is a Virus" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Gleert &

Simka appear courtesy of Finn-a-Fon Diskq! -Rev. Nørb (Happy Squid, happysquid.com)

UV GLAZE: Self-titled: 7" EP

Dissonant noise rock not unlike Jesus Lizard sans any artsy pretensions. Music to rhythmically pummel your face with a frozen sea bass. -Jimmy Alvarado (Bachelor)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Columbusblood: LP

I had no idea this was a compilation at first, so I was pretty confused. Originally, I thought Columbusblood was a band that couldn't choose one musical style. Once that was figured out, I realized that this is a comp featuring all the current bands playing rock and roll in Columbus, OH. There is something for everyone on here, from psychedelic, to punk rock, to rock'n'roll, to lo-fi garage. This record is great all the way through, but, for me, some of the standouts are—Mr. Tiger, who have a poppy but dirty rock vibe that reminds me of something that would go well on Swami Records. Psychic Wheels carry the dark, trashy, psychedelic torch a la the Cramps and Tav Falco. Drift Mouth round things off nicely with more of a Columbus, TX sound or a band from Joshua Tree playing desert music under the stars. This record, as a whole, is well worth checking out. It's nice to see scenes coming together like this. It needs to happen more. Nice work, Columbus. -Ryan Nichols (Break-Up!, dullcomputer@core.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: D-Sides: LP

I was a huge fan of the label compilation boom of the late '90s early '00s. It was such a great way (pre internet) to hear a bunch of bands you might never had heard otherwise. One of my favorites was the Punch Drunk series on TKO Records. Among the amazing bands on there was my introduction to The Bodies. What a band! I couldn't get enough. Well, here we are many years later and the guys from The Bodies have a killer label of their own and a compilation. My love of Modern Action records is no secret, so how could I not go apeshit for a comp of rare, unreleased, and demo tracks from bands like Modern Action, The Bodies, Smogtown, Stitches, Sharp Objects, Modern Pets, Botox Rats and more? Sure, some of the recording quality might be rough (the Stitches track was recorded on a beat up ghetto blaster in 1993), but it's all great! I go well out of my way to pick up anything on Modern Action and you should too. -Ty Stranglehold (Modern Action)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

No Future - A Tribute Album: CD

Titles can be deceiving. This is not just a tribute to The Sex Pistols. The Clash and The Damned are also represented. I feel like I already have semi-decent tributes to the first two in my collection. An all-Damned focus would have stood out a bit more, but what do I know? I will give you my picks from each section, just to be fair. The Bolsheviks take on "Holidays

in the Sun" is out of the ordinary. "Washington Bullets" is handled well by Atilla The Stockbroker. Finally, Robb Johnson does a warm and fuzzy take on "Thanks for the Night." If you don't already have twenty-five tribute records, then seek this out. -Sean Koeppenick (Released Emotions)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Windian Subscription Series 3: 6 x 7"

A singles collection from the Windian record label featuring six 7"s each of which is a two-song offering by bands the Seers, DD Owen, Platinum Boys, Church Bats, War Party, and John Wesley Coleman III. The bands featured are predominantly of the garage rock variety and its subsidiaries (lo-fi, power pop, punk, experimental, etc.). Musically, it's just your standard fare of garage acts and nothing really stands out too much, which is a shame because as far as the packaging goes, it certainly doesn't get much better than this: a candy box housing all six records, artwork and lyrics booklet, download code, and a custom made Windian records 45 spacer. -Juan Espinosa (Windian, windianrecords.com)


VATICAN DAGGER: 7"

New Orleans punk is something I dig more and more, the more I listen to it. Vatican Dagger's guitars are very Gary Wrong-ish, mostly because Gary Wrong is in the band. The riff of "Not to Be" is a hypnotic groove that veers into some chaos, kept in control by the

THE DEBUT LP FROM RICHMOND, VIRGINIA'S

SEA of STORMS

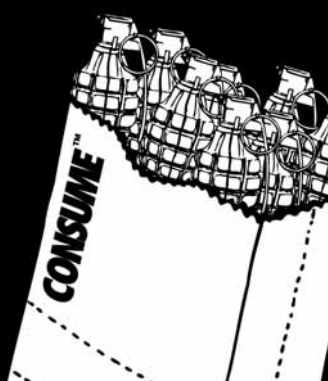
DEAD WEIGHT



AND MORE COOL STUFF AT:

TOR JOHNSON RECORDS
TORJOHNSONRECORDS.COM

SELF AWARE RECORDS
SELF-AWARE-RECORDS.COM



TRUST

WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in an underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

WALLRIDE



the Flying Faders NOSWEAT

Hold on!

PEEL ME LIKE A EGG

Whiff

KINDA Like MEDITATING

WALLRIDERECD.COM

drum pummel. "The Mess" is a more straight-forward punker. Both tunes have a thick enough guitar sound and good low end. Total Punk scores again! —Sal Lucci (Total Punk)

VLASTA POPIĆ: *Kvadrat*: LP/CD

With repetitive bass lines, scratchy guitar, and syncopated drumming, there are enough nods in the direction of Shellac and Fugazi to justify the inclusion of those two bands on any promo sheet for this Croatian band. The combined female/male vocals, however, allows Vlasta Popić to make its own mark rather than be considered as some kind of carbon copy of those musical powerhouses. There are curve balls in the form of "Slijepa naša (mržnja)," an explosive burst of melodic punk, and "Maštanje," a more measured and straightforward track both catching me unawares but equally not seeming out of place. —Rich Cocksedge (Moonlee, moonleerecords.com)

VOIGHT-KAMPPF:

***Last House on the Right*: 7"**

Two tracks of gloomy-gothic wave-pop. While the title track is the brighter, pop-friendlier of the two tracks, for my money it's the flip, "Little Dyings," that's the pick to click here, with its minimal drum machine-anchored instrumentation and darker feel. Nice single. —Jimmy Alvarado (Deranged)

WAR ON WOMEN: Self-titled: LP/CD

I'd rather not have women's right being a cause because, to me, they

are inalienable rights that shouldn't need discussion or argument. However, we live in an unjust society and this serves only to fire up War On Women, a band ready to take on all and sundry to raise awareness to the discrimination suffered by so many and, in doing so, providing the perfect soundtrack to the fight. This album kicks and screams from start to finish but the most poignant line is delivered in "Say It" with, "Say it! Say it! I was raped," being both empowering and chilling in equal measure. This is what punk rock should be about—if listening to this doesn't make your blood boil then you're most likely dead. —Rich Cocksedge (Bridge Nine, info@bridge9.com, bridge9.com)

WASTOIDS: *Dangerous Spaces*: EP

Sloppy, lo-fi hardcore from the Arctic wastelands of Canada. Refreshingly raw like some lost '82 gem from the Touch And Go or Discord catalog. Think Necros meets Teen Idles or SOA. Banging. —Tim Brooks (High Anxiety, via noidearecords.com)

WET DRAG: Self-titled: 7"

Some folks from Uzi Rash, Grass Widow, and The Trashies playing noisy, arty punk. It's dirty and raw with shrill guitars over vague dystopian lyrics. A good record, but it fails to really stand out in my memory or call me back to it. —Craven Rock (Wacky Wacko, wackywacko.com)

WHAT-A-NIGHTS: Self-titled: LP

What-A-Nights are a Japanese melodic punk band that contains ex-members of Minority Blues Band and I Excuse. Musically, they are seemingly influenced by the best of the '90s U.K. melodic punk bands—Leatherface, Snuff, and Hooten 3 Car come to mind. This was originally self-released by the band on CD, but now, thanks to a handful of great labels, it's now on vinyl and available domestically. Great and highly recommended! —Mark Twistworthy (Rad Girlfriend)

WINDOWSILL, THE / DEECRACKS:

***Reconsider Fisto*: 10"**

Fisto, the rough-bearded, iron-fisted woodsman of Eternia. Deecracks deliver the twist waist and power punch action equivalent with four tracks of hook-laden gruff punk. Deecracks' side of the record is the side of "good" and keeps you coming back. Fisto's toy-line adversary was Jitsu, a gold-handed evil karate chop master. Total weak sauce compared to the power of Fisto. The Windowsill is Jitsu, masters of their craft, but ultimately forgettable in the glut of standardized pop punk. Deecracks and He-Man inferences make this release worth the price of admission and I'll probably wear out the grooves of the Deecracks side. Thanks to Wiki Grayskull. —Matt Seward (Shield, shieldrecordings.com)

YOUR PEST BAND: *Time to Go*: CD

I had heard about Your Pest Band for some time now. There have been a few

attempts on my part to check out the music, but I never found anything that stuck with me very well. An identity for the band's sound never fully formed in my mind. And that's around the time I usually give up trying to like a band. Going into this album, I wasn't entirely sure what to expect. What I ended up getting was relatively pumped-up Japanese punk with a psychedelia twinge that's a little out of tune in a good way. (A very good way.) This is a pretty good album. Goes great with blown-out speakers and warm summer days. Grade: A. —Bryan Static (Snuffy Smiles)

ZACK ZACK: *Wir Haben Zeit*: LP

Shame on whoever took the "rock" out of "punk rock" but, lucky for us, Zack Zack is somewhere in Germany working on putting it back in. This album is a garageland masterpiece. If you told me that these were long-lost Clash or Buzzcocks recordings, done in German, I would believe you. Well done. —John Mule (Modern Action, modernactionrecords.com)

Read 22,452 more record reviews at razorcake.org/record-reviews



Hard Left's debut album "We Are Hard Left" is out now. 14 songs of agitation, inspiration and uplift. A crucial corrective during these times of dread and tribulation. Making do with what we didn't choose, all power to the imagination.

High quality LP mastered at 45rpm for maximum impact and pressed on trusty black vinyl.

Get it from your favorite local shop or direct: <http://smarturl.it/wearehardleft>

FPR

futureperfectrecords@gmail.com

**CUSTOM
BUTTONS
MAGNETS
MIRRORS
AND
OTHER
THINGS
TOO.**

NEVER RUN
OUT OF MERCH
EVER AGAIN!

WE ARE
LOCATED IN
LYON, FRANCE
AND SHIP
ANYWHERE IN
EUROPE IN A
MATTER OF
DAYS.

www.moderncity.com

MODERN CITY RECORDS

BOTTLENOSE KOFFINS!

"Such a terrible name for such an amazing band!"

"The Bastard Sons of The Dead Milkmen and Mean Jeans if they pledged to Animal House!"

"I wanted to hate this. The band name is not clever enough to make sense, I find the artwork lacking, and I guess I'm just PC enough to find the title *Gayzilla* distasteful... However, Bottlenose Koffins (ugh) deliver a debut album that is more than tolerable."



"Gayzilla!" out now on Bomb Pop Records!
NEW ALBUM COMING SOON!

the bloodtypes!

(ex-Epoxies)

Portland's own New Wave Prog Punk Trailblazers!

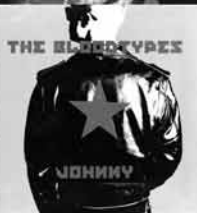


"Just Your Type" CD
(BPR-002)

The Bloodtypes' explosive debut!
12 high energy tracks about everything from corporate mind-control to punk felines to the day the sun explodes!

BOMB POP RECORDS

www.bombpoprecords.com



"Johnny" 7" EP
(BPR-001)

4 songs about Commies and Zombies and Aliens, OH MY! Available on Black or Coagulated Commie Crimson vinyl!

CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or recently posted on razorcake.org.



- **12XU**, 3005 S. Lamar Blvd., D109-403, Austin, TX 78704
- **24/7**, 3127 Telegraph Ave., Oakland, CA 94609
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141
- **Anchorless**, 68 George St., Ste. 3L, Brooklyn, NY 11206
- **Azotobacter**, 4394 Lochside Dr., Victoria, BC, V8X 2C9, Canada
- **Bachelor**, 5421 Adnet 186, Austria
- **BHJ**, c/o Colin Burrowes, 719 John St. West, Listowel, Ontario, N4W 1B6, Canada
- **Blood Of The Young**, PO Box 18357, MPLS, MN 55418
- **Boss Tuneage**, PO Box 74, Sandy, Bedfordshire, SG19 2WB, United Kingdom
- **Break-Up**, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215
- **Bridge Nine**, 119 Foster St. Building 4 Floor 3, Peabody MA 01960
- **Can I Say?** c/o Aymeric Groman, 7 quai Des Comtes De Champagne, 10 000 Troyes, France
- **Captain Oi**, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, United Kingdom
- **Dead Broke**, 139 Huber Ave., Holbrook, NY 11741
- **Deranged**, c/o Gordon Dufresne, 2700 Lower Road, Roberts Creek, BC V0N 2W4, Canada
- **Dirt Cult**, 15141 E Burnside St., Portland, OR 97233
- **Don Giovanni**, PO Box 628, Kingston, NJ 08528
- **Doubleplusgood**, 3817 Clinton Ave., MPLS, MN 55409

- **Dying Elk Herd**, 3316 Horizon Dr., Lancaster, PA 17601
- **Encapsulated**, 2607 Bellevue Ave., St. Louis MO 63143
- **End Sounds**, PO Box 684743, Austin, TX 78768
- **Fat Wreck Chords**, 2196 Palou Ave., SF, CA 94124
- **Fuck Your Life** c/o Chris Carrier, 322 Filbert St., Oakland, CA 94607
- **Genjing**, No. 2 Xi Lou Xiang, Xi Cheng District Beijing, China 100009
- **Goner**, 2152 Young Ave., Memphis, TN 38104
- **Iron Lung**, PO Box 95521, Seattle, WA 98145
- **It's Alive**, 11411 Hewes St., Orange, CA 92869
- **Last Laugh**, 313 President St. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231
- **Let's Pretend**, PO Box 1663, Bloomington, IN 47402
- **Manta Ray**, 219 E North Ave., Baltimore, MD 21202
- **Mass Media**, PO Box 2692, Costa Mesa CA, 92626
- **Mind Cure**, 3138 Dobson St., Fl. #2, Pittsburgh, PA 15219
- **Modern Action**, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476
- **Moonlee**, Krizevniska 5, 1000 Ljubljana, Slovenia
- **Mooster**, 1725 W Thorndale Ave. 2A, Chicago, IL 60660
- **Najma**, 604 S. Liberty St., Spartanburg, SC, 29306
- **Negative Fun**, PO Box 97212, Raleigh, NC 27624-7212
- **No Breaks**, 104 Rogers St. NE, Ste. #301, Atlanta, GA 30317

- **No Idea**, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636
- **No Profit**, 2724 Glastonbury Rd., Apex, NC 27539-8663
- **Not Like You**, 102 Richmond Ave. SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106-2214
- **Painter Man**, 1305 NE 45th St. Apt. B, Seattle, WA 98105
- **Pasazer**, PO Box 32, 39-201 Debica 3, Poland
- **Pavones**, 345 Elm Ave., Beaconsfield, Quebec, H9W 5W9, Canada
- **Profane Existence**, PO Box 647, Huntington, WV 25711
- **Rad Girlfriend**, 2981 Meadow Park Dr., Dayton, OH 45440
- **Reel Time**, PO Box 10512, Rochester, NY 14610
- **Released Emotions**, PO Box 132, Acton London, W38XQ, England
- **Right**, 7215 N. Highland Ave. N., Tampa, FL 33604
- **Rock Star**, Kurbunnenstrasse 32-36, 52066 Aachen, Germany
- **Ruin Nation**, PO Box 105824, 28058 Bremen, Germany
- **Sabotage**, Fehrfeld 4, 28203 Bremen, Germany
- **Sanhose** c/o Takeshi Takahashi, Fulgente M&Y #203, Shichijo Goshonouchi-Nishimachi, Shimogyo-ku Kyoto-shi, Kyoto, 600-8865, Japan
- **Saustex**, PO Box 691356, San Antonio, TX 78269
- **Sext Message**, 1640 Lenora Circle, Lincolntown, NC 28092

- **Shake!**, 1807 Harvard Pl., Victoria, BC, V8N 5P6, Canada
- **Shield**, Blazoenstraat 32, 5021 DM, Tilburg, The Netherlands
- **Skuld Releases**, Malmshiemer Str. 14, 71272 Renningen, Germany
- **Snappy Little Numbers**, PO Box 370602, Denver, CO 80237
- **Snot Releases**, PO Box 332, Carrboro, NC 27510
- **Snuffy Smiles**, 12-A Shichiku Kamikōsai-chō Kita-ku, Kyōto, Japan 31403, 603-8117
- **Sorry State**, 317 W. Morgan St., Ste. 105, Raleigh, NC 27601
- **Spirit Of The Streets**, Schwiesaustr. 11, 39124 Magdeburg, Germany
- **Taken By Surprise**, Landsberger Straße 3, 80339 München, Germany
- **Total Punk**, 1231 Virginia Dr., Orlando, FL 32803
- **Toxic Pop**, 2619 Guilford Ave., Baltimore, MD 21218
- **Triple Eye Industries**, c/o Martin Defatte, 188 W. Tripoli Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53207
- **Wacky Wacko**, 1919 N. Vermont Ave #12, Hollywood, CA 90027
- **Wallride**, 4401 Ethel Ave., Hampstead, MD 21074
- **Wanda**, Rosa-Luxemburg St. 23, 06618, Naumburg, Germany
- **Windian**, 1849 Calvert St. NW, Washington, DC 20009

RAZORCAKE RECORD REVIEW GUIDELINES AND FAQs

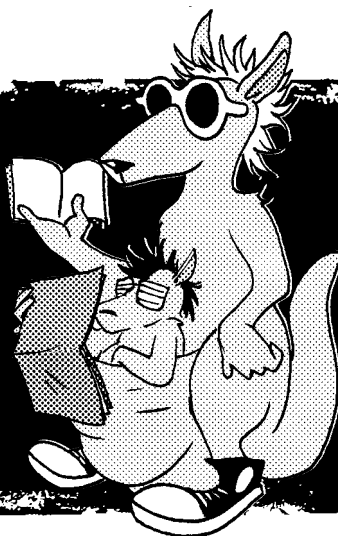
- The address to send all review material is Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. You may address it to specific reviewers. Just make sure they're active.
- Full album art is required for a review. Pre-releases go into the trash.
- We will not review download card or a link to an album.

- We will not review a CD-R version of a vinyl release.
- We know mail's expensive, but we send full copies of the zine as a thanks to all who send us material to review (if your postal address is provided).
- Put a postal address on each and every piece of music sent in. Many packages get separated and given to different reviewers.

- All music reviews (since Jan. 2001) can be found at: razorcake.org. Use our "search" function on the site to see if your music has been reviewed.
- Reviews may take six months. Be patient. We're bi-monthly and have reviewers worldwide.

ZINE REVIEWS

Send all zines for review to:
Razorcake,
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
Please include a postal
address (that's how we trade),
the number of pages, the price,
and whether or not you accept trades.



“It’s a quick
read, but a
meaningful
one.”

—Keith Rosson | *BRAINSCAN* #31

ANECDOTAL DINNERS, \$5, 4¼" x 5½", copied, 50pgs.

The impression I got from this chunky collection of poems is futility—illustrated in quick thoughts that are less than a paragraph per page. I can really see myself crawl inside a bottle of wine with this zine clutched to my chest, trying to find the sad beauty in places you might not think it exists. From a distance, I can sum up the tone as mixing the funny, the sad, and the insignificant into short poems no more than two sentences long. To me, the author, Alden Marin, doesn't have a sad voice but I find his poetic observations describing sad moments. The kind that make you smile. —Simon Sotelo (Alden Marin, LifeAsApoet.com)

BRAINSCAN #31, \$2, 5½" x 4", copied, offset cover, 20 pgs.

I feel like Portland's going through a rapid transformation of late. Rents are rising super fast and condos are going up just as quickly everywhere you look. The town's having a huge growth spurt (this being good or bad is indefinitely debatable). With this huge and constant influx of new people, those of us who have been around for any length of time can almost start to feel like outsiders, like we're the odd ones. Alex is definitely one of the "old guard" of Portland zine culture, and what we have here is a quick rumination on where Portland fits in her life, and other notions of acceptance and belonging—noting that relationship with parents sometimes mellow with age, with everyone eventually reaching a mutual respect and care. Alex has been doing *Brainscan* for a long time, and she's good at it. It's a quick read, but a meaningful one. —Keith Rosson (Alex Wrekke, 5307 N. Minnesota Ave., Portland, OR 97217)

DITHERING DOODLES #15, \$1 or free with trade, 8½" x 5½", copied, 32 pgs.

Dithering Doodles is a jib jab of ideas scrawled out in pencil, pen, and sharpie all compiled together into one big playful mess. The issue's spotlights Garfield the cat, the Johnny Mann singers, and two aliens named Botha and Zaboo. The characters and stories within the zine are self-aware. The many scribbled in and smeared asides to the audience serve as proof that the material doesn't take itself too seriously—an admirable quality, in my opinion. —Ashley Ravelo (Dithering Doodles, 259 E 700 St., SLC, UT, 84111)

FUNNY THINGS TEENS SAY AT WORK, \$2, 5½" x 4", copied, 16 pgs.

Bryan works at a shelter for homeless nine to seventeen-year-olds. As you can imagine, this is an intense job that can be very hard and emotionally trying. However, this zine isn't about that. With one quote per page accompanied by sweet little drawings, Bryan has compiled the "hilarious, insightful, and strange things" that the teenagers have said to him at work. "Diggin' the rat tail. Let me guess—Red Hot Chili Peppers fan?" —Robin Effup (brybry@riseup.net)

INSIDE OVER, \$2, 4" x 5½", copied, 28 pgs.

Inside Over is a collection of written and visual art. It's a real page-turner. Quick read and with seventeen contributors there's bound to be at least a couple pieces in here that you can get down with. The introduction reads, "The contents in this zine intersect and overlap with multiple discourses. Each of the pieces featured here exhibit different styles of communication, which is pretty cool." I agree! —Robin Effup (doublefurpress@gmail.com, doublefurpress.org)

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL #381, \$4.99, 8" x 10½", newsprint, 120 pgs.

Band photo of the month takes the backseat to a tone-setting political statement of a cover: a full page list of names in memoriam of many of the unarmed people of color who were murdered by cops from year 2000 to present. Columns consist of expressing what is almost impossible to express on paper: confusion, disgust, helplessness, hopelessness, disconnection, and rage. I liked the difference in

tone, yet comparable, sentiment of Marissa Magic's column to Emmy Ramone's regarding December's police brutality protests and how the unjust society we live in catalyzes unsettling emotions. Bryony Beynon describes a day at the United Friends and Family Campaign's (a coalition of the families and friends who have died at the hands of the state) annual march in central London, "I keep Mario's machine in mind as my burning feet head for the night bus and think about our relative parts in it, always with the sneaking fear that the man with his hands on the levers sees bodies thrown upon the gears only as extra grease." If you have been feeling overwhelmed and at a loss for what to do in the face of this great, big, racist, pig-faced problem, Grace Ambrose closes the columns section with some solid ways to begin generating change within our very own communities: "We need to take drastic steps to be more inclusive, to amplify the voices of marginalized people, and to actively work to dismantle white supremacy here in the punk scene." We gotta keep fighting the good fight, and it begins with ourselves and holding each other accountable. This isn't old news and we can't let it become that. One of the worst things you could possibly do is nothing at all. Also included in this issue's columns is a short interview with one of my favorite New Orleans punk bands, Mystic Inane, as well as a very informative article on "Teaching Resistance" written by a radical high school teacher who exposes the exploitative and detrimental effects of educational standardization. The letters section is hilarious, as usual; an "anonymous 90's punk" gets ripped a new one. Good interviews with Dark Times, Wiccans, Hysteries, and other sick bands. Greg Harvester's Top 10 always gives ya some tasty morsels to gnaw on. Book, zine, record, and demo reviews, you know... —Robin Effup (MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, maximumrocknroll.com)

NEW SOUTHERN GOTHIC POISONED YOUR KIDS, THE,

\$5, 6½" x 10", 20 pgs.

The New Southern Gothic Poisoned Your Kids is a collection of modern horror short stories by Emma Catherine. I don't mean horror in the sense of a slasher killing twenty-something-year-olds at a camp, I mean real life awful scenes that may remind you of something you've been through or experienced through another person. Made up of five chapters, the stories range from the abstract; a girl mourns the loss of a relationship which makes her experience out-of-body pain and go to extremes, to realism; pedophilia and the mental illness caused from it. Going from the title, "Southern Gothic" should refer to a specific genre of literature that takes place in the American South. I didn't get a particular sense of this, but the chapter's atmospheres succeeded in always giving an air of bleakness. The stories don't seem to relate to one another, but each one left me uncomfortable, wanting to escape to the next chapter. Seeking a relief that was never to come. —Tricia (The New Southern Gothic Poisoned Your Kids, Etsy, com/listing/218768497/the-new-southern-gothic-poisoned-your)

NOT LIKE YOU ISSUE 2, \$2, 8½" x 11", 40pgs.

This is what DIY punk is about. The amount of blood, sweat, and tears that went into the latest issue of *Not Like You*, is fucking astounding. *Not Like You Issue Two* is a full fanzine of new and old school skate punk, chock full of band interviews (Los Olvidados and The Faction), skate and band pics, record reviews, columns, rants, and just brim full of fucking punk, all printed on high quality matte stock. It's well laid out and you can tell it's a labor of love. Issue Two also comes with *Intense Energy*, a 7" comp of skater thrash '80s-style punk. With bands Huge, Loud Ones, Stale Phish, 97A, and Counterattack! Songs range from tough-as-nails hardcore thrash, to bratty, blow-out skater punk. And if that wasn't shitastic enough for you, it even comes with stickers, like a lot of fucking stickers. Reminds me of broken bottles, warm 40s, too much

damn cheap whisky, and hot summer nights watching boys ride their boards. —Camylle Reynolds (Not Like You Zine, 102 Richmond Ave. SE, Albuquerque, NM, 87106, notlikeyourecords.com)

ONLY LET IN THOSE WHO DESERVE THE PERSON YOU REALLY ARE, \$2, 6½" x 10", 12 pgs.

With a full color photo cover, filled with black and white photo insides, this zine consists of poems, short thoughts, and what feels like advice from a stream of consciousness. It instilled in me a sense of longing, of places I miss or think I miss. Some of the photos have strangers I recognize, or places I think I've been to, which contributes to the familiarity of text. The writer—who is not listed inside the zine—writes wonderful words, which speak like advice from an old friend or close family member. "Growing up is when you stop doing things you know are going to severely disappoint you," is one such gem from it. I loved this zine and it gives the reader a feeling like you're close friends with the writer. And maybe you are. Maybe you just don't know it yet. —Tricia (Only Let In Those Who Deserve The Person You Really Are, yopalangi@yahoo.com)

SEAMS & THE STORY, THE: GOODBYE TO ALL THAT,

\$2, 5½" x 8½", copied, 20 pgs.

I can't recommend this zine enough! A queer woman describes growing up in the suburbs outside of New York City. Narrating through childhood to young adulthood, she beautifully intertwines her introduction to punk and counter-culture on the lower east side of Manhattan with the history of this area; from the Draft Riots of 1863 to the riots of 1988 between the squatters and police in Tompkins Square Park. She uniquely captures the grief experienced with a loss of place and time, recounts discovering gentrification through young eyes, and tells a story of a quickly disappearing magic; a certain wonderful grime, stench, and cognizance

supposed to be read in one of those cockney accents). —Robin Effup (Author: Jarrod Shanahan, jarrodtheblog.blogspot.com; Illustrator: Nate McDonough, grixly.com)

SPARE CHANGE #29, \$2/trade, 8½" x 5½", copied, 32 pgs.

Slice of life stories that focus, for the most part, on family, drinking, punk houses, and the pitfalls of partying like a mofo. It's all typewritten, with very few graphics, and there's a certain... distancing in the writing. Maybe it's just the Courier font or the lack of any notable layout, but there's a kind of detachment here that left me a little cold and made it difficult to get really wrapped up in these tales. I mean, the most striking thing here was when the guy received a call that his estranged wife had committed suicide the day before: it's such a rough, potentially devastating thing to happen, but Foote deals with it with the same kind of distance and detachment that he seems to tackle all else in here. Twenty nine issues of a fanzine is pretty amazing, but this one needed a shot of some kind of energy that just didn't seem to be there. —Keith Rosson (Rev. Thomas L. Foote, PO Box 6023, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

STOLEN SHARPIE REVOLUTION: A DIY RESOURCE FOR ZINES AND ZINE CULTURE, \$10, 4½" x 5½", 156 pgs.

The fifth edition of the go-to for all things zine related. This has been a great resource for anyone and everyone interested in self-publishing since 2002. Any questions you have in relation to making a zine (but maybe are too shy to ask because that super punk guy might give you shit) can be found in *SSR*. It also includes instructions on block printing and paper making! Pretty cool. It's worth checking out. —Robin Effup (Lunchroom Publishing, 5307 N Minnesota Ave., Portland, OR 97217, brainscanzine@gmail.com, stolensharpierevolution.org)

"She uniquely captures the grief experienced with a loss of place and time... and tells a story of a quickly disappearing magic."

—Robin Effup | *SEAMS & THE STORY, THE: GOODBYE TO ALL THAT*

of a lively past that becomes harder to find in the city's streets as time continues to pass. Excellent writing, one of the best zines I've read in a while. —Robin Effup (W.Awry, seamsandstory@riseup.net, seamsandstory.noblogs.org)

SLINGSHOT #117, free, newspaper, 15 pgs.

Oh, to read a newspaper! Feeling ink smudge against my finger pads and hearing the rustle of the oversized pages, I have to admit these are experiences I rarely indulge in. *Slingshot* is the newspaper experience I have yearned for. Personally, I have grappled with the concept of anarchism—the contradictions I've encountered, the lack of a true and visible end goal, and the countless run-ins with holier-than-thou radicals who claim to know how to live life better than I do. *Slingshot* is like a breath of fresh air. Though I approached it with trepidation, the smart, delightfully well written articles captivated my attention. Many of my apprehensions were addressed within each of the articles. Differences of opinion on any given topic not only existed but were also discussed within the very same issue! The opinions and ideas presented were offered in a manner that was honest and accessible. After reading, I was filled with genuine respect and admiration for both the authors and the publication as a whole. —Ashley Ravelo (*Slingshot*, 3124 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, CA 94705)

SOBERTIME!! 1, \$3, 5½" x 8½", printed, 20 pgs.

As a recently sober person (a few months short of a year) who has become obsessed with the "re-learning how to live" aspect of staying punk in the absence of booze, and having made a couple zines about it, people are constantly sharing articles, zines, books, and stories involving sobriety and/or addiction with me. A good friend gifted me *SOBERTIME!!*, thinking I would enjoy this obviously sobriety-driven zine. My first thought as I gazed at the cover was, "This is fucking awesome." Really cool comic art painted beautifully in watercolors. Then as I started to read, although the artwork continued to rule, I had a really hard time getting into the writing. I showed it to my roommate and he pointed out something I had missed, which was *maybe* it's meant to be read in a Cockney accent? I suppose that makes it a little funnier...? Basically, I just couldn't relate to the bro-y, aggro, dude voice of the main character. I'm not an easily offended person, either, so maybe I was just in a weird mood. That being said, I wouldn't recommend this to anyone who can't stomach bro-dude humor (even if it is

THROAT CULTURE #15, \$2, 5½" x 8½", copied, 26 pgs.

The bulk of this scrappy little zine consists of reviews of tapes, records, and zines that the author is very stoked on. Genres range from folk to pop punk to hardcore—this person has a lot to be pumped about and won't hold back from letting you know. The reviews are rounded out with some rambling accounts of the author's attempts to fix a bike and a tape deck, along with some mad libs and brief musings on the radness of all-ages shows. There's not a lot of organization to speak of, and no one's ever gonna call this the prettiest or most cohesive zine at the ball, but it has its own haphazard charm. —Indiana Laub (Gonk Publishing, 2700 White Ave. #3, Chico, CA 95973)

TURNING THE TIDE, \$2, 8½" x 11", newsprint, 28 pgs.

Turning the Tide is a radical anti-racist/anti-fascist magazine; this issue of a kind of commemorative one celebrating their twenty-five years of publication. Each year from 1988 to 2013 gets its own page featuring articles, notices, and even ads from that respective issue. Definitely important and definitely a labor of love (I personally liked seeing how the layouts of various pages evolved over time), but the fact that each article inevitably gets cut off midway through, with a "Read the rest of the article in Issue #—" tacked on at the bottom of the page. I understand this issue is serving simply as a kind of showcase, but it just seems like a half-hearted effort when it's done that way. —Keith Rosson (Anti-Racist Action, PO Box 1055, Culver City, CA 90232)

TURNING THE TIDE, VOL. 28 #2, \$2, oversized, 15 pgs.

A Los Angeles local publication, *Turning the Tide* features articles and essays full of anti-racist, anti-fascist resources and informative text. The publication is highly political throughout, with stories and news reminding us of just how fucked up and unjust the world still is. While overwhelmingly informative, political text never seems to hold my interest. The articles, at times, were so longwinded and dry that I struggled to maintain my focus. We need these kinds of zines out there though, and seeing that this particular publication has been going for twenty-five years gives me a little hope for our future. —Tricia (Anti-Racist Action, PO Box 1055, Culver City, CA 90232)



Oct 2015

NEW THINGS ARE COMING
FROM
LA-TIDA RECORDS
latidarecords.com

Oct 022 : <i>Strange Thing</i>	Oct 027 : <i>Porty's Rite</i>
Oct 023 : <i>First Sea</i>	Oct 028 : <i>The Elitette</i>
Oct 024 : <i>Market East</i>	Oct Sp 003 : <i>Mensie</i>
Oct 025 : <i>Low Culture</i>	Oct Sp 004 : <i>The Ballantyne</i>
Oct 026 : <i>Talkie</i>	Oct Sp 005 : <i>Just Jeffy</i>

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLOOD
USED BOOKS and GUNS

LOS ANGELES BASED GENTLEMEN PREFER BLOOD ARE BACK WITH THEIR THIRD FULL LENGTH ALBUM AND FIRST WITH IT'S ALIVE AND LA ESCALERA. **USED BOOKS AND GUNS** HITS THE MARK WITH SMART LYRICS, BUZZ SAW CHORDS, RASPY VOCALS AND ANTHEMIC STYLE THAT ECHOS THE SOUND AND SPIRIT DEFINED BY PUNK OF THE LATE 70S AND EARLY 90S

IT'S ALIVE RECORDS
Distributed Worldwide by No Idea | www.noidearecords.com

www.itsaliverecords.com | www.laescalarecords.com



Radio Hate
"Main Nerve" CD



The Snails
"Pale Blue Eyes" 7"



Todd Fausnacht and
The Well Whiskey
Wind Whistlers 7"



The Slackers
"New Year's Day" 7"



Jetty Boys
"Singles Collection" CD/LP



T.I.G.T. / The DIXXX
Split 7"

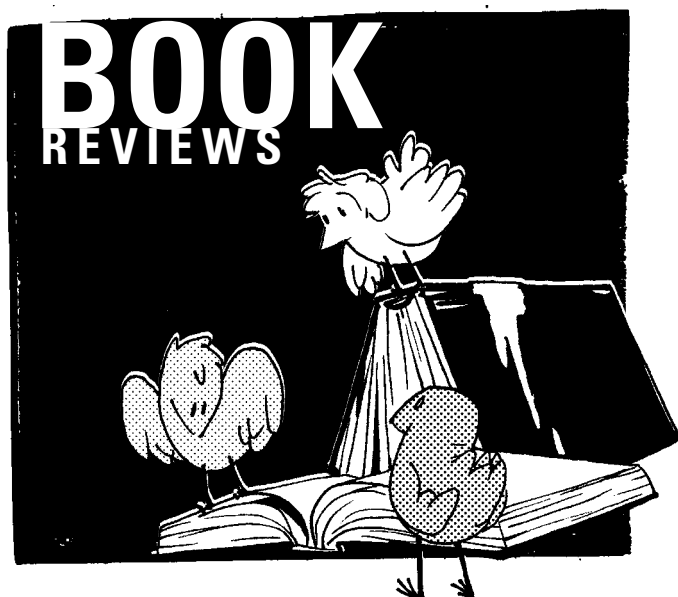


History Of Sheboygan
Punk Rock CD
Coming Soon!



URBANPIRATERECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM
URBANPIRATERECORDS.STORENVY.COM





Crate Digger: An Obsession with Punk Records

By Bob Suren, 191 pgs.

Bob Suren is someone I consider a friend. I wish he was living here in Los Angeles and not Austin, but this place is expensive, and I wouldn't wish these rents on anyone. I first came into contact with him around 1994 via Sound Idea mailorder and a zine he used to put out called *Heavy Rotation*. I strongly urge you to seek these zines out. You will be glad you did. I have nothing but deep respect and admiration for the man. Not only is he a walking, talking encyclopedia of punk rock knowledge, he's, more

Ramones. A lot of great stuff is in here, and it sticks with you because it's something you will be able to relate to.

In between are chapters about his record store, Sound Idea, which grew out of the mailorder. His store hosted shows for local and touring bands in the back room. It was also where he and a bunch of locals put together the fanzine *Burn Brandon*, where he ran his record label Burrito (not only releasing records of his own band Failure Face and Murder Suicide Pact, but also Cult Ritual, F, Gay Cowboys In Bondage, Terrorain, the legendary triple CD set *Really Fast*), and hosted his podcast, Punk Rock Record Party.

Along with the punk rock fun, he includes chapters of personal life, friends made along the way, and going through a painful divorce, along with the fallout that goes with it. He writes chapters that will inspire you, make you laugh, and then the next chapter will break your heart. As much as this book is about punk music, it's also about life, and how obsessiveness can make you miss out on it.

Reading this book brought back a lot of memories, forcing me to do some self-reflecting, and reminding me why this music was so important for so many years. I did not want this book to end, so I stopped reading this for a couple weeks before finishing off the last four chapters. Even before doing so, I went back and re-read some of the chapters, skipped ahead, and then went back to where I originally was. In essence, I've read this book many times. You might, too. —M.Avg (Microcosm, 2752 N Williams Ave., Portland, OR 97227, Microcosm Publishing.com)

Gun Needle Spoon

By Patrick O'Neil, 248 pgs.

Heroin memoirs tend to fall into two dicey camps: one the one hand, there are narratives written which glamorize the drug. On the other, we see tales of survival, which often and easily become nothing but tales of didactic caution. It's a rare writer who's able to pull off a book-length discussion of drug time without coming across as either show-offy or preachy. Patrick O'Neil is such a writer.

O'Neil logged time and miles working for Flipper and T.S.O.L. in their halcyon days. I admit that this, initially, was the hook that got me reading.

“He starts the novel with the day he’s caught, an implicit nod to the reader: *if you’re reading, you know as well as I do that things don’t end well. Let’s get to it.*”

—Michael T. Fournier, *Gun Needle Spoon*

importantly, a great person, as you will discover reading this book.

A couple years back, Bob's life changed drastically and he was forced to clean house and start from scratch. Selling off a massive record collection, as well as zines and flyers he collected for over three decades, he has since set out on a new journey, but he's also taking some time and looking back on the past and putting it all into perspective. This book is about that.

From the title of the book you may think this is one of those obsessive discography type books where the writer gives you all the details, major and minor, about any particular record. While Bob could certainly do that, he made this more real and captured why these records and this music connects and becomes so important to him. This whole punk thing is much more than just music. There are reasons why people change the way they live their lives after seeing and hearing a band like Black Flag (way before the reunions of present day), opposed to something like hearing REO Speedwagon, where it's just some song on the radio that gets played a bunch.

The majority of the chapters of this book are named after a classic punk record. Sometimes it is about the record, but most often it's Bob recalling a memory of the time that particular record entered his life. Such is the chapter about Minor Threat's *Out Of Step* EP. While he does give some background on the band and the record, it's mostly about the first time he heard it via a friend playing the tape in his car stereo while they were skating.

By far my favorite is the Toxic Reasons chapter that tells about his time working for a local independent television station as the master control operator. Out of boredom one Saturday night, unbeknownst to the main boss, he played Target and *Flipside* videos in place of the usual infomercials. That became a regular thing for a short while. Then there's the chapter about driving down with a few friends and his sister to Miami Beach to see the

There's relatively little time and ink spent on these experiences, though, focusing instead on the time in which O'Neil developed a heroin habit, and the day-to-day which he went through to feed it. Perhaps this sounds like an odd choice—indeed, O'Neil hints throughout at how much fun he had on the road, how he's copped dope and had crazy times in pretty much every major city in the country—but it's one of many well-conceived and -executed choices that the author makes throughout the book.

Certainly, this memoir would have tilted into different territory had the author spent time detailing the early stages of his habit on the road with punk bands in the '80s. Rather than doing so, omitting details puts readers in the position of imagining the hi-jinx that came with touring alongside acts legendary for the chaos they brought to the road, kinda like omitting a shot of Gweneith Paltrow's head in a box at the end of *Seven*: whatever a reader can imagine is likely to be more impactful than simply being shown. It's a neat trick, and one that O'Neil uses throughout his book to gripping effect. In addition to cutting out the tour times, his method of storytelling uses a similar structure: he recollects his life, largely spent in San Francisco, through a series of dated vignettes. These are written throughout in lean prose: O'Neil's not the kind of writer who worships at the altar of Hemingway, say, or Raymond Carver, making cutting words an exercise in masculinity, but neither is he wasting a single syllable. Again, it's all about choices: he has a keen sense of just the right detail to illuminate a scene or sentence.

The importance of the dates on the vignettes he provides becomes apparent as he moves through the narrative. Aside from the aforementioned band stuff—and aside from the overdose of his old friend Will Shatter of Flipper—there's no historical context here. Why would there be? O'Neil and



CODE:
Razor10
for 10% off

RockerByeBaby

Everything in Stock
for your BABY to ROCK!

www.RockerByeBaby.etsy.com



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A DECADE, THE NETHERLAND'S PREVALENT
GROUP OF BALLS OUT/MOTHERFUCKERING ROCK N' ROLL,
WILL SERVICE THEIR FAN BASE IN NORTH AMERICA IN LATE SPRING
BRINGING YOUR FAVORITE FILTH TO YOU ON GREASY VINYL SINCE 2012

SELF DESTRUCTO RECORDS

SDR 015

Wholesale through Cobraside Distribution!

**PETER PAN
SPEED
ROCK
BUCKLE
UP
AND
SHOVE
IT!**

New platters from Disidentia, Jonny Manak & The Depressives, The Superman, You Know Who, and Against The Grain Coming Soon!

ANXIOUS AND ANGRY

STORE

HATS PRINTS
TEES
ALBUMS
BUTTONS/PINS
HOME DECOR
LIMITED EDITION
RELEASES

PEARS

PODCAST

GUESTS INCLUDE

TODD TAYLOR
(RAZORCAKE)

VIRGIL DICKERSON
(SUBURBAN HOME RECORDS)

BEN ROY
(SPELLS/GRAWLIX)

JOHNNY BONNEL
(SWINGIN' UTTERS)

LITTLE DAVE
MERRIMAN
(THE ARRIVALS)

STACEY DEE
(BAD COP/BAD COP)

ANXIOUS AND ANGRY

WWW.ANXIOUSANDANGRY.COM

his girlfriend, after all, wrap themselves in the cocoon of feeding their habit daily. The dates are meant to illuminate omission, and the scenes which are included become increasingly harrowing as O'Neil immerses himself more fully in desperation: as a reader, I'm just waiting for the hammer to drop as he becomes increasingly desperate and begins robbing neighborhood stores where he's recognized as a regular, even banks. But the vignettes are just pieces of the day-to-day. All the days skipped, the ones the author does not provide, are likely just as gnarly and damaged and ultimately pathetic. But rather than stacking them, O'Neil understands that letting the reader realize and ruminate on the press of shivering days and stick-ups is more effective than a grocery list. It must have taken some restraint to make these omissions—as a similar restraint must have been employed to cut all the tour stories—but the strategy is dazzlingly executed.

Since he's emerged from the depths to write a book about his time as a junkie, there's a time limit on the whole thing, a fuse which O'Neil realizes the readers are aware of. To that end, he starts the novel with the day he's caught, an implicit nod to the reader: *if you're reading, you know as well as I do that things don't end well. Let's get to it.*

or any, female painters in the 1600s? I didn't. To say the occupation favored males is quite an understatement. Certainly, there were women painting—they just weren't talked about. Their lives were rarely documented, their works rarely celebrated, and their talent seldom promoted. Fortunately, Artemisia Gentileschi's artwork and story survive. Her father, Orazio, was a fairly well-to-do artist at the time. He was heavily influenced by the stark new baroque works of Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio.

This story begins with the Cenci family in Rome. They were an extremely wealthy clan, headed by a tyrannical father named Francesco who locked his daughter Beatrice in a tower for three years. To quote Siciliano on Beatrice: "her story spread quickly amongst a counter-reformation society that popularized notions of fantastic suffering and triumphant martyrdom." To free herself from the tower, she conspired with a guard to murder her father by pushing him off a balcony. The Cenci family was found out, put on trial, and publically beheaded—Beatrice being last. Shortly after this event, Caravaggio and other renowned painters started including imagery of decapitations in their work. One of his most famous pieces, *Judith Beheading Holofernes*, is a scene that Artemisia took on later in her career.

“Perhaps it is because I don't live in New York, perhaps it's because I've never been on a coke binge, perhaps it's because I am a woman but I simply could not relate.”

—Ashley Ravelo, *Hawaiian Shirts in the Electric Chair*

The omissions, the prose, and the patience with which he tells his frequently disturbing tale all add up to a whole greater than the sum of its excellent parts. Patrick O'Neil is a fantastic writer, and this is a hell of a debut. —Michael T. Fournier (Dzanc Books, 5220 Dexter Ann Arbor Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48103, dzancbooks.org)

Hawaiian Shirts in the Electric Chair

By Scott Laudati, 116 pgs.

Perhaps it is because I don't live in New York, perhaps it is because I've never been on a coke binge, perhaps it's because I am a woman but I simply could not relate to Laudati's poetry. He does not sing the body electric but rather passively bemoans his failed encounters with the opposite sex. He does not measure his life out in coffee spoons but rather in lines of coke. The word choice is sparse and to-the-point.

Structurally, the poetry is naught more than run on sentences broken into separate lines with no apparent rhyme or reason. A good friend of mine once told me that poetry must be read aloud. This treatment did little to improve the experience. The narrator in nearly every poem seems to long for, to ache for, and to crave the attention of the women around him while simultaneously and equally despising them. For example within the poem *Mick and Keith pt 1*, the narrator proclaims "I hated gallery openings / there / were usually a few / girls, sure, / but they were / artists / waiting / for inspiration," belittling any ghost of an identity these women may have had and again reducing them to lusty experience, stating later "the girls brought / the cocaine / and they lay / on their / backs / pretty easy."

Admittedly, though, it may be difficult for an individual to respect others when they lack self-respect themselves, which is confessed in the lines: "but I kissed her anyway / because / I'm easy." I am unsure if the misogynistic undertones throughout the collection were unintentional or simply my interpretation, but I could not ignore them; the women represented are nothing more than purveyors of sex and pain and trouble.

As much as it may want to be, it is not Bukowski, it is not Beat poetry. There is no social commentary with enough substance to stick nor any true insight to the "underground" culture alluded to multiple times to be worthwhile. Instead, what I found was one horny motherfucker dripping with desperation. —Ashley Ravelo (kubopress.wordpress.com)

I Know What I Am: The True Story of Artemisia Gentileschi, Part 1

By Gina Siciliano, 72 pgs.

This is the first installment in a trilogy of an intensely powerful historical graphic novel about a female painter, sexual assault, and her pursuit of her attacker during the Italian Renaissance. Didn't know that there were many,

The biggest tragedies of Artemisia's life were being raped by her father's friend Agostino Tassi and being sexually assaulted by another of his friends, Cosimo Quorli. While I'm no fan of the bible, the story of Judith is heavy in female heroism in which she seduced a general, got him drunk, and cut off his head in order to save her people. In Artemisia's *Judith Slaying Holofernes*, she depicted herself as Judith and Tassi as Holofernes. Not only was she believed to be a freak of nature—a woman who could paint well—it was completely unheard of to have one who pushed feminism and a woman's perspective in their work. A strict hierarchy existed in the art world at the time: painters started with still life, then portraiture, and only if you were extremely talented, you were allowed to do biblical works. Artemisia was so skilled that she was painting biblical scenes by the age of sixteen, possibly younger. She cathartically depicted these events of sexual assault again in her painting *Susanna and the Elders*.

I Know What I Am covers the early portion of Artemisia's career, the back story of her family, and influences (including stories of fights, murder, and exile involving the thuggish badass Caravaggio). Part one ends with her sexual assault which left me feeling as vulnerable and alone as she must have felt. The graphic novel contains sixty-six pages of hand-drawn and hand-lettered panels, executed solely with ball point pens. There is extensive research pumped into this project—which is made evident with quotes from translated historical documents spoken by the characters—and painstakingly accurate depictions of the architecture and clothing of the time period. Images of large-scale oil paintings by Caravaggio, Orazio, and Artemisia are also meticulously recreated in pen. Siciliano's talent is undeniable. Both her art and story telling are equally captivating. —Kayla Greer (Mend My Dress Press)

Soy, Not Oi! Volume 2

By (All New) Hippycore Krew, 312 pgs.

This is a punk vegan cookbook (If you just groaned and rolled your eyes after reading the word "vegan," go to sleep for 10,000 years and then come back to this review). But this isn't just a punk vegan cookbook. Almost twenty-five years ago, *Soy, Not Oi!* Was published. It had over 100 pages of recipes and essays and fun illustrations of punk vegetables, and it talked about social change while still being funny. It started out as anarchist cookzine, and eventually became something closer to a book. At 312 pages, *Soy, Not Oi! Volume 2* is, without question, a hefty book. The Hippycore Krew who made the original still compiled it, and Eryc Why (if you read Razorcake's Webcomic Wednesdays online, he's the author of Big Black Bear) is still the illustrator. There are over 200 recipes from a ton of contributors, and it's easily put into chapters like "Breakfasts," "Saucecore,"

LOCAL LAS VEGAS MUSIC AND MORE

FRIDAYS 8-9pm

KLAV 1230 AM

DOUBLE DOWN RADIO



Live from the **DOUBLE DOWN SALOON**

DoubleDownRadio.com

WGOT-LP

COMMUNITY RADIO 94.7 FM

FROM GAINESVILLE FL

WE DO OUR PART TOO

STREAMING LIVE AT

WGOT.ORG



S P O K E N E S T

What are you gonna do?



When your reasons stop making sense to you?

Keep up with shows, tours, records, **FREE STUFF** (maybe...), by signing up for our email list-
<http://goo.gl/iR0Yt3>

Paypal \$17 to spokenest@gmail.com and receive-
 Spokenest, *We Move* 12" EP &
 Badlands, *So Little* CD

You'll probably get some other free stuff too.
 Like a Sopors 7".

<https://sites.google.com/site/spokenest/>

VINYL PRESSING

100 7"s - Color Vinyl \$619	100 7"s - Black Vinyl \$523 *
500 7"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$748	500 7"s - Black Vinyl \$648 *
500 10"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$1303	500 7"s - 100 of Each Color Vinyl \$763 *
500 12"s - 400 Black, 100 Color \$1253	

Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping, Plating, 4 Tests, 2-Color Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

* Same as above, except one Color Center Labels

Digital Downloads!!!! 500 Codes = \$25 Creation: \$35

VINYL, CD, LACQUER MASTERING & RESTORATION

Get a Reference Lacquer, so you know how your music will sound on vinyl, before you pay for Metal Plates and Test Presses! Recent Jobs include: Dot Wiggan Band, Cretin Stompers, Toys That Kill, Grabass Charlestons, Muhammadali, Pangea, Creepoid, Mac Blackout, The Hot Toddlers, Now In 3D, School Jerks, Night Birds, The Rockers, The Finders, Adelitas, The Limit, The Bomb!, Thee Chemicals, The Steve Adamyk Band, Red Dons, The White Wires, Guantanamo Baywatch, Mind Spiders, Ch13, The Frantix, Crusaders Of Love, The Hookers, The Vaccines, Tion, Amocore, God Equals Genocide, The Pilfers, Edna's Goldfish, Low Culture, Crusades, Autonomy, Suburban Legends, Star Fucking Hipsters, Buried At Birth, Needful Things, Aberrant, Mellow Harsher, Strong Intention, The Briefs, Panzer Bastard, Revilers, Hell Bastard, Rive City Extension, Sundowners, Infamous Jake & The Pinstripe

SAMPLES OF SOME FAVORITE RESTORE/REMASTER TITLES BELOW....

Orders@luckylacquers.com (206) 497-3006 www.luckylacquers.com 6907 University Ave #224 Middleton, WI 53562

and “Brewing”—Yep, a whole chapter on how to brew yourself at home. A lot of the recipes also have a “recommended listening” at the top of each recipe, which is perfect. Are you making red lentil chowder? Then the playlist is “BAD BRAINS, ALL DAY!” The cookbook ends with a memorandum to Joel Olson, the editor of the first *Soy, Not Oi!*. All proceeds that would go to contributors are going to his family.

When texting my friend Samantha, she sent me a photo of her apartment just scattered with piles of cookbooks. That photo alone made me anxious since I’m not much of a cook. I find making food intimidating because it’s fucking *food* we’re discussing here; the lifeblood of being a human! So for me, this is the perfect cookbook because it feels like my trusty friend, the zine, and is full of recipes from people I would probably hang out with. Plus, there’s this one illustration of a cute fat straight edge fish that makes me so happy I forget how scary using an oven is. —Donna Ramone (Culture At All Costs Publishing, 3457 Cooper St., San Diego, CA 92104, soynotoi.com)

States of Terror Vol 1

By Matt Lewis, 150 pgs.

The concept of this collection is brilliant: “Eighteen tales of horror and the surreal featuring the monsters of the United States.” Each section is divided into a specific region, so you know exactly what to be afraid no matter where you are in the U.S. Each story is accompanied by a sufficiently

Most of it is fairly confined, focusing on interpersonal drama and the impact of one friend’s sudden bloodlust.

In the end, this is a really satisfying read for a horror fan, not just because of the messing around with vampire clichés, not just because of the violence or the constant surprises, but because as the book progresses, these characters become family, and it’s hard not to become a fan of Two Tons Of Dirt (And Z. Rider, too). —MP Johnson (Dark Ride Publishing, PO Box 63, Erwin, TN 37650, darkridepublishing.com)

Swing State

By Michael T. Fournier, 238 pgs.

Swing State is author (and *Razorcake* contributor) Michael T. Fournier’s second novel. In this book, Fournier writes about three characters looking for a way out of Armbrister, their dying New Hampshire town. Entire chapters are dedicated to individual characters, with their stories eventually intersecting at the end of the novel. There’s Royal (Roy) Eggleston, the Afghanistan War veteran whose PTSD causes him to have a difficult time readjusting to life back in his hometown (and which causes him to think in short, staccato sentences). There’s Zachariah Tietz, an overweight, friendless teen who lives with an abusive father. And there’s Dixon Dove, a girl whose biggest claim to fame in town is that her brother is the star of the local football team and might have a chance to get out of Armbrister. She’s also

“Are you making red lentil chowder? Then the playlist is ‘BAD BRAINS, ALL DAY!’”

—Donna Ramone, *Soy, Not Oi! Volume 2*

creepy black and white illustration of the monster in question. It was fun to read short stories of monsters I’d never heard of. “The Mystery Box” was particularly creepy, telling the story of a demon dog that takes over your body and uses it to kill the people you love. However, hands down the scariest stories were the tales I was familiar with: el chupacabra and La Llorona. As a child of a Mexican family growing up in Southern California, I’d always feared these two stories more than the boogeyman or any other creepy crawlies that went bump in the night (the X-Files episode with el chupacabra still haunts me to this day, fungus or no fungus!). *La Llorona, She Weeps with You* literally gave me goosebumps. Overall, I’d definitely recommend this collection if you’re looking for a fun read, especially if you’re a horror fan going on a multi-state road trip and you don’t want to waste time with sleep. —Ashley Ravelo (3245 University Ave., Ste. 1430, San Diego, CA 92104)

Suckers

By Z. Rider, 321 pgs.

When playing with familiar horror tropes, authors can easily fall prey to clichés. That’s what I thought was happening in *Suckers*. I mean, it’s called *Suckers*, so it must be a vampire book, right? And how tedious is it that a bat bites the main character at night in an alley? Haven’t we all seen that before? Then the main character has to fight off a sudden thirst for blood. How original.

But what’s the deal with the buzzing sound he hears when he’s got the thirst? And the worms squirming around in his eyes? And the news reports of people going crazy? That’s not typical vampire shit. And that’s why I kept reading.

Z. Rider does a fantastic job of playing off clichés and defying reader expectations every step of the way. *Suckers* follows Dan Ferry, guitar player in the sorta-famous-in-a-small-clubs kind of way band Two Tons Of Dirt. Dan gets bit and struggles with the thirst, fighting the urge to suck the blood out of all his friends and instead resorting to seeking blood donors on Craigslist. Along the way, *Suckers* turns out to be something completely different than a vampire story, something totally unexpected, while still keeping its footing in the horror genre.

It doesn’t hurt that the characters are incredibly likeable. Dan and his bandmate Ray have been rocking together for years, and it’s pretty clear that a little bit of bloodshed isn’t going to tear them apart. Z. Rider paints a compelling portrait of the life of a struggling band—the practices, the recording, the tours, the drama with a drug-addled drummer. The only frustrating element is that the book never shows the band on stage, never gets Dan and Ray in front of a crowd, in their element, rocking out with their proto punk-influenced rock’n’roll. While that’s kind of a bummer, it’s also true to the tone of the story.

a bully and small-time thief, but who hopes she can save money to make it out of town, too.

It took me a while to figure out which characters were which and that Dixon was a female, but after the first few chapters I started to pick up on who was who and their respective backgrounds. Additionally, the chapters for Roy were written in a different style than the other characters, in a manner that reflects his mindset due to the PTSD from which he suffers. It becomes easier to read after the first chapter or two dedicated to his character. Thankfully, the chapters for the other two characters aren’t written in the same style. These are the only real critiques I had of *Swing State*, with one exception.

The ending isn’t the happiest one. While I’m not necessarily a fan of unrealistic, everything-works-out-fine finales, I still hoped for some kind of resolution for the characters that might be a little positive, especially for Zachariah or Roy, for whom I felt a great deal of sympathy. While not wanting to give away the ending, let’s just say that it doesn’t appear the characters are going to make it out of Armbrister.

I understand and respect this no-holds-barred and realistic take on life in this environment, and appreciate the critique it’s making of the economic downturn and how it affects people so dramatically, but in the words of Harvey Milk: “You gotta give ‘em hope.” Even a slight glimpse of it would’ve been good. In my darker days, I probably could’ve gotten one hundred percent behind the way Fournier presents the ending. I suppose that says a lot of how I’ve changed as a person, but it’s hard to read about tough times for (primarily) sympathetic characters.

Fournier is a talented writer. I wanted to get back to reading this every chance I had, which is more than I can say about a lot of stuff I’ve been reading as of late. The way the characters become sympathetic and the background Fournier gives to each of them is seamless. His ability to also weave in chapters of Zachariah’s dream to be the creator of a reality dating show is perfect. It not only builds the depth of the character, but also makes it that much more painful to see the abuse he endures from his father and peers in school and. At no point did I say, “This is entirely unrealistic,” or “I don’t care about these people at all.” I wanted to see them all succeed because of the fullness of character the author develops and the great level of unfairness they endured.

This makes the ending all that much harder to swallow. The only thing I can hope for is that somewhere beyond the ending of this book, things can change and perhaps they’ll find their version of success—even making it to Concord, New Hampshire, would be wonderful. For now, this critique on the economic “greatness” of America stands as an honest glimpse into three personalities struggling to realize that dream. —Kurt Morris (Three Rooms Press, threeroomspress.com)



Read 504 independent book reviews at
razorcake.org/punk-book-reviews
RAZORCAKE 111



Don't Be Afraid to Pogo: Movie

L.A. punk pioneers The Gears get the documentary treatment in an ode to rock and roll in 1970s East L.A.

The Gears are a central but often-overlooked piece of the mid-to-late 1970s L.A. punk scene. A quick résumé of their past would mention playing with bands like X and the Weirdos at legendary clubs like the Whisky a Go Go and the Starwood. From the very earliest moments of their 1980 debut album, *Rockin' at Ground Zero*, it is clear that the Gears inhabit that wonderful, early era of Americana punk rock that was more *American Graffiti* than *Clockwork Orange*, more Buddy Holly than Johnny Rotten. One story told in the film recalls Rolling Stones' Mick Jagger and Keith Richard scoping out clubs in disguise, wanting to discover and record a new band in New York City. They showed interest in the Gears before suddenly deciding to go with a then-little-known band called the Stray Cats. If only, right? Throughout the film, paths are crossed with the likes of the Blasters, Los Lobos, and Carlos Guitardos, to give you an idea of where this band is coming from. It is music history. It is punk history. It is East L.A. history.

Director Chris Ashford has told a great story about a band that should be better known. In a long line outside the Vista Theater on Sunset, one

person remarked that there were more people in line for the film than showing up to their concerts. That's right: the Gears are still rolling and the film gives credit to every single member, past and present. No one is left unaccounted. Every thumping beat, screeching guitar lick, and sneering vocal makes its way onto the film, along with a soundtrack put together by X drummer DJ Bonebrake. If you have any interest in punk history or this great city, Los Angeles, this is a must-see film. —John Mule (Wondercap, wondercaprecords.com)

Last Pogo Jumps Again: Punk's Last Waltz, The: DVD

The Last Pogo Jumps Again documents the growth of Toronto as a city as well as a Petri dish for punk. The talking heads pinpoint the arrival of The Ramones in '76 as being the major tipping point. The disaffected youth discarded their Aerosmith records and formed their own punk bands. Springing forth were Teenage Head, The Curse, The Cads, Viletones, The B-Girls, The Diodes, and many more. As someone unfamiliar with the early Toronto punk scene, I'm enamored by all of the killer tunes and DIY history. Colin Brunton and Kire Paputts brilliantly depict the evolution (or de-evolution) of a city. The changing architecture mirrored the social revolution as well as the demise of punk landmarks: The New Yorker, where The Ramones first performed, transformed into the Panasonic Theatre; The Colonial Underground is now a mini-park; and the Crash'n'Burn, Toronto's first punk club, is currently business offices. As an L.A. native, I understand firsthand that the environment may change, but the punks always find a way to play. *Last Pogo* is a masterfully crafted beast (running time is over three hours) with an additional disc chock-full of special features. No time is wasted, and the interviewees are exhaustively mined for insightful anecdotes. Without a doubt, *Last Pogo* is one of the most comprehensive and inspiring documentaries on punk I've ever seen. Highly recommended. —Sean Arenas (3003 Danforth Ave., PO Box 93634 Toronto, Ontario M4C 5R4 Canada, thelastpogo.net)



Read 257 independent video reviews at razorcake.org/punk-video-reviews



RAZORCAKE's online
Unavailable T-shirts, Buttons,
and White Murder!

razorcake.org

Updated almost daily! Exclusive
webcolumns, webcomics, photos, live
reviews. New podcast every Friday.

facebook.com/razorcake

Events, NSA surveillance,
updates, announcements

twitter.com/razorcakegorsky

Coolest photo of our zine ever?
... and pinball!

youtube.com/RazorcakeGorsky

Over 1,800 videos and 786,000 views

razorcake.tumblr.com

Bone Dust T-shirts we sold out of
in eight hours! Punx!

instagram.com/razorcakegorsky

Exclusive buttonry

